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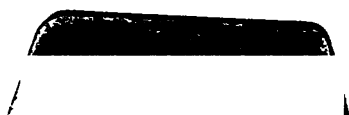
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BOUQUET,

CULLED FROM

MARYLEBONE GARDENS,

BY

BLUEBELL, KINGCUPS AND MIGNIONETT

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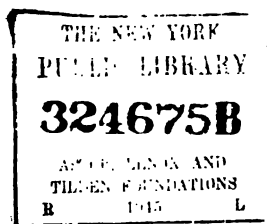
FIRST COLLECTION,

FROM JUNE 1851, TO JANUARY 1852.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE "BOUQUET" PRESS.



LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE "BOUQUET" PRESS.

TO
THE MOST HONOURABLE
HESTER CATHERINE MARCHIONESS OF SLIGO.

THIS COLLECTION

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY
THISTLE.

MARYLEBONE GARDENS.

DECEMBER 1851.

“————— The smallest flower
That twinkles through the meadow green, can
Form the subject of a lesson; aye, as well
As the most gorgeous growth of Indian climes.
For love of Nature dwells not in the heart
Which seeks for things beyond our daily ken
To bid it glow. It is in common life,
In subjects most familiar, that we find
Exhaustless matter for our privilege,
Our glorious privilege of reading God
Amid His bright creation.”

ADDRESS

TO THE

SUPPORTERS OF THE BOUQUET.

THE dying embers of a year, glowing with national concord, and brilliant with the creations of universal intellect, are now lying smokeless upon the hearth; yet animated by the kindness of our friends, this, our last wreath of flowers in 1851, we now present to them—to them who, for so many months, have assisted us, by their support and encouragement, to foster the germs of literary talent, where they would otherwise have been stifled, under the natural diffidence of youth and inexperience. To this, our first collection of *Bouquets*—wild though they be, we trust that each genial summer will add new beauties; that rarer flowers will bud forth and gracefully rear their heads in our collection. Yes, kind friends! with a continuation of your assistance, we hope that the *Bouquet* will throw its perfume over an ever-increasing circle, and that if the beauty of its flowers, reared by the timid hand of youth, may not cause the passer by to stand lost in admiration, they will, at least, recal to his mind the innocent enthusiasm and hope which gave peace and happiness to his own dawn of life.

Certain that the generous sympathy, which has emboldened us from the first, will still encourage us—that our fluttering pinions will be smoothed and directed, not unkindly shorn, by our older and more critical friends, we beg at once to record our gratitude for the past, and our expectations for the future. Perchance some of our flutterers may hereafter soar, and will not then disdain to remember that their first flight to the “orb of day” was made under the genial smiles of the supporters of the *Bouquet*. At the least, kind friends, you have aided an intellectual object; you have enabled us to bring mind into competition with mind; you have assisted in supplying a stimulus to exertion and industry which cannot fail to do good, and which may be the means of awakening in some, nobler and higher aspirations than they would otherwise have entertained. This is much, though the goal be never

reached To have some high object in view, elevates even the most commonplace acts of life to that high level. The Crusaders of old were often guilty of acts which will not bear scrutiny, but, oh! how superior are they to the heroes of Homer, for at least they felt that they had a great object to struggle for. It may be that narrow but useful pursuits will engross some of our members, but the taste which you have fostered will ennoble and dignify those pursuits; it will cause their minds to transcend the limited sphere of individual gain, and to look upon it as a part of that mighty scheme in which all individual exertion is made to carry out the great designs of Providence; it will make them feel that, though living in the world, they are not of the world; it will knit them by a universal sympathy with man, their fellow workers, and raise their hearts in gratitude to the Father and Framer of all. Thus they shall feel that even the petty, changing objects of life have an ulterior importance; that they

——— impart

Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow and ever-during power,
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

Nor will the benefits of your support and kindness be confined here: they will extend to those young members to whom the denomination of flowers is more expressly appropriate. It has been remarked as one of the characteristics of the present age, that women are asserting a right to greater consideration than they formerly held; and are maintaining it by the position which many, who are a glory to their sex, have achieved in literature and science. We need not say that the *Bouquet* has ever been open to our fair young friends: we have made it a point not to discourage the most fearful. Not that, like their sisters on the other side of the Atlantic, we would wish to see them *trenching on the prerogatives of men* or desiring to contest with them a supremacy of intellect which a sensible woman will rejoice that they hold. We believe that women have their own peculiar sphere, in which they are as unapproachable as man in his. If it is the business of men by their public labours to regulate the external forms of the world, it is woman's part by precept and example, from and in the seclusion of her own home, to give life and efficacy to those forms. If men, because with a provident energy they bend the most stubborn things to their purposes, are justly called "the lords of the creation;" women, the unobtrusive spreaders of piety, humility, charity, peace, are not less the priests of the creation. Which is the higher calling? This world, with its deference for the imposing, would say the former; but heaven, which looks to the heart, authoritatively declares the latter.

That our little *printification* can effect much towards the great end of making both sexes feel their peculiar value and abilities for spreading good, we do not suppose; but that in its own circle, it will have such a tendency, we think we may affirm. Unlike other periodicals, ours is open for all who choose to detail their experience or opinions, to give vent to their joys and sorrows; to inform the understanding, to awaken the sympathies, to amend the heart. We do not enforce our *subscribers to be sleepy* readers only; we invite them to give others the benefit

of their thoughts, because these are times when all should think and prompt others to think. And how much good may not flow from this plan! How many who, in these pages, have entered on their first literary struggle, have made a useful preparation which, otherwise, would never have been made at all; how many have found the value of a cultivated mind in now, for the first time, turning it to account; how many have learned accurately that which they previously had conceived imperfectly; how many have made that knowledge their own, by employing it as an auxiliary in imparting the feelings of their own hearts to others!

Such labour as this, however humble, gives us, at least, some increase of knowledge, at least clearer ideas, at least some ability of expression, at least some appreciation of the excellencies of our native language, at least some conception of the value of our native literature. Nay, it does more: it teaches us to measure ourselves by others; it imparts something of that invaluable lesson, *γνώθι σεαυτόν*; it shows what has been done, it points out our path to excellence.

Kind supporters! it is to you we say, aid us then to carry out these beneficial ends. You that are as yet but young flowers among our supporters, we urge you to put forth your best and brightest buds, such as may be worthy of yourselves and us. We, the projectors, invite you to take a place among us; we wish you to feel the same interest in the *Bouquet* as ourselves—for it is the offspring of your thoughts as well as of ours; the child on whose fair forehead are imprinted your hopes and fears, as well as ours; the nursling on which the sympathies and affections of your hearts are lavished, as well as ours. Doubt not that it will grow in strength: the "*Nemo ne impune lacessit*" of our guardian "Thistle" will protect it from secret and open enemies; from those who would be glad that in our garden—

"All loathliest weeds began to grow
Thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and helmlock dank,
Stretching out its long and hollow shank,
Stiffing the air, till the dead wind stank,"

and communicating its pestiferous miasmata to the young and drooping flowers; as well as from those who, with the undistinguishing scythe of criticism, would demolish our garden beds, and scatter the tender buds to the winds.

In reviewing the labours of the past, we think there is much cause for congratulation. It is not often that an attempt like ours can meet with any success whatever. Publications for general circulation are supported by a regularly enrolled staff of writers, and are superintended by experienced publishers. Ours is liable to all the fluctuations inseparable from a desultory correspondence, and, in some instances, from contributors who are able to bestow upon us only their spare moments, and those frequently snatched from other and uncongenial occupations, when the mind is worn out and the spirits jaded. If our pages, under these circumstances, should seem less weighty than we could wish, it cannot be a matter of wonder. We trust, however, to be able occasionally to present to our readers food for reflection, as well as for mere entertainment. We may as well inform our readers that, in searching

about our garden, we have lately discovered some saplings of a sturdy and vigorous growth, who, in struggling for mastery, have oft "made cruel way through ranks of Greekish youth." We expect that these will be found to have at once something solid and smart about them. As for what we have already done in endeavouring to give some weight to our publication, we may refer, among our papers, to the story of Paul, a translation of an ancient Greek treatise, and an inquiry into the proper study of mental phenomena, with the view of improving education, while the critical papers have not been without their effects on the style of our younger friends. Our presiding Thistle has also made an effort to add a serious object to our productions by offering to bind a few sprigs of laurel round the young flower, whose scent is the sweetest, whose form the fairest, whose colour the most variegated.

Before we say *adieu*, allow us once more to express our heartfelt thanks for a success which, under the disadvantages we have mentioned, is surprising to ourselves. Wishing you health and happiness, and that the buds which you have, or shall, put forth in our *Bouquet* may burst into blossoms that will adorn and sweeten the path of life, we remain your sisters and fellow-labourers.

THE PROJECTORS.

PROJECTORS.

The Lady Hester G. Browne	<i>Bluebell</i>
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THE
BOUQUET,

FROM
MARYLEBONE GARDENS,

CULLED BY
BLUE-BELL, KINGCUP, AND MIGNIONETTE.



~~~~~  
No. 1, JUNE—1851.  
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LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE BOUQUET PRESS.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE BOUQUET PRESS.

P R E F A C E .

In presenting our first Bouquet, in this "the sweet spring-time of the year," to our kind and gentle Friends, it may not be inappropriate, perhaps, to give a brief outline as to the object for which it has been formed, and of the fair and youthful hands by whom (with very few exceptions) it has been arranged.

In this refined, enlightened, and I might almost say restless age, when the thirst for knowledge, the development of talent, and increasing expansion of all the liberal arts and sciences, like some mighty whirlwind, is sweeping over the length and breadth of the land, arousing us from that slumber of supineness in which our forefathers were more content to remain, it is scarcely to be wondered if some portion of the gust should in its course rustle among the leaves of Marylebone Gardens. That such has been the case the gathering of the Bouquet will but too clearly exemplify, and when it is known that the majority of the contributors are themselves in the very bud and blossom of their youth, indulgence, we feel persuaded, will be shewn if a few wild Flowers be sprinkled among the more cultivated Plants.

To encourage literature, improve the mind, and we hope occupy some of that time which, by the greater portion of young people, is frequently much misspent, has been the aim and object of the present little work. Composition in prose and verse both in English and Foreign Languages will, from time to time, comprise the contents of the Bouquet, and though bearing that name, it does not follow that Flora is the presiding deity.

The wish is to draw forth talent on all subjects without confining it to any particular one, and by so doing to stimulate our youthful contributors in a generous emulation to excel.

Having said thus much, we place our Bouquet in your hands, trusting that no cutting frost of criticism will ever nip its buds or blight its blossoms, but that the genial and sunny smiles of kindness may make them expand into perfection whether our offering be composed of the early promise of Spring, the full beauties and glory of Summer, the sear and yellow leaf of Autumn, or the bright holly and evergreen of merry Christmas.

May, 1851

TO OUR READERS.

To all the world these few short lines we send,
 For all the world to read them we intend—
 We hope to meet with gen'ral approbation
 In starting this our humble publication.
 No unkind satire shall deform our page,
 We've mirth for youth; philosophy for age;
 A little news; a few facetious stories;
 And now and then some hits at Whigs and Tories;
 A sentimental tale; a dark romance;
 Shall each find place, and each alike entrance;
 Army and Navy, Fashion, Table-talk,
 When the Queen went out riding, when to walk.
 Something we tell of all: the State, the Church;
 Nor leave the Crystal Palace in the lurch.
 Thus, gentle readers, we, to please, will try,
 And for our work entreat your sympathy;
 Kindly regard our efforts, prose, or verse,
 Flora's fair daughters aid with pen and purse.
Mignonette, Blue-bells, Kingcups, all are ours;
 Yet to our BOUQUET add a few more flow'rs.

NIGHTSHADE.

CONVERSATION.

SCENE—A Garden.

Young Ladies seated in an Arbour, at work, conversing.

M.—Do you ever write poetry, *K.*?

K.—Occasionally; my sister does. I prefer stories.

M.—So do I. Have you seen my German story?

K.—No; I should like very much to do so. Is it to be published?

M.—Oh! no; I only wrote it for amusement; it is very horrible; I should feel rather ashamed to see it in print.

B.—I do not think you have any reason to be so; all German stories are horrible.

M.—By-the-bye; what do you think of getting up a little work amongst ourselves, and printing it. Would either of you write?

K.—I should be delighted to do so, provided it be not published; and I am sure my sister *N.* would join. Would you not do so *B.*?

B.—Yes; but how are we to get it printed? We could not manage that part of it.

M.—That could be easily done. I have often thought of this; I have arranged it all in my own mind. I propose that the name should be “A Bouquet of Wild Flowers, culled, in Marylebone Gardens,” by us, under fictitious names.

K.—But why Marylebone Gardens? I do not like that idea.

M.—Why, do you not know that many years ago there was a famous place in our neighbourhood, so called, resembling the present Vauxhall, but far more fashionable; it was attended by the first people of the day. I believe Harley Street, and the streets about it, are now where the Gardens were; so on that account I propose this name.

B.—I like the idea very much.—Continue.

M.—Next, I propose that we get as many friends as we can to subscribe, to pay the expense of printing.

K.—Yes, that will do; except that I do not like the title; I think “The Bouquet from Marylebone Gardens,” culled by so and so, would be better; and I would also suggest, that each contributor take the name of a flower, the first letter of which is the initial letter of their Christian names;—but who are to write for it, and what are to be the subjects?

M.—None but subscribers are to write, and they may do so on any subject, and in any language; for I think an Editor should be appointed, who is to have the power of rejecting whatever she may consider objectionable in any way.

B.—I like your plan;—but what are the names to be? I think we should take that of flowers, and I should prefer—

“The Harebell bright and blue,
That decks the dingle wild,
In whose cerulean hue
Heaven’s blest tints we view
On day serene and mild.”

I shall be Blue-bell; it begins with the first letter of my name.

K.—I should have some difficulty to find a flower beginning with the first letter of my name, there are so few.

M.—Mine is not so difficult. I shall call myself Mignonette, for—

“No gorgeous flowers the meek Reseda grace,
Yet sip with eager trunk yon busy race,
Her simple cup, nor heed the dazzling gem,
That beams in Fritillaria’s diadem.”

B.—Oh! you wish to be called the “Frenchman’s Darling,” do you; for that is one of its names?

K.—Your sporting has called to my remembrance—

The pretty little Kingcups,
Oh! the pretty flowers;
Coming ere the spring time
To tell of sunny hours.

It is not a very pretty name, but it will do.

B.—But we still want an Editor; will you undertake it, Mignonette?

M.—No, my pretty Blue-bell; but I think I can find one, and her name shall be Thistle.

K.—Now that is settled. When and how often shall our printification come out? I think once a month.

M.—Yes, once a month. The further arrangement of it shall be left to our Editor; and, in the meantime, we must get some subscribers to THE BOUQUET FROM MARYLEBONE GARDENS.

To a Child on her Birthday.

I TWINE a wreath of summer flow'rs,
Meet garland for thy brow,
Though Spring, with sweet endearing smile,
Rests lightly on thee now!

As yet her early blossoms grace
Thy cheek and forehead fair,
But soon will summer beauty lay
Her magic finger there!

Bright as the promise of thy spring
May be thine after day!
And joyous as the Lark that soars
On his exulting way.

True to thine own fair home on earth,
Yet seeking one above:
Oh! be thou still, what now thou art,
A thing to bless and love!

HEARTSEASE.

LA MUSIQUE.

Les effets malheureux de la musique sont si nombreux qu'on ne peut pas les citer tous. Les anciens pensaient qu'il n'y avait rien plus pernicieux à une bonne république que d'y admettre la musique; parceque ses tons passionnés amolissent l'esprit et empoisonnent l'âme en l'exposant à la séduction des sens.

Il y a des gens qui aiment la musique comme par instinct, et son influence sur eux est si grande, qu'ils ne peuvent plus distinguer le bon et le mal, et en croyant que *c'est une jouissance spirituelle* ils se livrent à une passion laquelle est pire que *mondaine*. En un mot la musique est une invention du démon pour séduire les gens *avec plus de facilité, en charmant leurs sens*.

LA MYRTE.

A HEART'S HISTORY.

A Manuscript found in the Village of —, by a Traveller.

I was near her as she stood at the altar, and a smile was on my face; how different to the deep grief within my heart, as I stood watching the downfall of my happiness, and felt all joy dying within me, as I witnessed it. She came up to me, after the breakfast, just before they started, and thanked me for all the kindness I had ever shewn her, (little enough it seemed to me then),—she asked me to forgive her for all the trouble which she felt she had caused me, and also for any way in which she had offended me. As if *she* ever did, or ever could, offend me; she, indeed, when I worshipped the very ground she trod on! I never felt, until that moment, the full extent of the sacrifice I was making. But was it not my duty, had I not promised her dying father to promote her happiness in every way? And was it not for her happiness that she married Eustace? Ought I to have dared to think, for one instant, that she, (bright seraph that she was,) could ever stoop to care for me, old, ugly wretch that I am? Each word of endearment she addressed to Eustace was like a dagger in my heart. Did she not speak kindly, sweetly, aye, even *tenderly*, to me also? But it was not in the way she did to *him*; ah! no, it was not the same, I *felt* it was not. Then, even then, as she was speaking to me, I could have thrown myself at her feet, (weak fool that I was), and told her how I loved her, how my whole soul was bound up in her. Thank Heaven, I resisted the temptation, I only kissed her tenderly, and replied to her as well as I was able. All took my emotion for sorrow at parting with my young companion, the light of my home; henceforth to be desolate, how desolate, only I could tell. "She would often come and see me," she said; but would it be the same to me? No.—Could I bear to see *her* (whom, in my blindness, I had fancied I should one day call mine own, in *truth*, and before Heaven,) could I bear to see her, I say, as the wife of another? No.—I resolved in my own mind not to see her until I could bear it. My resolution was not destined to be tried, I was spared this trial for a greater; I never saw her more! I took her to the carriage, she threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me, and called me her "Dear, dear father!" *Father*, why did that word add another pang to my wounded heart; did I not know that she had always looked upon me in the light of a parent? Alas, how weak I was, I thought I had nerved myself to bear it all. I pressed her to my heart, shook hands with Eustace, and, with my eyes fixed on her face, down which the tears were coursing rapidly, I again, in a firm tone, bade from my heart, God bless them. The door is shut, the postillion cracks his whip, they are gone. I saw her leaning from the window, and looking back at me, through her tears, and when she could no longer distinguish my form, I saw her wave her handkerchief. I followed her with my eyes, and when the carriage, which bore her from my sight, had diminished in the distance, first to a speck, and then entirely, I set off walking, as fast as possible, with my eyes fixed in the direction they had taken. Was I mad? What strange impulse made me thus follow her? I cannot tell, I only know that when I dropped down exhausted by the road side, I was more than twenty miles from home, and with difficulty I crawled to a neighbouring village, where I slept. Had the wedding guests seen me thus set off, they would have certainly thought I was

lost my senses; as it was, they imagined I had retired to my room, to weep in secret over my loss; for none were with me when my angel drove off, for thanks to Mrs. Delland, my good housekeeper, and faithful friend, I was left alone in front of the house, as she thought I should wish to be alone with my darling when the last moment came. She felt for me, for she knew how I loved the child, how I had ever loved her; but even she, woman though she was, (and if there is a secret, they are sure to discover it,) even *she* knew not *my* secret. No, it shall go with me to the grave, and only when I am crumbled with the dust, and these outpourings of my troubled heart are discovered, only then, will the inhabitants of — know why I *was* called, and what made me, the “Melancholy Man.” When I recovered from a fever, the consequence of the excitement and exertion I had undergone, some one asked me, if I would return to my home. “Home!” I cried, and I burst into tears. Pity me, ye into whose hands this manuscript may fall; if ye have ever felt as I have, resisted the temptation, and came unscathed, but sorrowing, out of the fiery trial, I ask ye, would ye not then think it hard to be denied the relief of tears, when Heaven in mercy sends this ease for a troubled spirit? The proud may despise me for my weakness, the merciful will pity me, and from all women I shall obtain Heaven’s brightest jewel, the tear of sympathy. I had no *home* now. I wrote to Mrs. Delland, and enclosed her a bill for eight hundred pounds, telling her, I should have no further need of her services, and bidding her go to her friends. For answer she came to me, “Would *she* be the one to leave me in sorrow and sickness, not she.” She had only waited to hear where I was, for she “knew I would write,” and she joined me. “She had wondered at my absence, of course she had, but it was not her business to interfere with, or follow me, but when she heard where I was, how could she keep away from me?” I told her I had sorrows I would not burden her with, which weighed down my spirits; that she would find me dull and altered; much more I said to make her change her purpose, for why should I bring her to share my misery? Faithful soul, she *would* remain with me: many years she made a home for me; last week I closed her eyes. I live alone now; I am old in spirit; yet, do I repent what I have done? Heaven forbid! *She* is happy, that is enough for me. Was it not my only wish to promote her happiness, and have I not succeeded in doing so? What cause then have I for sorrow, or regret? Yet, *how* I loved her! I loved her too well, I was devoted to her, I made an idol of her. It was to shut my eyes to earthly vanities, and draw my mind from the contemplation of earthly bliss, that my angel was snatched from my sight, and, thank Heaven, I can now look calmly on the past, and bless the hand that wounded me.

* * * *

I am old now in every sense of the word, I walk with a stick, and my hair is white, but I have a kind word and a smile for all, and the children of the village follow me, and love me. My voice has lost all gaiety of tone, and my smile all brightness, but my heart is now at peace with itself, and with all the world. I look forward, with joy, to my journey’s end, when I shall have passed through this vale of *tears*, and found a long-sought-for repose, in that peaceful grave, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

Now I can write what I could not bring myself to do before, for *then*, it would have doubled my anguish, to trace my sorrows with my own hand; but now, it is my joy to be able to write, and know it true, that *Clara is dead!* For do not these words assure me, that she has entered into that world of joy beyond the tomb, where I may soon, through God's mercy to a repentant sinner, join her. Can I not now die in peace, yes, even long to die, when I do not leave the object of all my earthly affections in this world of sin and sorrow, where she might lose her spotless purity, and falling into temptation, be cut off from that land of promise, where now she lives an angel. Thank Heaven, I can now feel the knowledge of her death a blessing, whereas, before, the news of it plunged me into the darkest depths of despair. I never saw her since her marriage day. *She* never knew, or imagined, the sufferings I had undergone on that day, and since she left me. My last remembrance of her, is as she stood in her snowy robes veiled at the altar; thus shall I meet her again, an angel, in white garments. Must I confess it; Eustace, the too happy possessor of an inestimable treasure, married again nine months after he had been deprived of it by death! There are in the world many sceptics, who will call this heart's history a fiction, they have no belief in self-sacrificing love, or in *love* at all. To them, Eustace, will be a natural character, and I, poor I,—but what care I what such men think; have I not woman, tender, true-hearted woman, on my side? My Clara (it is my fancy still to call her mine) spent her honeymoon at Paris, and wrote to me twice during that period, letters, breathing affection, joy, and happiness. I keep them next my heart, they are old now, the paper torn, and the writing faded, but I would not part with these torn papers for all the wealth of India. They told me she had a cold, a trifling cold, nothing more, they said, no, nothing more; she will be well in time for the ball at the Palace. And they were satisfied, but was I? Yet why should I go over for nothing? No, I could not yet trust myself to see her. Alas, alas, what grief was in store for me. Three days after, when in the crowded saloons of Versailles, any enquired for “*La Belle Anglaise*,” the answer they received caused them to start, turn pale, and shudder, with sighs and exclamations on what they had heard. Then they would turn away and chat gaily, or join in the dance. Such is the world, and such are worldly friends. All were not as these, could such an angel live and die unwept? Forbid it Heaven, men's hearts are not yet so callous, and dead to all earthly feeling. Eustace, like one distracted, tore his hair and refused comfort. They buried her, my idolized Clara, in a foreign land, I had not even the consolation of weeping over her grave. But why should I regret that now? Shall I not soon join her, never more to be separated from her? All whom I have loved in life are gone, why should I remain longer behind them? I feel my days are numbered, I have sown in tears, and I go to reap a harvest of joy. Clara, dear one, I come; I will lay me down to sleep at the foot of the cross, on my awakening, may I meet my Saviour face to face.

LAVENDER.

REBUS.—An article of dress, a latin word for affection, the opposite to common, a measure, a female name, distant, a law term, and uncommon: the initials form a lady's name, and the finals that of a gentleman.

ESCHOLESCHIA.

Two=three Lines on the approach of Spring.

WHA's you now toddling doun the brae?
 Around her head there seems a ray!
 The bonny primrose decks her hair!
 See! there she comes!—some angel fair!
 O! it is Spring—she comes to cheer
 The bursting blossoms o' the year!—
 Oh! welcome!—welcome to my e'e
 Is Spring, wi' a' her witchery.

Hark! how the Cuckoo tries his skill
 Amang the birks, ayont the mill!—
 The bairnies, clam'ring o'er the stile,
 Rin after him mair than a mile!
 Frae tree to tree he shifts his place,
 An' leads the we'ans a useless chace!
 They stop and listen!—then look round—
 But nae where can the gowk be found!
 So happiness eludes us a'!
 When near our reach, it flees awa',
 Just like a shadow on the wa'!
 Yet life has mony charms to please
 A mind contented:—ane that sees,
 Wi' grateful sense, each passing day
 Some token of God's love display!
 For Nature in her varied plan
 Shews Heaven's unceasing care for man!
 And cauld's the heart that disna own
 His bounty that we live upon!

Spring—Summer—Autumn—Winter—a'
 Bring blessings to baith great an' sma'.
 The circling seasons teach us Truth:—
 They comfort Age;—they caution Youth;—
 They speak of joys and sorrows past,
 And shew that naething *here* can last!
 But what tho' days and years rin bye?
 Are we to whine, and fret, and sigh?—
 No!—let us gratefully embrace,
 With pleasantness in heart and face,
 Our present blessings while we may,
 And so enjoy each passing day!
 We, surely, may with hope confide
 In Him who doth so well provide!

THYME.

Address to the Moon.

NYMPHA silens! seu tu lucos, seu prata pererras;
 Sive dies potior seu tibi noctis iter,
 Salve, Nympha! mihi liceat penetrare recessus;
 Et tecum viridi tendere membra toro.
 Nam grati mihi sunt montes lucique silentes.
 Ah, liceat mihi! per sylvas et saxa vagari,
 Sive amnis mordet quâ taciturnus agros.
 Nox et nympha silens mites salvete sorores!
 Lunaque quâ lampas clarior una nitet,
 Orbem forte tuum perfecto munere vitæ
 Umbrarum gracilis, Cynthia! turba colit.

RAGGED ROBIN

To a Friend on the Death of her Daughter.

MOST truly do I sympathise with thee
 In this sad hour of grief—I mourn to know
 That death hath visited the little group
 Which did encircle thee, and snatched therefrom
 The fairest flower—thine own dear Daughter;
 Thus severing a link from out the chain
 Of holiest affections. Too well, alas!
 I know the pang it is to part from one
 Of these best gifts of Heav'n, by which the heart
 Is probed unto its very core, leaving
 A wound, that Time, the soother of man's care,
 May heal, but never can erase; the scar
 Of which, throughout existence, will remain,
 And be obliterated only, when
 The frail tenement, that enshrines the soul,
 (Its jewelled casket,) shall fall, to mingle
 With its former dust! and the bitter tears,
 That such a grievous loss can make us shed,
 Will force their way in spite of will—but then
 'Tis holy, and not unbecoming, grief;
 For the God, who gave us these choice blessings,
 Gave us with them a fount of purest love
 Wherewith to cherish them; the only love
 That's unalloyed on earth. How deep will be
 Engraven on thy mind, my friend, the smiles
 And looks of thy sweet cherub—and thy heart
 Will feel too full at the fond remembrance

Of those enchanting, guileless ways that were
 So marked, in hourly intercourse, by thee!
 Those little acts that raise a monument
 In never dying memory!
 Thy Daughter, too—the rebellious heart
 Seems prone to say, Oh! spare my *only* girl.
 Unlike to faithful Abraham, yielding
 To his God's decree in offering up
 His *only child*! May our gracious Father
 Teach *us* in duty to submit! to feel
 That ev'ry separation is one tie
 The less to bind us to this earth; may we
 Find real consolation in the thought
 That our dear innocents have gone before,
 To live a life of perfect bliss in Heav'n!
 Oh, may we join them in the realms above!
 May all winds waft us homewards—all clouds drop
 Refreshing influence—and all trials
 Purify our souls for lasting glory!

PEA.

On Time.

A WORD—a thought—a look—and Time is flown!
 All is hewn down—all falls beneath its hand.
 Eternity remains—remains alone
 Untouched, unmoved it shall for ever stand.

Where are those splendid citadels of old,
 Queen of the world, all powerful, mighty Rome?
 Where are thy Cæsars, rich in mind and gold?
 All, all is past, is centred in the tomb!

Men, too, are gone; the Saviour's claimed his own.
 Cities and men from off the earth are past.
 Old Father Time, throughout the world has flown;
 And far and near his powerful scythe has cast.

It flies—on the wings of the wind it flies.
 The hour-glass runs o'er—the spirit is fled;
 It bends triumphant its course to the skies,
 And fond friends still weeping hang over the dead.

MYRTLE.

The Evening Star.

THE little birds were gone to roost,
 The flow'rs had clos'd their bells;
 And wearied with the toilsome day,
 The bees had sought their cells.
 The silver light of the summer moon
 Shone clear o'er dale and hill;
 No sound was heard in that ev'ning hour,
 Only the murm'ring rill.
 A star from heav'n looked down on me,
 I lov'd its peaceful ray;
 Oh! how sweet was that summer night,
 After the gariish day!
 And holy thoughts fell from that star,
 Fell in a stream of light;
 And as shining planets they became
 In my soul's dark night.
 They gave me strength to fight again,
 To struggle on with life;
 I felt I had not fought in vain,
 In the never-ending strife.
 I felt that if I struggled on,
 I might at last attain
 The Christian soldier's promis'd land,
 Where none shall fight again.

EGLANTINE.

Ireland.

DEAR Emerald Isle! my own loved native land!
 To praise thee, surely, is my heart's command;
 And were it not, justice would me constrain
 To vaunt thy merits, and exalt thy fame.
 But, joyfully, my feeble voice I'll raise,
 To join with all that celebrate thy praise.
 Without thee vain were Albion's boast of pow'r;
 Thine arm has help'd her in each darken'd hour.
 Despis'd by some—to few thy beauty known;
 None but thy children do thy beauty own.
 Still they will come, whene'er thy voice shall call,
 To save thy freedom, and prevent thy fall.
 But now no more—my Muse, too soon, takes flight.
 Erin, sweet Erin, good night! a short good night!

HELIOTROPE.

EINE LEGENDE AUS DEM SCHWARZWALDE.

IN einer kleinen, schönen, romantischen Hütte an der Grenze des Schwarzwaldes wohnten, vor einigen Jahren, Rudolph Wertrold und Sabina, seine hübsche Frau. Der düstere, finstere Ausdruck Rudolphs bildete einen grossen Contrast mit der offenen und sanften Miene seiner Frau; die Nachbarn sahen Rudolph mit Furcht und Schrecken an, niemand wusste woher er kam oder wer er war, und viele Leute dachten, dass er ein schwarzes und schweres Verbrechen begangen hätte. Zuweilen sass er Stunden lang in unruhige Gedanken vertieft, dann sprang er plötzlich auf, schlug an seinen Kopf und murmelte unverständliche Worte vor sich hin. Sabina war über dies Wesen ihres Mannes sehr bekümmert und sagte ihm oft—

“Sag, mein Rudolph, was hast Du? Jetzt bist Du immer traurig und doch willst Du mir nie sagen was Dir fehlt; Du weisst ich liebe Dich, kannst Du Dich denn auf mein treues Herz nicht verlassen?”

“Nichts fehlt mir, Binchen, ich bin wohl,” antwortete er; “doch möchte ich Du wolltest mich mit solchen Fragen nicht plagen; ist es nicht genug, dass die Nachbarn sagen, Herr Wertrold muss krank sein, er sieht so traurig aus, ohne dass meine eigene Frau mich quält?”

Diese Antworten machten Sabina schweigen, doch sie beruhigten ihr Herz gar nicht. Wer beschreibt aber ihre Gefühle, als sie in drei auf einander folgenden Nächten bemerkte, dass mit dem Glockenschlage zwölf Rudolph aufstand, sich schnell ankleidete und hinaus ging. In der vierten Nacht, so bald als er fort war, zog sich Sabina an und beschloss auf allen Gefahr hin, ihn zu folgen.

Er ging einen schmalen Pfad neben seiner Hütte hinab und stürzte sich in einen tiefen Theil des fürchterlichen Waldes. Da blieb er stehen, stampfte dreimal mit dem Fusse und die riesenmässige Gestalt eines Mannes in einem grossen, schwarzen Mantel eingewickelt erschien; aus Mund, Ohren und Augen sprühten feurige Flammen hervor, In einer Hand hielt er einen grossen Stock, in der andern drei kleine Glocken. Er fing sogleich ein ernsthaftes Gespräch mit Rudolph an.

Als Sabina, welche über den geheimnissvollen und sonderbaren Freund ihres Mannes mehr zu wissen wünschte, sich näherte, hörte sie ihn mit einer furchtbaren Stimme, welche sie schauern machte, sagen—

Fortsetzung folgt.

MYRTE.

ARITHMOREMS, OR ANAGRAMS COMBINED WITH NUMERALS.

1. What produces—10 *Sprees*?
2. What place has—1 *Spar*?
3. What day says—*Ay*, 500 *hurts*?
4. What makes—505 *grin*?
5. What paper has—1000 *ties*?
6. What will make—51 *stops*?
7. What word is worth—£51?
8. What may be divided—in 601 *tens*?
9. What has—500 *patches*?
10. Where may be found—100 *roufs*?

ESCHOLSCHIA.

THE SPANISH DONNA;

OR,

COURT CABALS.

CHAPTER I.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar?
 And, all unsex'd, the anlace has espoused,
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war!—Byron.

Spain, which for some years had been agitated by the quarrels of conflicting parties, sought permanent repose by proclaiming Ferdinand and Isabella joint monarchs of Castille and Arrogan. The splendour of their coronation far surpassed that of any of their contemporaries in other kingdoms. All the nobility of Spain flocked to offer homage to the beautiful Queen of Castille, one party alone excepted; those who on their swords had sworn to place Donna Juana, the supposed daughter of Enrico IV, on the throne of her ancestors. The leaders of this party were Don Alphonso Carrillo, Archbishop of Toledo, and the Marquis de Villena. They, however, perceived that the national feeling was too much prepossessed in favour of Ferdinand and Isabella to allow them as yet openly to declare their intentions, they therefore mingled freely with the guests at the coronation; and the magnificent Donna Inez, niece to the Marquis de Villena, shone forth with the brilliant radiance of an eastern star at the state ball given to celebrate the accession of the greatest monarchs of Spain.

It was at this *fête*, where the resplendent brilliancy of the Spanish Court was displayed with gorgeous pomp, that the Donna Inez first captivated Don Roderigo, a stanch friend and supporter of the Queen of Castille, high in the esteem and favour of his Sovereign, he was for the first time on that memorable day launched into the whirlpool of pleasure and fashion. Handsome, youthful, and fascinating, he was far more likely than any of the vast concourse of assembled courtiers to be the chosen cavalier of so wily and "intrigante" a Donna, as the dearest friend of the Infanta Juana, and the niece of the very ideal of a Spanish plotter. Donna Inez, trusting to the little knowledge he had of court life, hoped to gain a new partizan to Villena's faction, she therefore graciously received the attentions heaped on her by Roderigo, gave him her hand in nearly every dance, and it was not until he had placed her, under the care of the Donna Leonora, an old, wizen, hump-backed, but far too indulgent, Duenna, and had obtained leave to visit her on the following morning, that Don Roderigo wended his steps homewards, to dream of the majestic stature, the raven, silky locks, and the fiery jet black eyes of Inez de Villena.

Although the friends of Juana were among the most prominent guests at the royal palace, they did not allow time to lie dormant on their hands; many were the plots and intrigues which were that night instigated at the moment when these very instigators seemed to be bowing the most humbly at the throne of Spain's rightful monarchs; but the schemes of the deepest intriguers are sometimes overthrown

There was one in that assembly whose presence in the palace was scarcely perceived; but he alone it was who could read the secret heart of Toledo, and dive deeply into Villena's mysteries. Pepe de Castro was known but to few, and among those few he was considered little better than an idiot; but it was through this state of supposed idiocy that he contrived to become master of the secrets of all parties. One only at this crowded court knew Pepe's worth, and this was the arrogant Isabella herself. From her childhood had Pepe been one of her favourite attendants, and when he saw her seated on the throne of Spain, the post he chose out for himself was the discovering of all schemes against her government, and making her acquainted with them.

But to return to our beautiful Donna. When Aurora again visited the *Palacio de Villena*, she discovered her seated in a sumptuous chamber, the furniture and aspect of which shewed close connection with the Moors, surrounded by her maidens; she was assiduously working at her tapestry, when the door slowly opened, and the Marquis de Villena entered the apartment. He was short, ugly, and of an olive complexion; there was usually a good-natured smile playing upon his countenance, but that morning gravity and sternness marked his whole demeanour. Inez motioned to her maidens to withdraw, and having placed a seat for her uncle, commenced rallying him on his grave countenance.

"Can you expect me to smile, while the throne of Juana, Queen of Castilla, is filled by an usurper? Inez, banish that lively air, and answer truly: will you desert our cause, on the very eve of success? Our plot is ripe—our Queen is affianced to the King of Portugal—increase your ardour, Inez; do not diminish it, never let it be said that Villena's niece could, for an instant, flinch from assisting the cause of the rightful heiress of Castilla."

"Say, my lord, what have I done to merit this reproof?" answered Inez, drawing herself up proudly.

"Think not to deceive me, Donna Inez; who is this Roderigo, whose attentions you receive so graciously? who but the friend and supporter of Isabella the usurper."

"Can none form plots, or put them into execution, but my Lord of Toledo! or the Marquis de Villena? Cannot Inez de Villena practise deception to gain a partizan for her friends? Think you, my lord, my proud spirit is so subdued, that I could really love so base a churl as one who would bow and cringe at Isabella's feet? Know Inez de Villena better. The youth is innocent, he is not skilled in court intrigues, and though he may be the favourite of Isabella, he is too weak-minded to guard her secrets."

"Inez, my beloved niece, pardon me; for once you have outwitted me. It was my very wish that you should gain knowledge through the medium of this Roderigo, but I feared last night that it was from choice you received his attentions."

"You have been much mistaken in your niece, to think that the vain, empty compliments of a beardless boy could work upon her mind. Uncle, I am much too proud to be vain; but I expect this Roderigo here this morning, and your presence would mar all our hoped-for benefit from him."

"I will leave you, Inez, to deceive still further your poor deluded admirer; but, remember, the snarer may become ensnared."

CHAPTER II.

What though your cause be baffled—freemen cast
In dungeon—dragged to death, or forced to flee.—*Campbell.*

The royal palace was no sooner cleared of its numerous guests, than Isabella, having retired to her own apartments, despatched a messenger in search of Pepe de Castro. Whilst awaiting his arrival, she commenced reading a letter which had that night been, by an unknown hand, cast at her feet. With great surprise, but quite unmixed with fear, she read as follows:—

"Isabella, Queen of Castille, beware! a deep and well laid plot hangs over your head and threatens you with destruction. Be prepared to meet the worst, the intriguers are wily and well skilled in villany; watch each of your nobles and place trust in no one. An Archbishop and a Marquis must you fear the most, they cringe obsequiously before your throne, but they are your bitterest foes. Others amongst the great ones of your Court are their associates in this vile intrigue, and even the ladies of your train are not exempt from treason. The writer of these lines is one who rejoices at your accession to the throne of Castille, although his name must be a secret; rely, great Queen, on his being faithful."

As Isabella finished the perusal of this extraordinary communication, Pepe entered the apartment; the Queen gave him the letter.

"Can this be true," she exclaimed. "Can those who have unanimously welcomed me to the throne—can these be traitors to my cause? Pepe, you are faithful—search this for me—there is a mystery surrounding it. Who is this Archbishop? Who is this Marquis?"

"Madam, they have, indeed, laid a deep plot; but they need not seek to deceive the idiot Pepe. Alphonso Carrillo de Toledo is the crafty Archbishop; and Juan de Villena, son of the wily favourite of his late Majesty Enrico IV, is the Marquis. This night, as I was loitering through the royal apartments, I perceived Villena and the young Don Christoval de Vallassa in deep conversation; trusting to my supposed state of idiocy, I approached, and listened attentively. 'To-morrow night, at the hour of twelve, the Palacio de Toledo enter by the back door with a mask over your face. The pass-word is *La Santa Fe!* Keep silence, and all will be well,' said, in a half audible whisper, Villena. 'Rely on me, my sword and life shall aid Juana, answered the Don Christoval.'

"These plotters must be seized, Pepe—what think you, shall my guards surround the building, and let these traitors know that I am Queen of Castille?"

"No, madam; I have thought of another plan. Cause Christoval de Vallassa to be seized for the night; I am acquainted with the pass-word, and can disguise myself so as not to be known. I will go to this meeting, declare myself the friend of Christoval, and learn the traitors' secrets."

"But how can we plunge Christoval into a dungeon? Will not that instantly declare our knowledge of the plot?"

"Don Christoval loves one of the ladies in your Majesty's train, but she returns not his affection. I mean the Donna Catalina. To please your Majesty, she, assuredly, would write to Christoval, appoint to-night, at eight, to meet him in the palace gardens; allure him into my apartments, and, for his detention, leave the rest to me."

"I wish that every Queen had such faithful subjects as Pepe de Castro. But before this plot of ours is decided on, repair to King Ferdinand, and gain his consent. This paper will shew him who you are," said the Queen, as she wrote on a slip—

"Pepe de Castro is not the idiot he seems—he is the most faithful friend of the throne of Spain."

ISABELLA."

After Pepe's departure, Isabella went herself into the apartments allotted to the Donna Catalina. She found her on her knees before an image of the Holy Mary, but she rose on perceiving her royal mistress, who affectionately taking her by the hand, stated the reasons of her presence at so unusual an hour of the night. Catalina readily agreed to sacrifice her feelings, and to receive for a few moments the obnoxious demonstrations of regard which Don Christoval tormented her with on every possible occasion. She seated herself at her desk, and wrote to him from the Queen's dictation—

"To-night, at eight, in the palace garden, the Donna Catalina will give Don Christoval the interview he has so long wished for."

MYRTLE.

(To be Continued.)

THE ABBOT'S TALE.

A Legend of Murriak Abbey.

The night was falling fast: the monks of Murriak Abbey were assembled round the death-bed of their Abbot. The heavy breathing of the dying man was the only sound audible, whose clammy brow, and glazed eyes, shewed that his end was near. A loud knocking at the convent gate suddenly aroused the monks, and immediately afterwards shuffling steps were heard in the passage. The door of the cell opened, and a veiled female entered. A suppressed scream broke from the pale lips of the Superior. Slowly did the closely-veiled figure approach the bed. She raised the drapery, and the care-worn features of a once beautiful woman were exposed to the view of the astonished monks. The Prior raised himself in his bed, and gazed passionately on her face. "Mary...you will...forgive," said he, with difficulty. "As I also hope for forgiveness," was the gentle answer; and the Abbot sank back on his pillow. Long did he lie there; that thin white hand clasped in his. Again he raised himself, and pointed to a small casket. A monk brought it instantly; with trembling hands the Abbot opened it, and took out first a long lock of golden hair, which he pressed to his lips, and turning to the monks, he said: "Let it be buried on my heart." The monks bowed assent. Then turning to the monk next to him, he handed him a small packet, with the words: "When I am gone, not before." He sank back, overcome; his breathing grew lower, and lower, and with one deep moan the spirit fled. Mary bent over him, for one second her lips pressed his cold brow, and she had glided from the room before the friars were aware that their Superior was no more. The next day, before his body was laid in its last resting place, the papers were opened, and before the assembled brotherhood, Father Joachim, to whom they were entrusted, read as follows:—

"I pass over my childhood and my youth; I begin the tale of my life, the confession of my guilt, at the period when I became a man; when I first became acquainted with Mary D——. To know and to love her was one. I loved her truly; deeply, devotedly; but my passion was not returned. Again, and again, I urged my suit, and as often she told me it was in vain; but I continued to adore her. Foolish heart! be still—cease thy whisperings—cease to murmur, thou lovest her still. Why Mary could not love me, I knew not; but at length my reason told me that she would never love me, and I resolved to quit a country where I should always be miserable. My arrangements were made, and on the last day I repaired to her house, to bid her; farewell for ever. I was shewn into a room, and while I was awaiting her appearance, I walked to the window. My brain reeled; I could hardly believe my senses. Mary was walking in the garden with my bosom friend Roland N——. His arm encircled her waist, and her head was reclining on his shoulder! One glance told me all. I saw before me the accepted lover. One thought alone occupied my mind, revenge! revenge! A thousand voices around me whispered revenge! I rushed madly from the house. A terrible idea flashed through my mind. I knew the road Roland must pass on his way home, and I waylaid him.

* * * * *

I pass over the scene of horror which ensued. I left my home a despairing lover; I returned to it a murderer! For many days I feared to quit the house; and it was long before I could face Mary. But time at length had its effect; I ceased to regard myself with terror, and banished the scene of that night from my thoughts as much as possible. But despite all my efforts, it still lived in my memory. Fourteen months had passed since Roland's disappearance, when I again ventured to press my love to Mary. She heard me patiently to the end, then raising her piercing black eyes to my countenance, she said slowly and calmly: "Brian, where is Roland?" The expression of her eyes overcame me; my carefully concealed secret was no more. I fell on my knees before her, and confessed all. No word of reproach escaped her lips, in vain I implored her to utter one sound to upbraid, to curse me. Pale, motionless as a statue she sat there, and I was obliged at length to quit the house. The next day I entered this Convent. By outward demonstrations of piety I obtained the character of sanctity which I have hitherto borne, and I rose at length to be Abbot. The body of Roland I removed and laid in the north-east corner of the Convent burial-ground. I wish my grave to be made beside his. Let the murderer and the victim sleep side by side; and when every vestige of the Abbey has faded from the earth, let these two mounds be all that remain to bind the present and the past. The curse of blood has fallen on the building which has a murderer for its Abbot; before a century has passed, it will be in ruins, and the tale of the Prior will be forgotten."

The prophecy was fulfilled. Ere a hundred years had flown, the Convent was tenantless, and nothing now remains to satisfy the gaze of spectators but those beautiful ruins called Murrisk Abbey.

HELIOGROPE.

The Garland.

WHEN laughs the Lady May,
And the Lark on high takes flight,
And the dew, at break of day,
Fills the air with misty light:

I love to roam the fields,
And woodlands budding green;
And cull what Flora yields
Throughout the sylvan scene.

The modest Violet blue,
And Cowslips, Anemones,
The Cornflow'rs purple hue,
Primroses and Daisies.

The Lily hiding close,
Beneath her leafy bed,
The clambering Dog-rose
With dew-drop laden head.

Have charms to please the sense,
And all shine bright and fair,
And far and wide dispense
Their perfumes thro' the air.

Yet none of these I prize
Above the sweet Blue-bell;
Where'er it meets my eyes,
There's none I love so well.

Unless by chance I see
The Yellow Kingcup's sheen,
Adorning with its drapery
The meadows fresh and green.

Oh! how I love those flowers!
And there is another yet
Recalls my childhood's hours,
The fragrant Mignonette!

Then roam the fields with me,
And form the Garland gay;
Sing, laugh with jocund glee,
Do homage to the May.

Conspicuous in the throng
Of flowers that deck the pole,
Let my three fav'rites borne along
Crown well the blooming whole.

NIGHTSHADE.

Palatium Industriæ.*(After Ovid.)*

Et domus est ingens et opus; debebat in urbe
 Trinobantum* aliter non habitare Labor.
 Digna laboriferis hæc sunt delubra tropæis:
 Hic fera vel Gallos bella movere pudet.
 Seu quis ab Eoo viset nos Indicus orbe,
 Seu quis ab occiduo Sole† docendus erit;
 Prospicit hic operis certe vestigia summi;
 Dumque Labore Artem summa tenere probat.
 Spectat et Alberto prætextum nomine templum,
 Structum Paxtonis hortecolentis ope.

ESCHOLSCHIA.

* Urbs Trinobantum, London. † The Yankees.

On the Departure of a Friend.

THO' she's gone, I can love her, and think of her still,
 And thoughts of her kindness my memory shall fill;
 And though years shall elapse ere I see her again,
 Her image with fondness my heart shall retain.
 'Twas the will of my Father, whose throne is in Heav'n,
 And whose laws for the good of His creatures are giv'n,
 That one whom I loved should be taken away,
 But, perhaps, 'twas to teach me His word to obey.
 And though never again she should see her lov'd land,
 Yet I would not repine at His merciful hand:
 For if e'en *all* my friends and my blessings are gone,
 With my Saviour to guide me, I am not alone.

AZALEA.

The Flower Girl.

COME buy my "Bouquet" gay and fair, cull'd in the month of May,
 By "Blue-bell, Kingcup, Mignonette," as they did quietly stray
 In the Gardens of old Marybone, where in olden time
 Our ancestors enjoyed themselves, and drank their cup of wine.
 "Blue-bell," the type of "Constancy," with little "Mignonette,"
 Whose qualities surpass her charms, she is the "Frenchman's Pet."
 With the golden little "Kingcup," to "Promise future wealth"
 To all who buy my "Bouquet," of literature and health.
 By "Thistle" they're protected, of demeanour most "austere,"
 Where "Nemo me impune lacessit" does appear.

RAGGED ROBIN.

*Lines written on one of H. M. Ships,
Returning to Port from Foreign Service.*

BEHOLD yon gallant ship, with flowing sail,
Make for her Port before the fav'ring gale;
Behold her well-trimmed yard, her well-set shrouds,
Her sturdy masts high tap'ring to the clouds,
Her Ensign proudly floating o'er the lee,
Emblem of England's fame and sovereignty—
Homeward she bends her way from foreign clime,
Where for three years of quickly fleeting time,
To her hath been to guard with jealous zeal
Her nation's trade, her nation's rights and weal.
Now as she brings her country's coast to view,
No common feelings agitate her crew.
Mark that smart lad who stands within the chains,
While to the utmost every nerve he strains
To give the lead its most extensive sweep,
And note the fathoms of the faithless deep,
Delights with rapture in his thoughts to trace
A mother's kiss, a mother's fond embrace,
Pictures the time when proudly he shall pour
Into her lap his small, but hard-earned store;
Hears her implore with grateful pride and joy,
Th' Almighty's blessing on her darling boy—
Or that brave seaman with an arm of steel,
That stands attention at his post, the wheel,
Who, while he seems intent the ship to steer,
Thinks of his faithful wife and children dear,
Pictures th' approaching bliss when they'll be prest
With love and ardour to his throbbing breast.
When he shall hold his partner in his arms,
And gaze enraptured on her blooming charms,
And with a Parent's pride delighted trace
The heighthen'd features of each half known-face—
Or mark yon Topman while aloft he stands
To twine the Royal with its hempen bands,
And contemplates with mingled hope and fear
The coming interview with her most dear;
Fear, that while absent, some more lucky swain
Has won the prize for which he'll sigh in vain;
Hope, that through trials past, she still may prove
True to her plighted faith and plighted love—
O, yes, believe the Muse, when back we roam

To our dear country and still dearer home,
 As thrills the pleasing thought through every vein,
 An Exile o'er, we soon shall meet again
 With Parents, Mistress, Brother Sister, Wife,
 And all the dear relationships of life,
 As each known object comes before the view,
 Some peak or chalky cliff, or mountain blue,
 Feelings there are that warm each gen'rous breast,
 They may be known, but cannot be expressed !

JONQUIL.

The Bouquet.

ONCE on a balmy morn in May,
 Straying 'midst the new blown flow'rs,
 A group of maidens, fair and gay,
 Wiled away the sunny hours.
 The bud half open bathed with dew,
 They cull with eager pleasure.
 Oh, happy age, when life is new,
 And ev'ry rose a treasure !
 " Sisters," a maiden cries, " since these
 To charm all hearts have power,
 That we like them may ever please,
 Let each become a flower.
 " That nymph with downcast eyes of blue
 Our violet sweet shall be ;
 And you, with cheek of Rose's hue,
 Receive her name from me.
 " The graceful wit without pretence,
 Shall be our Lavender dear,
 Whose perfume, stealing o'er the sense,
 Retains the charm'd one near.
 " And for my name I'll choose Sweetbriar,
 Which many charms adorn ;
 Yet at a distance folks admire,
 And cry, beware the thorn.
 " I hope, before another moon,
 To find more blossoms rare,
 And sweet Honey-suckle soon
 Shall scent the balmy air.
 " And now the various flow'rets blending,
 The Bouquet let us bind
 With bands of friendship never ending
 In fragrant garlands twin'd."

LABURNUM.

FLORENCE SHIRLY.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

Under no roof in England were all good old customs more religiously observed than at Encombe Hall, an ancient manor house, the residence of Mr. Francis Shirly, situated somewhere in the south of Hampshire, not far from the coast, (we hope to be excused if we are not very exact in our geography), and here on the 31st of December, the family party was assembled for the purpose of "welcoming the new year in." It wants a few minutes to the wished-for hour of twelve, and of these we will take advantage to introduce ourselves to the occupants of the old-fashioned drawing-room, with its oak panels and walls adorned with tapestry, its wide chimney and ancient furniture. Two young girls were amusing themselves at the piano. They were both lovely, but both unlike each other. The eldest, and she was scarcely nineteen, was one of those almost ethereal beauties, formed as it were to attract all who know them, call forth love and admiration, and then fading away like a beautiful vision leave the heart utterly desolate, to learn that its cherished idol was too pure and bright for this earth. The other sister was also lovely, but her's were the black sparkling eyes, glossy dark hair, and brilliant complexion, which, perfectly beautiful as they are, do not, at least to my mind, convey at all the idea of anything too lovely or ethereal for this cold world of dull realities. If her sister's beauty was of that magical yet dreamy character that would "take the prisoned soul and lap it in Elysium," hers was certainly more calculated to inspire "the sober certainty of waking bliss." Apparently fascinated by the voices of the girls, was a young man who, seated near the instrument, seemed to have neither eyes nor ears for anything but the music. He was rather below than above the middle height, yet had a good figure, and a well formed head and high forehead, giving evidence of considerable talent; he was not, strictly speaking, handsome, but the ever varying expression of his countenance, and a pair of blue eyes of unusual brilliancy, often made him appear so. Two boys, home for the Christmas holidays, of the respective ages of twelve and ten, were amusing themselves in that art of teasing, in which the boy genus is known to excel. The unfortunate object of their tricks was an old man, their tutor, who had first made their acquaintance a long time ago, when they were *little* boys just arrayed in jackets, and entering for the first time upon the mysteries of the Latin grammar. This was a period when the young Messrs. Shirly found difficult to call to their remembrance, and as to the age of Polish coats and pinafores, that had escaped them altogether, though their sisters often took some pains to remind them of it. Their elder brother, a boy—we beg his pardon—a young man between nineteen and twenty, was reclining on a sofa near them, sometimes reading, but more often laughing at their jokes. One glance at the grey-headed father of this happy group, and our picture is complete. Mr. Francis Shirly is leaning back in his arm-chair, under the pleasing delusion that he is listening to the voices of his daughters, but in reality fast asleep. We mistake—there is yet one wanting. Seated apart from the others, and taking no part in their mirth, was a young girl, the only sad sorrowful heart there. Hers was a sad history; a few years ago she had lost both her parents, under most painful circumstances, which had left

a deep and lasting impression on her mind. Mr. Shirley had received her into his own family for the sake of a friendship with her father begun at school and continued through a short but eventful life. Emily Stanley, young as she was, was not happy; the sorrows of her childhood had left traces, even on her disposition, to which perhaps was owing a settled gloom and reserve of manner which was such as to repel the advances of the warmhearted girls, her companions; in this she did herself injustice, indeed it was her misfortune rather than her fault. As soon as Florence discovered that her father was fast asleep, the boys amusing themselves at the other end of the room, and her cousin, Herbert Meredith, really enjoying the music, she closed the piano, and drawing her sister away, exclaiming with affected weariness, "How dull this is! What is the use of singing with no one to listen. Charles, I hoped you at least would have made yourself agreeable, and you have hardly spoke two words to me."

"Your replies, sister, are always so courteous they certainly encourage one to converse with you," he returned, rising from his chair, and at the same time causing the book he held in his hand to fly across the room and light upon the person of his cousin. "Ah! Herbert, I beg your pardon; how could I possibly divine the direction my missile would take. Are you hurt?"

"Not much," was the short answer, and turning to Eveline, Herbert continued: "Are you really going to leave off singing?"

"Yes, certainly," said Florence, answering for her sister; "and when we expect the most elaborate compliments and thanks, you only ask with a relieved air, if we really intend to leave off assailing your ears. Civil, I must say."

"Florence! But I don't care, I know you believe the delight it is to me to hear you sing."

"*Me* sing?" she asked with such an arch expression in her bright eyes that the colour mounted to his temples, and Eveline sought refuge in the furthest corner of the room. She sat down by Emily, and kindly tried to amuse her, for she was suffering from a headache, to which she was very subject. Charles joined them, and they began to converse on matters little likely to interest the gay thoughtless Florence, who continued walking round and round the room, as was her custom when the evening was dull. In the course of her peregrinations she apprized poor Mr. Warren that the candle was approaching to a very dangerous proximity to his head, for which she received from him very grateful thanks, and from her brothers very revengeful glances. Herbert Meredith was standing at the window, gazing at the gloomy prospect without, and not less gloomy were the thoughts which occupied him. He was about, for the first time, to leave his uncle's roof, leave Eveline, and all whose good opinion had been as yet the highest goal of his ambition. Mr. Shirley was his guardian, and without the slightest regard to the young man's own wishes had determined to educate him for the bar. He had his reasons for this, and perhaps they were good ones. At the time I write of, the dark crime of regicide had cast a fearful stain over the nation, men's hands were yet dyed in the blood of their king, and as if for a judgment upon them the kingdom was delivered up into the hands of bad men. Oliver Cromwell reigned in all his power. I could be eloquent upon the subject of the civil war; it is

a subject that must, and ever will, inspire with enthusiasm every English heart that boasts a spark of feeling. But political reflections have no place here, and I will continue with my narrative. Mr. Shirly had, on account of their youth, kept his boys and his young ward safely in the background during all the horrors of the war, but now that it was known that the young king Charles II was in the country, and an opening thereby made for the adventurous spirit of the youths of England to show itself, he was desirous of giving another and a totally different bent to Herbert's feelings, and had therefore determined to bend that proud, high spirit, burning intellect, and passionate enthusiasm, to the dull study of the law. But he had undertaken a task above his strength. Do not, however, let it be imagined that he himself leant in the least to the Puritan side of the question. Far from it; he was a zealous royalist and would willingly have shed his heart's blood in the cause of his sovereign; but his children—to see his noble boys fall around him, to be left alone and desolate in his old age, was a fate which he anxiously sought by every precaution in his power to avoid. It was the *father*, not the man, that turned coward when Charles and his cousin would entreat to be allowed to draw their swords also in the war that had made desolate so many hearts and homes of merry England. No remonstrance on Herbert's part could move the stern will of his uncle, and he was very loth to make too much resistance to his wishes. He felt his doom was sealed. As Florence passed him she paused, and looking out into the dark starless night, was for a moment lost in thought. "The last night of the old year, cousin," at length she said in a subdued tone.

"Yes; the last night of the last year we shall spend together," he replied, sadly.

"Herbert, that makes me unhappy; no earthly power will change papa's resolution; and would you really leave us for a soldier?"

He made no answer, and she went on: "Eveline is unhappy to-night; you make her more so by yielding to your sorrow."

"Florence!" he exclaimed hastily, "You could help us if you would."

"If I could! Oh! Herbert, you know I would go through fire and water to please either of you. But what *can* I do?"

He took her hand, and fixing his eyes upon her with a deep earnest look that made her cast down her own to the ground, said: "I believe you, Florence. Yes, I do believe you would. You know you have more influence with my uncle than any one else; exert it now in my behalf. Plead for me as you will—promise for me what you will, I place my cause entirely in your hands. Only say you agree with me. Is it not the duty of every son of England to rally round her standard now? The king will never get his own again without a struggle; and it is in that glorious struggle that I would take part——"

"She interrupted him: "And be killed, and leave Eveline a widow!"

"You certainly jump at conclusions pretty quickly," he replied, rather confused by his cousin's speech. "Remember she must be a *wife* first."

She only laughed gaily, withdrew her hand, and darting across the room, threw herself on the sofa beside her sister.

"What's Herbert been saying to you, Flo.?" asked Charles; "your cheeks are as red as fire."

"Ask no questions, and you'll hear—but, Charles, do you know I don't like him at all. He's such a curious boy, and he looks at one in such a peculiar manner."

"That you don't like him, Florence, is no news, for you take every opportunity of teasing him," replied her brother. "But come, Eveline, how can you be so unmerciful, don't you see he's dying to be near you?"

It was not convenient for his sister to hear this remark, to which she replied only by sending Florence to waken her father, and when she was gone, Charles said I advise you to make that mad child speak to my father about Meredith; if any one can alter his determination, she will. Emily, can I get anything for you?" for she had risen and left the sofa. (His sisters, by-the-bye, had often noticed how very eager he was to do her any little service.)

"No, thank you. I must go to bed, Eveline; I cannot even wait to bid the new year welcome, my head is so bad."

Charles flew to light her candle, then kissed her hand half playfully, but with such a look of earnest affection, that in spite of herself she returned it, and blushing, left the room.

"Is Emily often like this?" he asked, as he sat down again by his sister. "So silent, so sad, yet she is only Florence's age, just seventeen, and there could not be a greater difference between them."

"How wise we grow," exclaimed a gay voice in his ear. "With what different eyes one looks upon life at the advanced age of nineteen and a half, to——"

"My tormentor, art thou returned!" and seizing her by both her hands he dragged Florence on his knee.

"Five minutes to twelve!" proclaimed Edward, who had been at his post before he clock for the last half-hour.

"That is my bonbonnière, if you please, Mr. Warren," said Florence, as she saw a beautiful box disappearing in the depths of the tutor's pocket. "Not your snuffbox."

"Twelve o'clock!" pronounced Edward at last. "Hark! the church bells are ringing."

In a moment all was bustle and confusion; the glass-doors leading to the terrace were thrown open, and every one rushed out, each pealing a hand-bell provided for the occasion. Mr. Shirly rose from his chair only half awake, but after half a minute's consideration, he joined his children, and was soon pealing the bell put into his hand by Florence, the noisiest and gayest of the gay and noisy party. To this scene of tumult succeeded supper and dancing, and in the course of the evening Herbert found an opportunity of again urging his suit with his fair cousin, and while she denied that she possessed any influence, her bright eyes flashed with proud consciousness of the power for which he rightly gave her credit. An hour later, and all was quiet; silence alone reigned in the ancient halls; and all there who had so noisily welcomed the approach of the new year, had dispersed to spend its first hours in sleep, before she retired for the night, Florence had an interview with her father. What passed we will not seek to know; suffice it to say, this was the first time his darling child had ever crossed his wishes, or ventured to have an opinion contrary to his own, and that now she did so, she gained her point.

(To be continued in our next.)

EGLANTINE

“*Carnation*” to “*Mignonette*.”

You ask me a floweret to choose,
In your beautiful Bouquet to place;
My modesty bids me refuse,
Lest my offering should prove a disgrace.
I know not what flowers to name;
The *Blue-bell* I fear will not do,
For the gentlemen surely would blame,
As they shrink from a *belle* that is blue!
There's a floweret they call *London Pride*,
But that would superfluous be;
You have only thro' London to ride,
And enough of that flow'r you will see!
If a sprig of the *Broom* should be seen,
I thought this idea might strike,
That altho' a *new broom* may sweep clean,
Sweeping measures there's few of us like!
A Bouquet, selected like ours,
No heartache will ever produce;
So among this assemblage of flow'rs
The *Heartsease* will be of no use!
Should I venture a *Tulip* to place,
How useless the offering would be;
They have but to look at your face,
And a *two lip* more sweet they will see!
Venus's Looking-glass too I disown,
You possess it already, my dear!
For you have but to look in your own,
And the flow'ret at once will appear!
Should a *Bachelor's Button* come forth,
My *Mignonette's* smiles to obtain,
A button he scarce would be worth,
If a bachelor long he remain!
A *Violet* should I select,
And the offering unworthy you see,
Inviolate let it be kept,
As a secret I'm certain should be.
On whatever my fancy may fall,
When your Bouquet to friends you disclose,
Lest it prove but a *Thorn* after all,
It had better be under the *Rose*.

That name bids me add one line more,
As our Queen is the May-queen of flow'rs,
Let *Rose*, *Thistle*, and *Shamrock* entwine
Round a Bouquet of Friendship like ours.

CARNATION.

May, 1851.

THEY meet, the lovely and the brave,
Around the parent Queen;
They meet, but not with glancing sword
Proud looks, or haughty mien.
The trumpet sounds, but not for war,
A softer, sweeter sound
Peals through the lofty aisles afar,
Glad welcomes burst around.
For Peace has waved her olive-branch
O'er nations near and wide,
And bade them welcome in her joy
To keep a gay May-tide.
A merry May—a joyous May,
'Twill echo through the land,
When nations lay their swords aside
To join them hand-in-hand.
But, hush! what solemn tone was there
Amid the giddy throng?
It was—it was the sound of prayer
By a thousand voices borne.
The joyous ones have for awhile
Laid their gay mirth aside,
And chased away the ling'ring smile,
The starting tear to hide.
And warriors, once that ventured here,
With murd'rous weapons armed,
Are breathing out, perchance, a prayer,
The first those lips e'er formed!
England has welcomed far and wide,
To gather at her throne,
And join with her in worshipping
The God that all must own!

ROSE.

JOSCELIN AND HERCULES.

A Fairy Story.

(HYACINTH.)

There was once a great and powerful king who had two sons; at the christening of the eldest, who was named Joscelin, there were several fairies; who each gave him some good quality. The queen a year after had another son, and as the fairies had bestowed such good gifts on the elder prince, they were also invited to the christening of the younger. There were four in all, the first promised that the little prince should be very handsome, the second that he should be clever, and the third had just said that he should be liked by every one, when they were startled by such a dreadful noise that it shook the whole palace; and the fairy Vindictive mounted on a fiery griffin burst into the apartment. (This fairy either intentionally or from negligence the king had omitted inviting.) She went straight up to the king, and said: "Though you had not sufficient politeness to invite me, still the prince shall have my gift as well as the others, which is that he shall be the cause of a violent death to his brother." She then presented the king with an ivory distaff, saying: "If you do not give this distaff to the prince on his tenth birthday, you will pay the penalty with your life; if your son does anything wrong, his distaff will break, and you may know that the time in which he will be the death of his brother is at hand." So saying she struck the griffin with her wand, who immediately leaped out of the window with her on his back. The reader may remember, that there was one fairy left of the four, who had not spoken when Vindictive came in. Her name was Camelia. She now stepped towards the afflicted king and queen, and spoke as follows: "It is not in my power to prevent the younger prince causing the death of Joscelin, because the fairy Vindictive is my senior, but I will bestow on him the gift of immense strength, and if Vindictive dies before he breaks the distaff, her power ceases, and her prophecy will not be fulfilled." The king thanked the fairy Camelia, and the fairies then withdrew. When Hercules, for that was the name of the younger prince, was ten years old, the king gave him his distaff, and shut him up in a large castle, which was in his kingdom; he had plenty of attendants, and also was allowed to walk about a little in the garden, but this was surrounded by high walls so that there was no chance of getting out. The king, his father, and Joscelin, his brother, who was grown a very handsome and accomplished prince, came to see him every year, but they came by a private door, of which the king kept the key, and they always came with guards, for his majesty never could forget Vindictive's prediction. The two princes were very fond of each other, and Joscelin often solicited his father to let Hercules come to the palace and play with him, but the king, who had never told him about the fairy's prophecy, fearing it would make him dislike his brother, always on these occasions turned it off with some vague answer about his brother's great strength, making it dangerous for other people his leaving the castle. Hercules certainly was immensely strong: though at this time he was only twelve years old, he was as powerful as a full grown man. When Joscelin had attained his 19th year, the king died, and on his death-bed he disclosed to Joscelin Vindictive's prophecy, at the

same time giving him the keys of the castle, and charging him not to release Hercules unless he did not break his distaff before the fairy Vindictive's death. He then fell back and expired. Joscelin was greatly grieved at his father's death, but he wisely resolved to conceal it from Hercules, lest he should ask who had the keys of the tower. So the next time he visited him, he told him that his father had gone to a distant country, and that therefore he reigned in his absence. Hercules eagerly asked, who kept the keys of the castle? Joscelin replied that the king still kept them; which was quite true as he was then the king. After Joscelin had reigned about six months he went out hunting: and wishing to ride home alone, he shook himself from his followers and went home through a wood. Now the king did not know that in this wood lived an enormous Ogre: he was thirty feet high, and was possessed of great strength; he happened to be walking in the very road in which Joscelin was, who was first apprized of his vicinity to the giant by his horse's shying, and great was the fear and astonishment of the king to see the great ogre coming along; he set spurs to his horse, but the giant overtook him in one stride. Joscelin was a brave man, so he drew his sword to defend himself, but at the first stroke it snapped in twain, and the monster took up the king and his horse as if they had been a feather, and carried them away to his dungeon, disregarding all Joscelin's entreaties for mercy. "No, no," said the ogre, "I will not spare your life, unless you can find a man strong enough to fight me. The king was overjoyed at this, and he proudly told his tyrant, that he had a brother who would fight him, and kill him too. The Ogre burst into a loud laugh, but allowed Joscelin to send a messenger with the keys of the tower, and a note begging his brother to come with all speed.

We will now follow the fortunes of Hercules in his gloomy tower. He had got in a passion with one of his attendants, and had thrashed the man most unmercifully, for which he found his distaff broken. He knew the fearful secret, consequently he was so vexed at this circumstance that he was quite frantic. The fairy Vindictive, entered at that moment; Hercules flew at her, but she waved her wand over his head, and his feet grew into the floor. Vindictive knew the instant the distaff was broken, and meeting the messenger of king Joscelin, she took the keys from him, so that it was impossible for him to release Hercules. All this she maliciously told the prince, who was foaming with rage at not being able to revenge himself. But at this moment the change which happens to all fairies (who are always changed to some animal for eight days,) was taking place upon the fairy Vindictive, and in another minute she was changed to a worm. The fairy Camelia, in the form of a bird, now flew in at the window, ate up the worm, and released Hercules from his most cruel enemy. Hercules transported with delight, would have thrown himself at her feet, but she raised him, and said: "Now go and free your brother; I will give you this sword, which will certainly conquer the Ogre with one blow. Take also this Camelia, my emblem, whenever you put it in your bosom it will supply you with as much money as you require. She then led Hercules out of the tower, and mounted him on a horse of surprising fleetness. He slung his sword by his side, thanked the fairy, and galloped off to the rescue. He met the Ogre on his way, struck one blow with the enchanted sword, and the monster fell dead at his feet. Joscelin now liberated, embraced his brother, and

thanked him with the most lively expressions of gratitude. The brothers were journeying home together when they heard shrieks as of some woman in distress. Joscelin set spurs to his horse, and galloped off to the place from which the screams proceeded. Hercules, astonished at his precipitation, remained motionless for a minute, and then followed his brother, whom he found engaged in single combat with another ogre, the twin brother of the one which had just been killed. This ogre was carrying away a beautiful princess that he had just caught, when Joscelin came to the rescue. The ogre was just going to strike him to the ground with an iron mace, when Hercules came up, and snatching the mace from the hand of the giant, he ran his sword through his body; thus becoming a second time his brother's deliverer. Joscelin now turned to the terrified princess Azar, and asked her hand in marriage; and she, admiring his gallant behaviour, accepted his proposal. At this instant the fairy Camelia appeared, and the two brothers thanked her most heartily for her kindness to them ever since they were born; and Hercules threw himself at her feet, and begged her to marry him, to which the fairy consented. The two brothers were married the same day; and all the fairies, from fairy land, came to the wedding. Joscelin divided his kingdom with his brother; and long, happy, and glorious was the reign of King Hercules and King Joscelin.

Twilight.

THE Sun hath set behind a hill,
The Heaven of other climes to light,
And twilight hovers o'er me still,
Soft shadows cast from coming night.
Who hath not felt, in this calm hour,
The joys of thought—reflection's power?
How sweet to turn from life's turmoil,
The thirst of gain—ambitious toil;
To muse alone, with softened heart,
In moments, such as these which part,
The peaceful light from wrangling day,
And worldly sorrows pass away.

HAWTHORN.

THE
BOUQUET,

FROM

MARYLEBONE GARDENS.

~~~~~  
No. II.—JULY.  
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SOME REMARKS ON THE THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE "BOUQUET."

BY A CUCUMBER.

To animadvert on the demeanour and conduct of others, or severely to criticise the productions of rising genius, is a task by no means congenial with the principles either of good sense or of good breeding. And, yet, to allow the world to go on without noticing any of its arrangements, or without forming and uttering an opinion on any of its maxims and practices, would be derogatory to human intellect, and detrimental to the beneficial progress of civil and social improvement. So also, to allow the Press to issue from the rivulets and rivers of literature a continuous inundation of miscellaneous compositions, without either praising the beauties, or alluding to the blemishes which might periodically present themselves, would tend very much to retard the cultivation of the mind, and give a check to the expanding ardour of talent, by withdrawing that stimulus to exertion which the commendation or blame of others generally produces. Cherishing these sentiments, and in a spirit of benevolent intention, I beg permission to offer a few cursory remarks on the contents of the first number of a little work just sent to me by the Editor.

This pretty little work has a pretty title, "The Bouquet:" and I perceive that most of the contributors bear the names of pretty flowers; so that it will require much caution and much delicacy in picking out any of the articles for the *hortus siccus* of the Critic.

"The Preface" is very well written, and delineates in a sensible manner the object and expectancy of this pleasing miscellany. The concluding paragraph of the Preface will govern my pen in whatever I may say in my character of Reviewer, or Critic; for I hate sourness and austerity, and love "the genial and sunny smiles of kindness."

Nightshade presents us with some suitable introductory lines. I am glad to see that this is not the plant commonly called *deadly nightshade*—there is nothing here of a *noxious* quality, though a considerable portion of that *inherent ambition* which all plants of this spreading species possess, and so we read in the first line “*to all the world these few short lines we send.*” In a political point of view, Mr. Cobden might claim this writer as an evident supporter of “Free Trade:” and I am sure it will please Prince Albert to see that the “Crystal Palace” is not forgotten.

After the Parliamentary versification of *Nightshade*, we have a pleasant chit-chat in a Garden, where we are kindly privileged to hear three young ladies conversing on “German Stories,” “Botany,” and “Archæology.” In this “*Conversations*,” we learn the origin of the present literary Bouquet, and have an outline of the regulations recommended to be adopted in bringing forward the work. Had the writer of this *Conversations* introduced a quotation from Cuninghams’s Hand-Book of London, or some such chronicle, relative to the site and character of Marylebone Gardens, it would have given an additional interest to the article.

We next have some pretty simple “Lines to a Child on her Birthday,” composed appropriately by *Heartsease*; and then we are astounded by some strange sentiments on Music by a sentimental young *Myrtle*, who seems to think that the sound of a guitar in a myrtle-grove is a most dangerous sound to listen to! I cannot acquiesce in any such doctrine, for I quite agree with the great Poet of Nature in believing that “Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,” and to kindle in the soul of the contemplative, aspirations and emotions of the most sublime character. Those high celestial beings called “Cherubim” appear to delight in music, and to adopt its sweet cadences in their glorious occupation of praising the Creator and Upholder of all things. We are told in holy scripture that they “sang together” in chorus on the morning of Creation; and that at the birth of our blessed Saviour, their holy voices were heard vibrating through our atmosphere in an oratorio of joy and adoration. *La Myrtle*, therefore, is in great error in speaking so disparagingly of that science which is so assiduously cultivated by the “heavenly host.”

“The Heart’s History,” which succeeds *La Myrtle’s* objurgations, is very well drawn up, and seems to indicate a knowledge of the foibles and affections of the human heart. Throughout the interesting narrative, there is an agreeable odour of *Lavender water*.

We are next puzzled with a “Rebus,” of which I shall not here offer any solution; and that for a very good reason, for, as *Ragged Robin* would say, “*non possum.*”

The “Lines on the approach of Spring” contain some pleasing pictorial ideas, so to speak. The allusion to the Cuckoo is true to nature; and the moral sentiments which follow are good and edifying.

The “Address to the Moon,” contains one or two very good lines, and exhibits what progress may be made in Classical learning by any young scholar who properly attends to his studies; as it is evident *Ragged Robin* does.

The monody on “The Death of a Friend’s Daughter,” indicates a feeling heart and a cultivated mind. We may collect from the eighth line, that this Christian condolence is proffered by one who hath experienced the sad sorrows which over-

whelm the soul of a parent on the death of a beloved child. I quite agree with the prayer contained in the concluding sentence.

We have next, a clever poetical rhapsody on "Time," by a *Myrtle*. The *ideas* are good, and so are the *allusions*; but the versification needs a little polishing. Let the *Myrtle* make a friendly acquaintance with Apollo, some summer's evening, when he loiters with his harp on "the banks of Allan-water."

Eglantine presents us with an elegant little poem on "the Evening Star." Here we have a sweet cadence of measure; pleasing to the ear, and redolent of true poetic imagery. I am sure *Eglantine* is fond of music, And I am sure *Heliotrope* is fond of her native land!—a fondness which is always commendable, and generally indicative of an ardent generosity of soul. There is something pleasing and pretty in the *first* line. The apostrophe contains in a few words a great deal of fine patriotism, The *tenth* line conveys a sentiment of rather too decided a character: every one who has visited Ireland must admire its diversified richness of picturesque scenery; and some of our greatest wits, warriors, and politicians, have emanated from that "gem of the ocean."

The *Myrtle* seems to thrive as well in Germany as in England and France; and so we are here favoured with some interesting legendary tradition from one of the German forests, in the original language:—then after playing at trap-ball with some curious urchins, yclept "Arithmorems," tossed out of *Eschscholtzia's* reticule *Myrtle* wafts us into Spain, and introduces us to a magnificent lady called "Donna Inez," of whom we are told many agreeable particulars in very agreeable language. The narrative respecting this Donna is well drawn up, and assumes the form of a regular minor historical novel under the title of "Court Cabals;" and I have no hesitation in prognosticating that *Myrtle* bids fair to become, in a few years, as able and as popular a writer in this branch of literature as the celebrated Jane Porter.

Our attention is next arrested by a well-written article, entitled "The Abbot's Tale." This is from the pen of *Heliotrope*, and merits much praise. We then are presented with a "Garland" by our primary acquaintance *Nightshade*, who appears here to much advantage. The two first stanzas are really pretty and poetical: and we cannot but admire the genteel compliment paid in the *sixth*, *seventh*, and *eighth*, to the three flowerets whose names appear as the originators of this interesting Bouquet.

The "Palatium Industriæ," (after Ovid) is by no means devoid of merit. Perhaps the best passage in Ovid for imitation on this subject would have been the "Regia Solia."

Azalea's "Lines on the Departure of a Friend" are replete with good feeling and good sense.

Ragged Robin's sonnet, entitled "The Flower Girl," displays considerable talent. His illustration of *Thistle's* character by applying to it the Scottish motto is a happy hit.

The "Lines on one of H. M. Ships returning from Foreign service," are evidently the production of one who has experienced and felt what he here so ably delineates.

The words are well chosen and well arranged: and the imagery throughout pleasingly combines to place before us a very pretty little cabinet picture.

"The Bouquet" which *Laburnum* presents us with, is really a Bouquet: prettily arranged and tied together with a sweet-scented ribbon which seems to have been a bracelet of one of the Muses.

"Florence Shirly" is a pretty interesting tale, and well told. The drawing of the different characters introduced, indicates a correct eye and a discriminating observance of real life. The incidents which diversify the scenery are all natural, and judiciously selected. I consider *Eglantine* an author of great promise.

There is much happy wit and genteel *badinage* in "*Carnation's*" note to "*Mignonette*." The reader cannot but observe the adroitness with which the successive stanzas are made to contain what we call a "point." The concluding stanza is, in my opinion, cleverly conceived.

The verses which follow, signed by *Rose*, are written and arranged with taste and judgment. They allude, in well-chosen language, and with a sweet Christian morality of sentiment, to the Great Exhibition which is now attracting the admiration of all who value the progress of art and science, as connected with the real improvement of mankind.

We are next treated with a "Fairy Story," which contains several curious and astounding incidents, as all fairy stories ought. I should like very much to possess the "emblem" which one of the kind-hearted Fairies presented to Hercules, for I should then subscribe for 1,000 copies of "The Bouquet," and distribute them among the pretty young fairies who saunter at "fall of eve" among the laurel groves of "Marylebone Gardens." And here I very opportunely see the *Hawthorn* waving its pretty white blossoms in the rays of the setting sun! and whispering to *Hyacinth* in a soft poetic tone, that

"The sun hath set behind a hill."

And thus I close my reflections and remarks on the contents of the First Number of the Bouquet: a work which bids fair to ingratiate itself into the good wishes and good graces of all who love to patronise rising genius, and who possess hearts capable of being enamoured with the beautiful ornaments of Nature, "THE FLOWERS!"

June, 1851.

CONVERSATIONS.

SCENE—Portland Gardens.

Blue-bell, Kingcup, and Mignonette walking together.

Kingcup—Well, Mignonette! how do you think our first Bouquet has been received?

Mignonette—I have not heard any one say much against it; of course there are always some *brambles* ready to tear it in pieces.

Blue-bell—One fault I have heard is that the type is too small.

K.—I have heard the Title of it very much spoken against. Many do not like "Marylebone Gardens." Do either of you know the History of Marylebone Gardens?

M.—Yes. I have lately been reading about them in "Smith's Topographical and Historical Account of the Parish of St. Marylebone."

B.—Oh, do tell us about them. Where were they?

M.—Why they were a little farther west than these gardens. The entrance to them was somewhere in High Street, and the site of them is now occupied by Beaumont Street, Devonshire Street, and Devonshire Place.

B.—But what were they? were they merely gardens like these?

M.—Oh! no. They were a celebrated place of amusement; they were in existence more than 100 years ago. They were very fashionable. Balls and evening concerts were given in them. Some of the first singers were generally engaged there, and fireworks were frequently exhibited. Mr. Smith gives a curious description of an evening's entertainment, taken from a newspaper. I copied it to shew it to you—here it is. "On Tuesday evening, July 28th, 1776, Marylebone Gardens exhibited a scene equally novel and agreeable; namely, a representation of the Boulevards of Paris. The boxes fronting the ball-room which were converted into shops had a very pleasing effect, and were occupied by persons with the following supposititious names:—*Crochet*, a music seller; *Medley* a print shop; *Newfangle and La Blonde*, Milliners; *Pine*, a Fruiterer; *Trinket*, a Toyman; *Tete*, a Hair-dresser; *Mr. Gimcrack*, the shop unoccupied and nothing in it but two pair of kites." He then gives a description of the shop-keepers. The ball-room which was illuminated representing the English Coffee House at Paris, and at one end were women selling all sorts of "cooling liquors."

K.—When were the gardens given up?

M.—In 1778; they were suppressed by order of the magistrates, and the site let to builders.

B.—By-the-bye, I have got some more conundrums for you. *Elderflower* gave me one this morning. It is this:—No. 1. "When is a young man like the cork of a champagne bottle?"

M.—Oh! we must have time to find them out. Have you any more? Let us put them down, and give our answers next time we meet.

B.—Yes; *Egg-plant* has also given me three or four. Here they are:—No. 2. "Why should we suppose the fire to be feminine?"—No. 3. "When will the weather be like the Duke of Wellington?"—No. 4. "Why did the church bells ring when the Queen Dowager died?"—No. 5. "What kind of tree is the tree of liberty?"

M.—Here is one more sent to me:—No. 6. "Why was the Emperor of Russia a little while ago like a school-boy at Christmas?" I have also had a poetical answer sent to me by *Rudbeckia* to *Eschscholtzia's* Rebus in last number. Here it is:—"Solution of Rebus by *Eschscholtzia*, page 9.

She certainly must be a *muff*
 Always to decline *Amor*,
 And must be made of queer rare stuff,
 A yard in length or some more.

Jane is her name, she lives hard by.
 And comes not from *afar*.
 Talks of the courts, and of *nisi*,
Eccentric without par.
 The first of these form *Mary Jane*.
 And *Frederic* the last.
 For such a pair you'll search in vain,
 And so the die is cast."

K.—Well, that is not so bad. What are those Arithmorems? I do not quite understand them.

M.—Nor I; but I have got the answers to them also, which may help us. Here they are:—Answers to Arithmorems, page 14.

No. 1—X Sprees, Express

No. 2—I Spar, Paris.

No. 3—Ay, D hurts, Thursday

No. 4—DV grin, During.

No. 5—M Ties, Times.

No. 6—LI stops, Pistols.

No. 7—£LI, Ill.

No. 8—In DCI tens, Incidents.

No. 9—D patches, Despatch.

No. 10—C routs, Courts.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

Here is also a Charade by the same:—

"Of the body my first is a part,
 And my second's decidedly smart;
 My whole may be found in the mart."

M.—Here comes a *Thistle*; let us ask her what her opinion is of our last number.

Ah, *Thistle*, how are you? You seem to have a large bundle of papers in your hand—what are they all about?

Thistle.—Mostly contributions for that most wonderful of all "Bouquets," which according to the *Post Magazine* is quite a gem.

K.—Yes, indeed, our friend seems to have known what he was about when he wrote his critique upon the Bouquet.

B.—What is the purport of all those papers? The one in red ink what is it about?

T.—A suggestion from "Semi Demi Quaver." That music might be introduced into the Bouquet. What do you think of it?

K.—I see no objection to it.

M.—I do. I detest music.

T.—There is a poem, or rather an attempt at one, from quite a juvenile. I should think I must reject it, it is so trifling. Shall I read it?

B.—Yes, do.

T.—

"Come, my brother, come and play
 On this bright and sunny day.—&c.

M.—Oh, that is enough! It will not do. I know who it is by—My Brother, only nine years of age. Well, what have you got besides?

T.—A variety of flowers for the Bouquet. Another from a party offering to become subscribers, but will not allow their names to appear. Are they to be admitted?

K.—Certainly not. If they are ashamed to join such company they are better away.

T.—But I must take care what I am about. I must not disclose any more. I am the Editor, and I must be secret. My name must not become known to the world, or the Bouquet will lose half its value—but I want a sub-Editor Mignonette, I shall appoint you. You shall be my Sub.

M.—Your what?

T.—My sub-Editor, if you please. You shall arrange all the poetry.

B.—Provided she admits no trash.

M.—I hope you have a better opinion of my taste. I suppose if I am to be in your councils I may ask any questions I like. For instance; I am dying to know who wrote "Florence Shirley." Have you the whole tale in manuscript? Do, tell me what becomes of Florence?

T.—I should make a bad Editor were I to do any such thing. You must know that it is a most essential point in a first number of a work to excite the curiosity of the public, and you keep that curiosity on the tip-toe of expectation by breaking off an interesting story exactly where it approaches a *denouement*. For whoever has got the first number of the Bouquet will, I venture to predict, be sure to try and get the others.

K.—But they can only be got from a subscriber.

T.—In the Address to our Readers at the beginning of the last number, we promised to notice the Fashions amongst other things. Eschscholtzia has sent me the following:—"Fashions for July—Amongst the numerous extraordinary and unexpected results of the Great Exhibition, not the least surprising is the impetus it has given to the introduction of novelties in dress. We have already observed many ladies who have adopted the admired and elegant *robe à la Squaw Indienne*, and we have heard it confidently stated, that one or two of our more adventurous leaders of the *beau monde* have decided on appearing at the next drawing-room with pencils *d'or au nez*, à la Hottentot. This with lappets formed of scalps, à la North American Indian, will, we have no doubt produce a sensation equally novel and startling; and, though it will of course, appear rather *outré* to the more staid *followers of the modes*, we venture to predict for it a long and daily increasing vogue. A few unsuccessful attempts have been made to introduce the Turkish veil, but its baneful effects on the complexion are too obvious to require us to give any reasons for its failure. We need hardly say that the gentlemen have not been more backward than the ladies in availing themselves of the opportunities offered them by the presence of the *élite* of the world in London. We understand that the sale of Macassar Oil has received an immense impulse from the general desire to cultivate pigtails, which shall enable the hairy sex to meet their Celestial brothers without that painful feeling of inferiority which they must necessarily experience at present. Changes are also taking place in the mode of salutation. The old-fashioned shake of the hand is giving way to rubbing noses, knocking heads, kicking heels, striking elbows, and other modes for which we have not space, but we hope to recur to this subject."

Song.

A simple lay for floral May
 Most joyfully I'll sing,
 Thus muse away the livelong day
 Throughout the cheerful spring.

For well I know the heart will glow
 In praise of God above—
 Who yearly greets with varying sweets
 The creatures of His love.

The winds that sigh, in passing by,
 Sweet music to the soul,
 As lessons wise, they often rise
 Our passions to control.

Wing not away, but many a day
 Breathe thy soft strains around,
 And teach my heart to echo part
 Of that ethereal sound.

Create in tune a lute triune
 To consecrate thy name,
 Until its strings full response brings,
 And magnifies thy fame.

HAWTHORN.

The Captive.

The twilight stars are shining forth o'er every hill and dale,
 But leave them for a prison vault, a captive's fate bewail—
 Imprisoned, in that gloomy tower, their light but makes him sad;
 His thoughts are with his Highland home wrapp'd in his Highland plaid—
 He thought upon his native locks, upon Glen Fylem's height,
 Where thundered forth the bitter's boom through the dark shades of night,
 And there the snow-capped mountain and frowning rocks are seen,
 And the dark majestic forests waved o'er the Highland green:
 The glad bird rushes to the sky in joyful happy glee,
 And loudly pours his gladsome song—no wonder—he is free!
 Land of romantic beauty, the captive's thoughts are thine,
 Though no more in his mountain home he sees the pure moon shine,
Burst forth the captive's wild lament—"I would that I were free."
"Of all the gifts that come from God, the best is Liberty."

HYACINTH.

Spring.

Oh! spring, sweet spring, I love it well!

All nature is so gay—

The primrose, cowslip, and blue-bell

Seem fairer every day.

In spring, sweet spring, I love to hear

The wild birds' thrilling song—

To see the insects in the air

Skim merrily along.

In spring, sweet spring, I love to sit

On brink of murmuring stream,

And there absorbed in fancy's fit,

Indulge in airy dream.

But, oh! in spring, I love to gaze

Into the clear blue-sky,

And with all nature, join to praise

Our God who reigns on high.

AZALEA.

To Mr. E. M.—Nabal Cadet,

On his First Going to Sea.

"Heave to," my boy, a word before you start

Upon the sea of life, to play your part—

Your anchor's weigh'd, your topsail is aback,

Waiting the word, "brace up, on starboard tack."

For Lisbon you are bound, the "Prince" to join

With good sea kit, and some little coin.

Beware of "sharks," who think you "jolly raw,"

They'll try to do you those "sea limbs of law"—

Sheer off, my boy, give them a good wide berth;

Return their jokes with jovial glee and mirth;

Be not cast down, three years will soon be gone,

When you'll return to friends and happy home,

To "spin a yarn" of what you've seen and had—

"Splice the main brace" with your good jolly dad;

But I must say "avast," I quite forgot,

Early in life his was the sailor's lot;

Take his advice and blessing—I've no doubt

He'll give you both, as part of your "fit out"—

A mother's kiss, your sisters' sweet embrace;

Oft you will think of, in their proper place,

And of those friends at home, by whom you're blest,

When you, on Sunday, overhaul your chest.

Good bye, my boy, take care of "number one"—

Soon may you sport a "swab," as a great gun."

MILFORD.

*The Death of Patroclus.**Achilles going out to revenge his death.*

Prodit ad bellum repetens Achilles
 Gloriæ famam veteris superbam,
 Et nova in tergo validisque membris
 Colligat arma.

Namque delectus juvenis cruento
 In solo cædis recubat, manumque
 Hectoris sensit valido peremptus
 Ense Patroclus.

Nempe Pelidis spoliavit arma,
 Filius victor Priami, at vicissim
 Jacta Loricam penetrabit ictu

Pelias Hasta.—RAGGED ROBIN.

Acrostic.

T hese wreathed gems, these flow'rets fresh and fair,
 H alcyons of graceful fancy and of love,
 I n sadder time—perchance of grief or care,
 S hall wile thy sorrow, and thy woe remove.
 T hus double fragrance will they ever bear,
 L ending a charm to gladden and amuse,
 E ach lapse of time, not lessens, but renews.

HAWTHORN.

On the Universal Theme,

Peace reigns triumphant, and from every land
 Nations advance with olive branch in hand.
 When "Greek meets Greek," no "tug o' war" ensues,
 They quietly talk and question of the news.
 Chinaman, German, Russian; all are there;
 The brave, the gay, the lovely, and the fair!
 Natives of ev'ry clime, and each degree,
 Within the Crystal Palace you may see.
 Hail, ALBERT! consort of our gracious Queen,
 (The greatest Monarch England e'er has seen,)
 This Palace shall perpetuate thy name,
 And Paxton's genius shall be sung by Fame;
 Loud shall her Trumpet call, and far, and near,
 All nations of the Globe, the sound shall hear.
 ALBERT, the people's Prince, thy noble mind
 Called forth his talents to enrich mankind;
 To thee be honour shown, to thee we pay
 The humble tribute of this faulty lay.

LAVENDER.

A Gento Song.

Chinna Bopāta
 Poenedee Yāta
 Yēkada telyadoo
 Dorikē oondoo
 Shiggerum pondoo
 Tonkalu tō noo noo.

JONQUIL.

Question.—Child.

Mother, thou say'st there's a joyous land;
 How shall we join that happy band?
 Can we follow the eagle's track on high?
 Can we pierce with him the deep blue sky?
 Can we fly with the lark when its joyous song
 Bears it on Zephyr's wings swiftly along?
 Can we dash with the sea-bird thro' ocean's spray—
 And so, shall we reach that bright land of day?
 Can we go with the butterflies, bright as the sky?
 Or climb with the goats the mountains high?
 Oh! we never can reach that heavenly shore,
 For the waves they dash, and the billows roar!
 Oh! how shall I venture that fearful tide?
 I who 'm a weak and a timorous child?

Answer.—Mother,

'Tis true, my sweet child, there's a river deep
 Before you can reach that quiet home—
 But, oh! it will be as the softest sleep,
 For Saviour shall bear thee thro' all the foam:
 And when *He* smiles on thee, oh! who shall frown?
 And thou, too, shalt smile, my joyous one!
 When thy Saviour shall clasp thee with arms of love,
 And bear thee away to those realms above—
 The eagle may mount, and the eagle may fly,
 But ne'er can it pierce the deep blue-sky;
 For though proud man with its might it defies,
 Yet it droops its wings ere it reaches the skies,
 For its Master has made its power lie low,
 And it ne'er can rise where man can go.
 The butterfly, too, sweet child, is gay,
 But its morn it is short, and it dies away!
 And tho' round the mountains the white clouds are furl'd,
 Yet they touch not, my child, that wondrous world!

ROSE.

DEFENSE DE LA MUSIQUE.

Qu'entends je ! de ce bosquet consacré aux muses une douce voix s'élève ainsi contre le plus divin des arts : " O Musique, toi qui corromps l'âme en y versant ton doux poison, jamais tu n'auras de charmes pour moi ! les anciens, plus sages que nous te bannirent de leurs republiques." Mais les peuples qui refusèrent de cultiver ce don du ciel, étaient cruels, sauvages inhumains, on cite surtout les barbares habitants de Cythène, ville de L'Arcadie, qui méprisaient l'art harmonieux, comme ayant commis plus de crimes que tous les autres peuple Grecs, chez qui la musique était tellement en honneur qu'ils en firent une partie essentielle de l'éducation capable de calmer les passions et d'adoucir les mœurs. Socrate à un âge avancé se fit instruire dans l'art ; Epaminondas était loué pour son talent musical, et on reprochait à Témisocle de ne pouvoir dans les festins jouer de la lyre.

La musique plaintive amollit l'âme il est vrai, mais l'homme est-il moins grand pour être susceptible d'émotions tendres ? Cesar perd il de sa gloire pour avoir versé des larmes sur le sort de Pompée, ou Titus qui pleura Jérusalem en ruines ?

Mais La Lyre a d'autres accords qui excitent à la gloire, à patriotisme. Le premier Edouard tout guerrier qu'il fut redoutoit bien son influence sur les hardis montagnards du pays de Galles, lorsqu'il fit massacrer leurs bardes, dont les chants rappelaient aux vaincus leur liberté perdue—Non, l'amour de la musique n'est pas incompatible avec la bravoure et la grandeur d'âme ; le magnanime Alfred y dût sa consolation dans l'exil, et Coeur-de-lion sa délivrance. Parfois l'harmonie a une mission plus sublime encore, celle de ramener le pecheur à Dieu. Voyez le Suisse, appelé par l'ambition il se range sous le drapeau de l'étranger. D'abord ses camarades rient des mœurs sévères du paysan des montagnes, mais bientôt auprès d'eux il oublie les conseils de son vieux pasteur et l'adieu de sa mère. Un soir, le hasard, ou son bon ange conduit ses pas loin du bruit des camps—un air simple, plaintif, frappe son oreille, il tressaille . . . C'est le refrain des chalets, c'est le Ranz des vaches ! Ecoutant perdu il croit revoir ses montagnes chéries . . . sa mère lui sourit . . . sa blonde fiancée lui tend les bras . . . les larmes inondent les joues bruniées du soldat, et il se prosterne pour prier :—L'art devrait toujours avoir pour son but l'anoblissement de l'homme ; à lui appartient le privilege de lui faire entrevoir la perfection et par cela même de le rapprocher du Créateur et si il est souvent perverti de ce grand dessein, malheur à l'insensé qui en fait abus ! l'art est toujours pur, toujours incorruptible. Le Myrte est-il moins frais, moins parfumé pour avoir souvent formé les guirlandes pour les disciples d'Epicure ?

Et vous, si un jour loin de la patrie, loin de tout ce qu'on aime, vous entendiez le doux chant dont votre mère bercât votre enfance, ou la sérénade du bien aimé. Oh ! *alors, au fond de l'âme* vous sentiriez le pouvoir magique de l'harmonie !

LABURNUM.

REVENGE.

PART I.

The shutters of a small house in the vicinity of the town of Basle were closed, for the night before there had been death in the house. A thin vapoury smoke went up from one of the chimneys, and in a small room, by the fire, from which this proceeded, sat a young man poring over the pages of a manuscript. In one corner of the apartment stood a bed, the curtains of which were closely drawn, at the foot and head burned tapers, and a priest was on his knees before a crucifix, murmuring in a low tone prayers for the soul of the departed. By the feeble light of the tapers, and the fitful blaze of the fire the youth sat and read, and ever and anon he paused to wipe the cold perspiration from his brow, or, looking towards the bed, raised his clenched hand in a menacing attitude and his lips moved though no sound escaped them, then he would look upward as invoking Heaven to grant the prayer he could not breathe, again he turned to the closely written manuscript: dark were the secrets it contained. Reader, hast thou the courage to peruse them?

Night covers the earth with her sombre mantle, welcome silent hours of darkness; soon will the night of death surround me; peaceful rest to my weary frame. What should I care for life who have never known its joys? Hush! ungrateful memory sleeps; once I was happy, then came a night to my day of joy, and for me the morrow's sun rose not again.

I dared not close my weary life, for what would await me, the mystery of the world beyond the tomb deterred me; and I had a friend, some spark of goodness was yet left in me to have a friend, yet in him I had no faith, for all my friends were false, this had been my curse, my belief in friendship was no more.

Bernard to thee I bequeath my all, and this paper to poison thy enjoyment of it; for it is time now that thou shouldst know the man you loved and trusted was a murderer. Aye and that thou hast been beloved by a man upon whose soul was the crime of murder—whose hands have taken the life of a fellow creature.

I see you shudder as you read the words; your dark eyes glisten; your brow contracts, and the paper falls from your hands with horror. Yes, you have shared the murderer's home, and lived for years beneath his roof and he blesses you for it, although you did it unknowingly. If a murderer's blessing is a curse may Heaven avert it power to harm you.

Three-and-twenty years ago I did the deed, and for three-and-twenty years you have been a living reproach to me and I have born it, for spite of the memories the sight of you awakened, I loved you. You think me your father, I am no relation to you. Would to God I had any noble or honest man belonging to me, but I am an outcast from the society of all good or honourable men.

I am old and sorrow stricken, I was once young and joyous, the devil tempted me and I fell, so did our first parents. I followed Cain's example and like him I bear a curse of Heaven in my heart and on my brow. Listen, and take warning by my

history. Curb your hot and hasty temper when you read the evil I was led into by my unchecked passions.

My Mother died when I was quite a child, of her I have no recollection. Father was a stern and cruel man, who received me whenever I came before him with hard words and harder blows. I can recollect one day in particular, I had followed my father to his study, a room I was never permitted to enter, I saw him open a chest which stood opposite the door, and strew in it a few fresh flowers which he had just gathered, muttering as he did so some words I could not hear. He turned round and saw me peeping through the half-opened door, with an oath he rushed upon me, but I eluded him and contrived to conceal myself from him the whole day. In the evening I went into the village where I amused myself with some boys of my acquaintance; as we were returning home I beheld my father coming towards us with a hunting whip in his hand. I could not have been more than seven at the time, but I saw him as if it had happened yesterday. He approached me, for I stood paralysed with fear at the sight of him, my companions fled in terror and left me alone to bear the weight of his fury.

"You young villain" he cried, his eyes flashing fire, I'll teach you to carry secrets of my house to all the place, take this, and this, and this, I know you, you devil's-imp. These words he accompanied with blows from the whip he carried. I vainly protested my innocence that I knew of no secrets, he was unmoved, he beat me until I sank senseless to the ground, then lifting me as though I had been a log he carried me to the house and threw me into my room.

The circumstances of that day have been deeply impressed on my mind, and cannot efface the impression. The unjust accusation laid against me, and the blow I had received sunk deep into my heart and filled it with hatred for the author of my being. Why he thus disliked me I never could discover, unless it was that my resemblance to my departed mother reminded him of his loss, it was not for my knowledge of his secrets, for I knew them not, neither did I wish to discover them. Be the reason what it may he hated me, and I most cordially returned the feeling. Had my mother lived this might have been otherwise, but I never had the blessing of a mother's love.

I will pass over the years which succeeded this outbreak of passion from my father. My hatred towards him grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I loved! Oh how warmly and truly only I can know, the deeper the blow which crushed my spirit and made me what I am.

Alice Granville was seventeen, and lovely as the day, alas so fair and so deceiving. Then were my days full of unmixed happiness: I loved her and obtained her affection. We were to be united on my return from Vienna, where I went to settle some affairs for my father. I had a friend whom I believed true to me, to him I confided the secret of my engagement with Alice. Neville was married at the time, he could not therefore envy me, little I knew his designing nature; my father was wealthy, he was poor, and he envied me my riches, now he enjoys what should have been mine. Is *—can he be happy?* To him I had confided my hatred of my father, and the cr

treatment I had ever experienced at his hands, and begged him to keep my attachment secret from him—he promised. I bade farewell to my adored Alice, we exchanged vows of eternal constancy, and I tore myself away. I had a cousin, he had been my companion in early youth, he was away from home when I left England, I never told him of my engagement, but I trusted in his friendship and the constancy of Alice—in both I was deceived. I had been more than a year at Vienna, and was daily expecting a recall home from my father. At length I received a letter short and cold, telling me he had heard of our attachment and would never consent to our union. How could he have heard it? I *would* not doubt my *friend*. What could be his objection to our union? Alice was an orphan and wealthy. It must be the reason I feared, his hatred of women. But why should he care what I did, when he hated me. Ah! it was for *this* reason he would prevent our union. I flew home, Neville met me within a mile of my father's house. In soothing tones of affectionate condolence he told me that Alice was faithless, and had married almost immediately on my leaving England. I knocked him down in the first heat of my anger; then raised him and entreated him to forgive me. He graciously pardoned me and smiled his forgiveness—the hypocrite; as he bade me follow him and see whether his words were true or not. He took me to her house, I looked through the window, there she sat, lovelier than I had ever seen her, a sweet smile was on her face as she looked up into the eyes of him, my cousin, as he stood gazing down upon her. I could have killed him as he stood, but the presence of Neville restrained me. A babe was on her lap. Bernard, that babe was you. Now can you tell who Alice was? your mother: Oh seek not for revenge, when you learn this it will be too late, I shall be no more. As I turned from the spot I marked a smile of triumph on the face of Neville, while he asked me if I doubted him now. He knew my hot and hasty disposition, and guessed the thoughts I hardly knew myself. He left me. I wandered about the rest of the day I knew not where, at night I went home and slept. Slept did I say? I could not sleep, my brain was all on fire, whenever I closed my eyes dark visions came before me of blood and murder, and a tempter whispered in my ear revenge! revenge! The morning dawn brought no relief. My father summoned me to his presence, a stormy interview took place between us. The name of Alice did not pass our lips. He asked me what I did at home. I said I would be subservient to his will no longer, I had returned to claim my bride. He shuddered and I felt convinced he had arranged the plan for ruining my happiness. He ordered me from the room, I refused to leave it, he struck me, and, Heaven forgive me, I returned the blow. Neville entered as my hand was uplifted in the act; he begged me to be calm, I turned from him and left the apartment. Evening came slowly on as I sauntered in the direction of *her* house. What evil demon prompted me? I stood beside the window and looked in. She was alone, I watched and saw a nurse bring in a child, she took it from her arms and was left alone with it, I saw her kiss the child and smile upon it. He came not, I could bear it no longer; I rushed into the house and stood before her. She started and uttered a faint shriek, then hastily laying down the child she came towards me. "*Alice, faithless but ever loved,*" I cried, she hid her face in her hands and wept. In

an instant the thought flashed across my mind to murder her; if [she could not be mine she should no longer be another's. I kissed her passionately, and [yet holding her to my heart I grasped her throat with one hand, and] held her firmly until I saw that life was extinct. She gave no cry, only one faint struggle, and all was over. I was fearfully calm, I laid her upon the sofa as though she were asleep, and crossed her hands upon her breast; her face looked black and livid, but I kissed her, and taking the babe in my arms I left the house. That night I took my passage in a steamer to Scotland, Arrived there, I gave myself out as a 'widower travelling with his child. I remained there some days waiting for news from England, 'it came. Imagine the horror I experienced on reading of the awful suicide committed by William Gerard, my cousin. I knew too well what prompted him to commit that act. The paper also contained a full account of the murder of Alice Granville, and of the 'escape' of the suspected murderer Bernard Langworth. But, Oh, horror! it contained news for which I was totally unprepared, atrocious paricide, my father had been found murdered the morning after I had left the country, and I was the suspected author of the bloody deed. Thank Heaven, *that* sin is not on my conscience. Not that I regretted my father, his death was rather a relief to me than otherwise, and one sinner less was in the world; but the awful nature of his death startled me, and the mystery attending it puzzled me. But I was not without my suspicions on seeing that Neville had been made his heir and I was disinherited. The witness against me was George Neville; were all my friends to fail me and be traitors to their friendship? He related the scene when I had lifted my hand against my father, also my expressed hatred for him; all seemed clear as day, the police were after me, if I set foot in England I was a dead man. I threw the paper from me, I could see no more. Since that day I have never seen one. Alice, Alice, I loved you well and truly, to your pitilessness is owing all my misery. I could have murdered *him*, whom I then hated as much as I had formerly loved, but that would not have been such certain revenge, for it would have pained, *her*. Therefore *she* should die and he would find her murdered. What would be his agony, I gloried in the thought of the grief he would endure, robbed even of his child no hope left in life, he would pay the penalty of his falseness, while she would be sleeping peacefully in death. He had felt the wound I had inflicted and could not bear up against his sorrow; he was dead.

I envied him the blessing of joining her thus soon, but no, he would not join her. Is the same Heaven open to the innocent and guilty? Had he not violated the strictest rights of friendship and added self-murder to his former sins? Yet had I ever told him of my engagement with Alice, no, he had been away at the time, only Neville knew of it, yet surely he had told Gerard of her former engagement with me.

Alice, the fault is yours, I try in vain to excuse you to myself; you too were guilty. But peace be with you, ruiner of my happiness, you can sin no more. Peace, peace, to my troubled soul; there is no peace for the murderer even in the tomb. I shed no blood, I murdered her calmly—coldly, would I could now feel calm as I did *then*, yet it was a fearful calmness.

"*Revenge is sweet*" I murmur to myself, yet I find it bitter. What are its

fruits? a troubled conscience in life, and a death-bed without hope. Woe, woe, everlasting woe. I travelled with the child Bernard as I called it, you bear a murderer's name, oh! may you never bear his weight of sin upon your conscience. My only joy was to look at you and watch you in your innocence, knowing that *she* had loved you; for great as was the evil she had wrought against me I could not cease to love her. I thought of her cold and dead sleeping in her grave, and her husband by her side. He must have known he had my place.

"Alice, thou false yet loved one, sleep in peace, and if 'tis true that the spirits of the murdered haunt the murderer, blest spirit come to me." Remorse deep and bitter cleaves to me for the deed I committed, but I experience no sensations of horror when thinking of it; she looked so calm—she died so quietly; yet it was murder black and foul. I became a Roman Catholic, and had you brought up in that creed. I wore sackcloth next my skin, and confessed my sins to a priest: after much fasting and many prayers absolution was granted to me, but I must spend many weary years in fasting and prayer ere I shall feel the absolution perfect and recorded in Heaven. Father Francis wished you to become a priest, but I refused all his entreaties and left you free. Each day I intended to confide this history to you, but each day I put it off, dreading you would revenge your mother's murder. I loved you too well, I would not see you stain your hands with blood, and suffer the mental torments I have done. When I am dead then shall you know the secret of my misery. Is not my wretched life revenge enough for you? Have I not ever loved you and treated you as a son; and have you not returned my love? Pity me then and pardon me.

Neville; the name is like a dagger to my heart; could he be my *friend*—he my accuser who laid a father's life to my charge, and revelled in that father's fortune! A strange suspicion at times crosses my mind, that he knew better than any one how that deed was done, better than I whom every one accused. Heaven forgive me if my suspicions are unjust. But enough, I had murdered the young and lovely, he (perhaps) the old and guilty; each will meet the punishment of their crime, sooner or later.

For many years I lived in daily dread of being discovered, I travelled from place to place, I and the boy; when people saw us together and marked my devotion to you they would gaze sadly on us and say, "poor man, how he must have loved his wife." Then I would weep, tears did me good and cooled the burning anguish of my heart.

For five years we have lived here, where soon I shall sleep in the graveyard I see from my window. My only hope is in the grave, but all is doubt and uncertainty. I have repented—atonement I cannot make—all I could do I have done in loving and caring for thee, a friendless orphan; and I have been rewarded in your love.

Curse not my memory: you are what once I was—young and hasty: let not my story urge you on to a bloody deed; rather let it be a warning to you. Think of the remorse of a whole life after—think of a death without hope in the life to come.

Is there mercy for such as I? Mercy, mercy: Lord have mercy upon me a sinner.

The young man rose from his seat, and raising his clenched hands to Heaven, shouted in accents which caused the priest to start hurriedly to his feet, and the chamber to re-echo the sound—"Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!" and with these words, and a face of deadly paleness, he rushed from the house.

(To be Continued.)

LAVENDER.

Miss Grady's Establishment.

Let all the young Ladies,
Who come to "Miss Grady's"
To learn the accomplishments hinted at here—
To write and to read *ill*,
And work at their needle,
All pay to Miss Grady £200 a year.
Each brings at beginning,
Two changes of linen,
For two pair of stockings are better than one;
For a young Lady can't dress
Whenever her Laundress
Has all her clothes hanging out in the sun.
Altho' it seems funny,
They mustn't bring money,
Miss Grady will give 'em whatever's thought fit.
If parents are willing,
Each week they've a shilling,
Or if they are naughty but sixpence they get.
Bring spoons and a towel,
For all must know how ill,
A young Lady looks who don't keep herself nice:
And none must forsooth come
Without a small toothcomb,
Unless they're relations—then *one will suffice*.
In French they address her,
And then a Professor
Will mesmerise any one (if they'll keep still.)
He comes to Miss Grady's,
And tells the young Ladies
That ether and chloroform cure ev'ry ill—
For ether and stupor,
(So says Dr. Cooper,)
' Will quiet e'en Ladies—they would'n't stir a peg;
And it isn't uncommon
To see an old woman
At "Guy's" *even laugh* while they cut off her leg.
They rest on the floor too,
An hour or more too,
For fear they should happen to grow the wrong way:
They each hold the backboard,
And then Mr. Hacksword,
The Drill-Serjeant calls for two hours a day.

They've no calethénics,
 Because the Miss Fenwicks
 Last winter were swinging, the hook caught their clothes;
 The eldest, good lack!
 Fell and injured her back,
 And took all the skin off the end of her nose.
 A master from France too
 Will teach them to dance too,
 Both polking and waltzing in elegant style;
 For Monsieur La Fadie
 Will waltz with each lady,
 (Miss Grady herself in the room all the while.)
 Then let the young ladies
 Who come to Miss Grady's,
 To learn the accomplishments hinted at here—
 Bring, at the beginning,
 Two changes of linen,
 And pay to Miss Grady two hundred a-year.

IVY.

Je t'aime Encore,
 "Oni, j'ai rompu mon esclavage,
 Je vais former un autre amour,
 Je me suis dis, elle est volage."
 "Je serais volage à mon tour."
 Je le veux, mais mon cœur rebelle,
 Refuse un si pénible effort,
 Je dis que je suis infidèle,
 Et cependant—Je l'aime encore!
 J'ai vu une beauté dont les charmes,
 Devraient m'arracher à ta loi,
 Elle aurait essuyé les larmes,
 Que je répands auprès de toi.
 Sa touchante mélancolie,
 Avec mes vœux serait d'accord,
 Elle est sensible, elle est jolie,
 Et cependant—Je l'aime encore!
 Puisque telle est ma destinée
 Sans murmure il faut la subir,
 Mon âme à la tienne enchainée,
 Ne connaît plus d'autre désir.
 Suis ton humeur vive et légerè,
 Je garderais mon doux transport,
 Et quand même je devrais te déplaire,
 Je te dirai, "Je t'aime encore!"

MOSS ROSE.

FLORENCE SHIRLY.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

[Continued from page 24.]

When Florence visited her father in the morning with her good wishes, beaming smiles, and affectionate congratulations, she was rejoiced to find that her words of the preceding night had taken effect, and Herbert's request was granted.

"You shall be the bearer yourself of a message that will give them so much pleasure," said Mr. Shirly; "but why your cousin is in such a hurry to be killed I cannot imagine; it is absolute folly; you have made me yield to it, and on your head be the consequences, miss."

Florence's joy was unbounded, and declaring she was much more happy than even her sister could be, she flew off to execute her happy mission. And Eveline was very happy, for although this fulfilment of his wishes comprised a separation from her betrothed, and though she dreaded danger for him, she had imbibed enough of his sentiments to make her prefer for him a life of glorious peril to one of inglorious security. It was then decided that Herbert should join a regiment of Cavalie under a cousin of Mr. Shirly's, which, though seemingly disbanded in order to quiet the suspicions of their enemies, held itself in readiness to assemble at the first opportunity of being of use to the king. But he was not to leave them till May, and looked forward to many happy days in the interval, and his marriage was to take place with Eveline before he left her.

"Remember, Charles," said the gentle Eveline, "you are engaged to ride with us this afternoon."

"Oh, depend upon it," exclaimed Florence, "he has got some other engagement; he never keeps his promises, and when Harry Forster or George Gage require his company, his sisters are of very little consequence. Now confess, sir, have not you got some other plan of your own for this afternoon?"

"Exactly so, sweet sister; I regret to say that I shall be obliged to deny myself the pleasure of accompanying you, but as to having *promised* to do so, I confess I have no recollection of it. Herbert, I believe I may count upon you to form one of our party."

"No, no, if you are engaged," said Herbert; "my cousins cannot certainly ride alone, and if they will accept me as an escort, I shall only be too glad."

Florence looked dignified: "Indeed! I'm very much obliged to you. And you really will condescend to ride with us; but for my part I mean to go with Mr. Warren to the Downs. He shall ride Romeo, and I Zephyr, and we'll have a race. Mr. Warren, do you hear, will you be so kind as to ride with us? Eveline can do as she likes, but I go with no one but you."

"You do me too much honour, Miss Florence. I would willingly accompany you; indeed, I may say I should feel much gratification from so doing; but if *might be permitted* to mount the brown steed which I have often essayed to manage, *I should greatly prefer it*, as on the other hand, if I mount the horse you call Romeo, *might not an accident ensue?*"

"Well, which steed you please; but ride with you I must, and shall," she replied, laughing; "the boys can do very well without you, and I should so enjoy it."

"I dare say you would, Florence," whispered Charles, "but, remember, if the old fellow is really thrown, something serious might transpire, which would not be quite pleasant for you."

"It is very ridiculous of you, Florence," added Herbert; "why can't you let me ride with you."

"What! is it possible," she asked with mock gravity, "you really imagine for an instant, I am going to ride with him? Oh dear, no! I assure you I have no such intention."

Charles laughed, and offered to walk with her and Emily, if they would venture out before luncheon. They agreed, and the boys and Mr. Warren proceeding to the stables, Eveline and Herbert gladly availed themselves of the library and a good fire all to themselves; and they were not, I will venture to say, the least happy of the party. As the conversation of these two is likely to be very uninteresting to any but themselves, we will leave them, and follow the walking party. Florence appeared to her brother's great discomfiture, with a large white jug in her hand, a tin-can on her arm, and a basket at her feet, which she had considerably doomed him to carry.

"Florence, Florence, what now! Do you suppose I am going to be seen in company with that thing? (pointing to the jug) Steam coming from it, I declare! May I be allowed to ask what it is? and what is its destination?"

"Oh, it's only a little gruel for old Dame Meriton. Look, I have got the soup, and I thought you would carry the basket. Now don't be cross; the poor old thing was your nurse, and you ought to be kind to her. Come, lift up the basket, do."

"What! you don't mean to say you are going to take me to that old woman's again, who tells me every time I see her what a good little baby I was! And I'm to carry that basket too. And pray what's in it? Cold fat, I presume; or something equally disgusting. Why, may I ask, cannot you send those charitable presents by the servants? Why, my dear girl, you will have a train of little boys after you."

Florence looked disconsolate. "I can't help it," she began, but Emily at that moment joining them, her entreaties were found more successful, and Charles being prevailed upon to take up the obnoxious basket, the trio set off.

"How I hate this sort of day," began Florence, slipping about in the mud to the imminent danger of nurse's gruel. "Give me the long, long summer days, when one can almost live out of doors under the free blue sky, listening to the songs of birds, inhaling the perfume of flowers, and really enjoying life as it should be,—as it was meant to be enjoyed I mean. Don't you agree with me, Emily?" (Florence always became rather misty when she wished to be particularly eloquent.)

"I dare say I should, if I quite understood you; do you mean that taking our pleasure out of doors is the true enjoyment of life?"

"Inconceivable! You do take things so *à pied de la lettre*; of course I know there are other ways of enjoying oneself besides taking a walk! But don't *prose*! I see you are going to begin, so I shall go to Mr. Warren, and make him carry these tiresome things. See, there he is, isn't it a good plan?" and bounding off, she was

soon loading the unhappy tutor with her pots and cans, and then (perhaps she had a reason for it) continued with her brothers. Charles was thus left alone with Emily, an opportunity he was never known to neglect, but which on the present occasion he began by hastening, perhaps because he had something of more than usual importance to communicate.

"Florence does not seem to me to improve, he began; "she is just as wild and thoughtless as ever. I confess she disappoints me rather; though, perhaps, it is my own fault, and I ought to be proud of her instead."

"Would you have perfection?" replied his companion. "Florence is so kind, so affectionate, so thoroughly by nature unselfish, that to my idea she falls very little short of it. Think, then, what this very morning she has done for Herbert. They seem very happy those two."

"And they deserve to be; he is a noble boy, and will do honour to his cause; but I confess I tremble for him, he is so impetuous, and he would, I really believe rush into danger for its own sake. But enough of him;—if I could only share his danger and his glory I should be quite content."

"You! Why, Charles, it would be folly. Herbert is just fitted for it; but you——"

"And why not I? But, Emily, forgive me, if I talk to you of yourself. Why are you not happy and gay as Florence is? Is there anything in which I could help you? If there is, you know you may claim my utmost sympathy and aid as far as it can be of service to you."

"You are very very kind. I am not happy, it is true; but that I am not is my own fault. I dare not wish to be more so than I am, for I will look forward only to happiness hereafter; it was never meant that we should be happy here."

"Yet when it is placed within our reach, is it not foolish, nay, ungrateful, to repine and pass it by? You say *you* are in fault; if you feel this, why not alter? Forgive me, dearest, dearest Emily, that I venture to speak so to you; but you make me anxious, and I cannot forget that we have been children together—(she looked up as if she thought they were so still)—and that once you did not scorn to ask and to follow my advice. Do we not all love you? Are we not all ready to make you happy?"

She did not answer him directly, and when she did her eyes filled with tears, and her voice trembled. "Yes, I have owned it to be my own fault; it is because I am reserved and shy; I can have no sympathy with the others; the dreadful scenes of my childhood recur with such vivid reality to me at times;—I am ungrateful. I do, indeed, blame myself more than you can blame me. I am proud, I know it, but I cannot help it; I am so weak; only bear with me, for I have no mother—no father; and I had once a home so happy, oh! so happy; a very paradise of love. I cannot forget it: the day of horror that banished joy from that home, *and peace from my heart*, is ever present with me. Oh! Charles, had you seen *like me those ruffians* violating the sanctity of your home,—had you heard the

insults heaped upon my beautiful, my idolized mother; and then, when succour came, had you seen her, who had so bravely borne up in the time of sorrow and peril, fade away before your eyes; gently, slowly fade away, until she died! It is three years ago, but the thought will never, never leave me. Had you seen all this you would feel that my unhappiness, my reserve, if you will, was the inevitable consequence of such a childhood."

He replied in words that soothed and comforted her.

"My greatest happiness," she went on, "is when you are at home. Oh, you cannot think how heavily and wearily the days pass by when you are away; no one seems to understand me as you do."

Conquering with difficulty the thrilling emotions which her artless speech had unconsciously awakened, he replied by gently urging her to make an effort over herself, to mix more with the others, and in doing her duty steadily in every day life, to forget as far as possible the sorrows of her childhood.

"I will try; indeed I will," she murmured in answer; and then, looking up once more into his face with childlike earnestness, she said: "and you will help me, dear Charles, I have so many, many faults; but you will help me to cure them, will you not?"

My readers, I appeal to you; was not this more than mortal man could stand? And you will not be surprised as poor little Emily was, at the passionate declaration with which her innocent petition for guidance and assistance was received. The declaration that it had been for years his highest hope, and the only end of all his efforts, to become one day worthy to be her guide and protector through life. But we will not proceed, for it is impossible to do justice to the scene which followed; suffice it to say, that though Emily was very much surprised, she could not be said to be displeased at this unlooked-for result of her morning walk; and as she was of a much too guileless and childlike nature to conceal her true sentiments at such an avowal, the hour which followed was one of purest delight to them both, and amply rewarded Charles for the innumerable doubts and fears with which he had tormented himself (as is the case with most young men in his predicament) for the last month. The happiest day however must come to a close, and in due course of time they arrived at a turn in the road which brought nurse's cottage in view, the end of their expedition. Winter, though it was, the landscape before them, all silvered over with frost, was so picturesque, that in spite of the engrossing nature of their conversation, Emily involuntarily exclaimed: "How beautiful!" and they both stood still to gaze. Suddenly the silence around them was interrupted by a piercing shriek.

EGLANTINE.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Wreath.

Mother! the clouds have all floated away!
Let me go forth in the fields to play!
Why should I tarry within for hours,
When the earth is bright with such beautiful flowers?
See how the glorious sun is up!
Sipping the dew from the harebell's cup!
Birds and insects are skimming away!
Let me go forth in the fields to play—
And, mother! I'll gather a wreath for thee
Of flowers that shew what my thoughts may be!
Flowers of crimson, yellow, and blue,
Lovely and bright as the rainbow's hue!
Flowers whose beautiful odours rise
Like incense offerings to the skies!
Flowers which speak the language of love
To my mother on earth, and God above!
The "snowdrop" first in my wreath I'll place;
It is pure as my baby-brother's face!
How oft, when I've seen it in woodland wild,
Have I thought it look'd like a little child!
And, oh! I have pray'd I may ever be
As that emblem of child-like purity!
The "violet" next my wreath must grace,
For it seems to breathe of my sister's face!
I have thought sometimes it has borne the hue
Of my sister's downcast eye of blue!
And when its beautiful head I have seen
Nestling among its leaves of green,
I have prayed that my sister might ever be
Thus shelter'd from all adversity!
I'll gather a spray from the orange flower,
Meet offering for the bridal bower!
Some day I shall deck with its blossoms' rare
The golden curls of my sister's hair!
The clustering "woodbine" that clings round the tree
Shews how we cling, dear mother, to thee:—
And long may our arms round thy neck be press'd
In a home of peace by thy presence bless'd!
And then the last two flowers I cull,
Oh! are they not passing beautiful?—
The "Rose," the emblem of love shall be;
Such love as I bear, my mother, to thee.

The other shall shew thou art ne'er forgot,
 For the flower is named "Forget-me-not."
 And when that hour, my mother! shall come
 That we meet no more in this happy home—
 When thy child shall have wandered far away,
 And you gaze on the wreath I shall twine to-day,
 That Flower, my dearest mother! shall be
 The Token to shew how I think of thee!

CARNATION.

Enigma.

Old as the world, or older still in birth,
 My many qualities well known to all,
 I rise without an effort from the earth,
 Without an effort from the sky I fall!
 Who can describe my empire? who shall tell
 The universal homage to me paid?
 Where'er the land extends, or oceans swell,
 The nations call upon my mighty aid!
 The countless treasures of the vastly deep
 Within my grasp I hold, my sport and prey;
 No bounds restrain me, I no limits keep,
 Where'er I please I force my onward way!
 Of heat and cold, the attributes are mine,
 Silent am I, and loud, and swift, and slow;
 As hard and bright as polished steel I shine,
 Or meet the touch as soft as new fall'n snow!
 Bitter and sweet, I Nature's wants relieve,
 They die in misery who have me not;
 Alike a hearty welcome I receive
 In gorgeous palaces, and lowliest oot!
 I kill, I cure, I yield, and I resist,
 Tho' prison'd close, and barr'd, yet still I can
 With force almost omnipotent, assist
 The energies of all-inventive man!
 Once in obedience to divine command
 God's instrument of wrath, on earth I came,
 Death in my train, unpeopling ev'ry land,
 Hurrying my victims to eternal flame!
 Since then a happier office on me fell,
 An office to mankind in mercy giv'n;
 And I who sent an erring world to Hell,
 Now shew a world redeem'd the way to Heaven!
NIGHTSHADE requests an answer to the foregoing.

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

The Baron was seated in his study, the gloom which was habitual to him was partially dispelled from his countenance. He was gazing on the portrait of his daughter which hung opposite to him, and his eyes would ever and anon turn towards the avenue, along which she was approaching the Castle. It was impossible for the Baron not to love that gentle being, to whom his every wish was law; but even when in the midst of those caresses he so seldom lavished on her, his brow would darken, and he would turn away, for a son was all that he had wished for. But the soul of the Lady Blanche was calm and unruffled as a summer's eve, and the shadow which would then overcast her was soon dispersed, for there was one to whom she could open each thought and wish of her innocent heart. She cared not if the blood which flowed in his veins was less noble than hers. His soul was noble and was sufficient. Not so the Baron: she knew that he would never consent to her union with any one of inferior birth, such as Bertram Clifford; from shame, with that delicacy of feeling which was natural to her, she had concealed her superior station. When, therefore, she was summoned before her father on her return from a meeting with her lover, her mind misgave her, and it was with difficulty that she could force her trembling limbs to fulfil their office.

"Blanche," said her father, as she entered, "my child, come hither; I wish to speak with you."

The unusually kind tone of his voice dispelled all the fear, and she advanced unhesitatingly.

"Read this letter," continued the Baron, "it is the answer to one I wrote to the young Earl of Northumberland."

It was a formal consent to his union with Blanche, but from the style it was evident that he was as unwilling as herself to the marriage, and a reluctant consent had been wrung from him by a sense of honour, which alone prevented him from refusing to fulfil a treaty which had been made by his father without either his consent or knowledge.

"Father," said the Lady Blanche when she had finished the letter, and her voice was firm, though her face was pale, "I cannot wed this man."

"Cannot," furiously ejaculated the Baron. "I say you shall. Why can you not?"

"Because I love another; and I will wed him or none. I forbore to mention it to you because I feared you would not consent to my marriage with one whose birth was not noble."

"Not noble!" thundered the Baron, "and who is the low-born churl who has dared to love my daughter?"

"His name is Bertram Clifford, but if you knew how noble, how good he is, you would not call him low-born. Oh! my father, forgive us, and make us both happy by consenting to a union in which believe me I shall be a gainer."

"Never," was the stern reply of the Baron, as he quitted the apartment.

That night the Lady Blanche quitted the home of her ancestors, and fled to a

small chapel at the entrance of the vale. Here Bertram was awaiting her with a priest. A few minutes sufficed to make them one. They left the place immediately and Bertram brought her to a small but beautiful dwelling about five days' journey from her native home.

Two years sped fast away. Blanche was a happy wife and mother, and nothing was wanting for the completion of her happiness but her father's forgiveness. The wars between the Red and White Roses were raging with redoubled violence, and Bertram received a summons to take up arms in behalf of his sovereign. It was the first time she had parted from her husband, and Blanche felt the separation keenly. Her time was entirely devoted to her boy; and as day after day he grew more like Bertram she would sit listening to his innocent prattle, and hear him lisp forth the endearing name of father. But, alas! This happiness was doomed to be of short duration, and while Blanche was absorbed by her domestic felicity, a cloud, she could not foresee, was impending over her head.

There was a beautiful arbour situated at the foot of the garden, and here Blanche was seated with her child on a lovely autumn evening, when she startled by hearing a deep voice before her pronounce—Beware, danger is at hand. Blanche turned and saw before her a tall woman, whose earnest gaze confused and terrified her.

"Do not fear me, sweet Lady," continued the woman, as she marked Blanche's cheek turn pale. I would sooner die than injure a hair of your head. I am come to warn you. Your father has discovered your retreat, and is now not more than a quarter of an hour from here."

"My father," faltered Blanche, as she sank back on the seat she had just quitted.

"Yes, Lady, your father; but you have not a minute to lose. Fly instantly."

"It is too late," said a voice behind her, and the Baron stood beside them.

Blanche's first impulse was a loud scream, but with a violent effort she controlled herself, for she knew that nothing but an undaunted appearance could save her. Calmly calling her son, she lifted him up and bade him kiss his grandfather. But with terrific violence the Baron flung the helpless infant from him, and it would have fallen to the ground if the strange woman had not caught it in her arms.

"Who are you that tries to defeat my projects, and gave this Lady warning of my approach," exclaimed the Baron as he saw her action.

Proudly drawing herself up, the woman flung back her hood, and demanded:—"Are you content?" With the roar of a lion the Baron darted towards her, but before he could reach her she had glided from the spot, and was lost in the surrounding shrubbery.

The Baron called to his attendants, who were awaiting his summons outside the garden. In a few minutes all were prepared to start, and Blanche was forced from that happy home, which she was never to see again.

Out of pity for his youth, Blanche had been spared her child. But even his presence could not soothe her fears nor calm her anxious heart. And when they

reached the end of their journey, her strength failed her, and she was carried almost unconscious to her apartment.

For many days Blanche did not see her father; but when at last he came, every trace of displeasure was banished from his countenance.

"Prepare to receive your future husband, Blanche," he commenced. "I have written to request an interview with the Earl of Northumberland; but, therefore, he is as yet ignorant. I have already applied to the Pope for a divorce. It will not be refused, and you shall then ———"

But the unhappy wife heard no more; with a low groan she sunk senseless at his feet.

When Blanche returned to consciousness all her strength of mind was called into action, and she swore to put an end to her own life sooner than meet the Earl. Drawing a dagger, which was her constant companion, from its sheath, she was about to plunge it into her heart, when her hand was suddenly arrested, and the stranger we have already mentioned presented herself to her view.

"Why do you take such an interest in my fate? I am nothing to you," exclaimed Blanche, astonished to see an entire stranger assume the part of a guardian angel.

"You are all to me," answered the woman; "You are my daughter."

"Your daughter!" gasped Blanche. "For pity's sake tell me who and what I am?"

"Do not shrink from me: you have nothing to reproach me with, my child. For reasons you shall one day know, I have made a vow never to enter my husband's dwelling, and for your sake I have broken my oath. But I must not delay here. Promise me before I go you will not take your own life."

Blanche gave the required promise, and her mother left her.

The terrible moment came at last. She was sent for by her father to appear in the presence of the Earl. With a proud and haughty step she entered the hall. A well known voice exclaiming "Blanche!" made her raise her eyes. Another minute and she was in her husband's arms.

The Baron stood thunderstruck, and then, half comprehending the scene, he raised his daughter from the Earl's arms. But it was too late; the spirit had fled to its eternal resting place. The beautiful, the gentle Lady Blanche was no more.

The mystery which hung over the affair was soon cleared up. Each mistaking the other's true position had effectually concealed their vow; and the only secret they had ever kept from each other was the cause of everlasting misery.

The Baron soon followed his daughter to the grave, and the Earl sought other lands, a broken-hearted man, to seek in the pursuit of true religion the comfort he *despaired of finding elsewhere.*

EINE SAGE AUS DEM SCHWARZWALDE FARTSETZUNG VON SEITE.

„Schwöre es, und Du bist frei.“

„Nie, widersetzte Rudolph, nie will ich meine Freiheit mit ihrem Untergang erkaufen, tödte mich, zerschneide mich in kleine Stücke, wolle lieber, dass mein Geist diese unglückliche Erde bis in Ewigkeit besucht, ich verdiene es; doch sie muss unberührt bleiben, bei allen Teufeln schwöre ich.“

In diesem Augenblick erschienen hundert Teufelchen zu entsetzlich und abschreckend um sie zu beschreiben und begannen um die Beiden herum zu tanzen.

Dieser entsetzliche Anblick erschütterte Sabina und sie sank ohnmächtig zur Erde. Als sie wieder zu sich kam, fand sie sich in einem schönen, prachtvollen Zimmer, die Sonne strahlte glänzend durch das Fenster, und auf einem Tische standen viele frische und eingemachte Früchte sie wusste nicht, wo sie war. Den ganzen Tag lang sah sie niemand, doch als sie am Abend da sass und weinte, wurde sie von einem lauten Klopfen an der Thür erschreckt; sie öffnete sich, und eine kleine, hässliche, verschrumpfte, alte Frau trat in die Stube hinein, und mit lauter, gellender Stimme sagte sie.

„Bist Du nicht Sabina, Rudolph Wertrold's Weib?“ „Ich bin es,“ antwortete die arme Sabina.“

„Sag mir, wo ist Dein Mann?“ fuhr die Hexe fort.“

„Ach, ich weiss es nicht, und wer Du auch bist, sag mir ich bitte Dich, wo und in wessen Gewalt ich bin?“

„Ich bin nicht hieher gekommen, um Deine neugierigen Fragen zu beantworten, doch höre, was ich Dir erzählen werden, es ist die sonderbare Geschichte Deines Mannes.“

„Ungefähr zwei Monate nach Deiner Hochzeit, als Dein Mann das Abends nach Hause zurück ging, sah er eine junge, wunderschöne Dame traurig auf einem Steine sitzen. So bald sie Rudolph bemerkte, stand sie auf und sagte ihm.“

„Erbarmen! edler Herr, mit der Betrübniss einer verlassenen Jungfrau!“

„Verlassen und so jung und schön, rief Rudolph aus, es kann nicht sein!“

„Doch ist es so, widersetzte das Mädchen, und wenn ich Euch nicht zum Mitleid bewegen kann, so muss ich hier an diesem Schreckensort sterben.“

„Ich bin kein Barbar, sagte er, kommet mit mir nach Hause, wo meine Frau mit Freuden für Euch sorgen wird.“

„Mit Euch nach Eurem Hause, rief sie erschrocken aus, unmöglich, das kann nimmer geschehen Allein müsst Ihr mich retten, müsst niemals von mir zu Eurer Frau sprechen, thut Alles, was ich Euch sage, und Ihr werdet es nie bereuen.“

„Doch zu erst, schöne Fremde, sagte Rudolph, sagt mir wer Ihr seid.“

„Meine Geschichte ist lang und traurig, doch da Ihr mir zum Retter geschickt seid, sollet Ihr dieselbe hören, Allein, ehe ich sie anfangs, schwöret mich zu beschützen.“

„Ich schwöre,“ sagte Rudolph.

„Ich bin die Tochter des Grafen von Hohenstein, meine Mutter starb, als ich

noch klein war, und mein Vater folgte ihr vor ungefähr vier Jaghren ins Grab, seitdem stand ich unter der Führung einer stolzen, hochmüthigen, gebieterischen Stiefmutter; Ich hatte mein achzehntes Jahr noch nicht erreicht, als sie mir befahl, den Baronn Greitznach zu heirathen. Er war ein armer, hässlicher, alter Mann, doch meine Stiefmutter liebte ihn wegen seines Adels. Vielleicht hätte ich ihn geheirathet, wenn ich nicht den jungen Waldmann einen Studenten, der keinen Heller hatte, geliebt, Meine Stiefmutter hörte von unserer Liebe und sagte mir, dass wenn Waldmann wieder ins Schloss käme er sterben solle. Rasch und wild wie ich war, wagte ich es und führte Waldmann vor ihren Augen ins Schloss hinein. Nie werde ich ihren Ausdruck vergessen, als sie sagte."

"Mädchen verachtest Du auf diese Weise meine Befehle? Deine schwerste Bestrafung wird der Tod Deines Liebhabers sein. Ehe eine andere Sonne untergeht, sollst Du Waldmann's zerrissenen Leichnam sehen."

"Fliehe Waldmann, fliehe, rief ich aus, Alles soll gewagt werden, um Dein Schicksal abzuwenden, mein Blut soll für Dich fließen, mein Leben soll Dich retten!!!"

Er lächelte und ging leise fort.

MIRTE.

Fortsetzung folgt.

THE SPANISH DONNA;

OR,

COURT CABALS.

[Continued from Page 18.]

CHAPTER III.

Never did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face.—*Scott.*

The door of Donna Inez' apartment was scarcely closed on the Marquis de Villena, when it was re-opened to admit Don Roderigo. Faithful to his promise he had come to visit the heartless Inez, and to lavish compliments on one who only laughed at his attentions. He was graciously received; but Donna Inez' brow suddenly clouded over, when Roderigo informed her, that as he was on his way to Court, where she doubtless was likewise going, he should be delighted to escort her thither. Inez however readily regained her self-possession, and with a placid smile said, that excessive fatigue would prevent her from prostrating herself at the throne of their beautiful and youthful Queen.

After showers of well-turned compliments, which were lost on the proud Inez, Roderigo took his leave, and hastily bent his steps to the royal palace; he entered the audience chamber, and having kissed the hands of Ferdinand and *Isabella*, placed himself amidst the assembled courtiers; he had not remained long there when a bouquet of white roses fell at his feet, as he stooped to pick it up a soft silvery voice said: "It is mine."

There was something so melodiously expressive in it, that Roderigo gazed instantly around in search of the speaker; he beheld a beautiful blonde, her flaxen locks and bright blue eyes, shewed she was not one of Hispania's children; this fragile maiden was far from her native land: Allemania claimed her as her own; and though she had spent her childhood's sunny days, and was now verging on womanhood, in attending on the royal Isabella, the Donna Catalina had lost none of her northern charms, but was universally called "*the Naiad of the Rhine*." Roderigo presented her with the bouquet, which she received with becoming grace and said in a hardly audible voice:

"Don Roderigo, a danger which I see menacing you causes me to overstep the bounds of maiden bashfulness, think not ill of me, but come, after the Queen has retired, to my apartments, of much that concerns you nearly have I to speak."

"Beautiful Donna, your commands shall be obeyed," replied Roderigo, as she turned off, fearful of being perceived.

Roderigo was pondering over the words of the Donna Catalina, when a friendly grasp of the hand aroused him from his reverie, and Don Christoval de Vallassa, to whom he had on the previous evening been introduced, stood before him.

"The crowded audience chamber of a royal palace is, indeed, a fit place for meditation," exclaimed he; "but I suppose our newly arrived courtier is contemplating the charms of *the Naiad Queen*."

"Noble Don, I seek not loveliness in the frigid zone: Spain's beauties for me! This Catalina, instead of the *Naiad of the Rhine*, should be called the *White Donna of the Arctic Regions*. Say, does not Inez de Villena far surpass this walking icicle? what animation o'erspreads her countenance, her fiery eyes light one's very soul. Were I an artist and would paint a Madonna, Inez de Villena should be my model."

"Don Roderigo, condemn not Catalina ere you know how to admire her; amongst all the Donnas who form a part of Isabella's Court, she is the most beautiful. I love not the maids of Spain, they see too deeply into every action; their haughty, overbearing manner might indeed well be changed for the simple grace of this northern flower. I am a Spaniard, and I say it, from the king on the throne to his meanest subject, we are tossed and buffeted about at every new caprice or whim of these the mighty Donnas of our land. The Northlanders are men compared to us; they carry the sceptre and the sword, and leave the tapestry-frame and spinning-wheel to their wives and daughters. I love to command, not to be commanded."

"When beauty commands, I obey."

"You are, as yet, too great a novice in Court life, to know the difficulties attendant on obedience to a Spanish beauty's fanciful commands."

"Don Christoval, are you a Spaniard, without a Spaniard's feelings? May the Holy Mary protect me from leaving my native land, if, like you, a colder clime should freeze my soul. Oh! let Castille's bright sunny maids exclude from *your heart these cold blondinas*."

"Never, while it contains Germaania's fairest flower, the Donna Catalina. Upaid me not with want of feeling, she is the mistress of my heart; believe me, Roderigo, I have travelled in foreign climes, have seen the maids of other lands, and have become an inmate of many a lordly house, but never did I see a proud, imperious beauty soothe the wounded warrior's pillow, or administer consolation to the fallen statesman."

"I see, Don Christoval, that simplicity has taken magnificence's place in your heart; but be not too sure that the simple Catalina returns your affection, she is not so bashful as she seems; the maids of the Rhine are as well skilled in intrigue as our Castillians. She seeks, I know it, a private interview with a courtier here."

"She does, Roderigo, you are right: I am that courtier; on that interview I buoy all my hopes, to-night, at eight, in the palace garden,—but see, the Queen has already retired, we alone remain in the presence chamber."

The two young men walked out together, but they parted in the court before the palace. Don Roderigo returned to seek Catalina in her department; and Don Christoval wandered into the Palacio de Villena, to inquire after his haughty cousin, and to gain farther particulars concerning the soon-to-be executed plot.

MYRTLE.

(To be Continued.)

Floral Arithmorems.

- 1—50 in ten ages.
- 2—500 flowers leer.
- 3—This Zoe has £200.
- 4—We're for 500 ells.
- 5—51 hero-poets.
- 6—La! ne'er 505.
- 7—1550 rays go.
- 8—50 try me.
- 9—I hangs the 500.
- 10—501 on Bragger.
- 11—'Tis the 50.
- 12—They 1,000?

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

THE
BOUQUET,
FROM
MARYLEBONE GARDENS.

~~~~~  
No. III.—AUGUST.  
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MENTAL INVESTIGATION.

Of the essence of mind we know nothing; it is untangible, indivisible; yet by a close observation of the phenomena it presents we may arrive at some fair calculation of the mental powers and susceptibilities with which man is endowed.

In reviewing the history of the dark ages, we find that most of the absurdities advanced, and the erroneous opinions promulgated, had their origin in investigations, laudable perhaps as far as the desire for information was concerned, yet wholly unlikely to result in the establishment of sound principles, simply for this reason, research was misdirected, seeing that while the so-called philosophers professed to deal with *mind*, they studied neither its nature nor its tendencies. Inasmuch as mind emanated in its purity from that Being Who is emphatically “a Spirit”—uncreated, eternal, and self-supporting—in turning upon itself, created intellect can only refer its origin to a higher and Omnipotent energy; nevertheless, as in chemistry and other objects of science, by analysis, and on the principle of induction, indubitable facts are revealed and secured. By a similar process it is possible to obtain such a knowledge of mental physiology as shall materially aid us in moral government and intellectual improvement.

Education, or the training of the mental powers is successful only in proportion as these powers are rightly influenced, hence it is obvious that a knowledge of the various capabilities and susceptibilities, and of the ever-varying states of thought and feeling which will be brought in contact is indispensably necessary if good is to be effected.

For the most part we are our own teachers, at least were, and objects calculated to be our instructors only in reality are such, according to the determination of our will and pleasure. A good degree of self-knowledge is therefore essential to self-culture and self-improvement.

There is an existing opinion that such knowledge should only embrace personal defects and propensities to evil, the advocates arguing that the acknowledgment of intellectual qualities and amiable dispositions savours of conceit. From such we differ, being inclined to believe that the mind which is the most equally balanced is

the mind which, through an intimate understanding of itself in its best and worst conditions, has the most constantly watched its emotions; directed its energies; compared its reflections; and instituted for itself a healthy control.

A knowledge of capability or even of superiority in a mind rightly governed will induce a sense of responsibility, and excite a desire for the lawful exercise of such endowments. A healthy stimulus will be promoted, and by the judicious adaptation of the means of cultivation, the mental constitution will become invigorated and expanded.

Self-knowledge is necessary to a wise selection of the means of improvement; for intellect misapplied is intellect wasted.

It is considered that thought and feeling stand in the relation of cause and effect. Impulse is but a phantom of the brain, whilst the general tenor of feeling takes its colouring from the cast of thought habitually indulged in. Reflection is necessary to steadiness of purpose and action, but an individual who is wholly ignorant of his mental and moral tendencies is ill fitted either to plan or act, for instability will mark his mental effort, and indecision his outward path. "Know thyself" is the first advance towards moral and intellectual greatness.

An acquaintance with our own mental constitution is productive of influence over those with whom we associate; for, though as to identity, no two minds are alike in all their phases, yet there are certain laws to which every mind yields, and certain emotions to which all are equally subject; thus wisdom in this respect is power, and experience a treasure. The discovery of this power will tend to its augmentation; for the mind in its lawful restlessness and progressive movements will not rest satisfied with what it knows itself to be, but must pursue the inquiry as to *what it may be*.

Here lies the touchstone of all improvement, individual, social, and national. As man's physical frame is composed of collected *atoms* of dust, so are social and national greatness to be traced to *individual* conception brought to bear collectively.

Self-investigation centres not in itself, it teaches its subject to live for others to give its discoveries to others, not in dry and barren detail—not in egotistical vanity, but in effect as beheld in the working of high principles and the development of powerful originalities.

Knowledge is unfathomable as the ocean beneath us; expansive as the sky above us; consequently, the greater our consciousness of our real attainments, the deeper will be the sense of our deficiencies.

Knowledge should be sought after—it is enriching, ennobling.

Intellect should be prized—as a gift it raises man above the brute creation, and affords him happiness.

Intellect improved raises man above his fellow-man.

Intellect purified and sanctified raises man from earth to Heaven—from the uncertain tenure of first principles to the possession of a glorious ultimate—an ultimate which magnifies the highest purpose of his creation—eternal enjoyment in the glory of God.

ANEXOR.

LA MÉMOIRE.

Quels doux sentiments viennent de la mémoire ! Ne produit-elle pas les plus grandes charmes de la vie ? Y a-t-il un de nous qui ne doit pas des heures de bonheur à son souvenir ? Les bons sentent avec délice la suavité qu'elle repand dans leur cœurs ; les méchants ne sont pas exempts des charmes de son pouvoir en les forçant à se reporter au temps précédant à l'empire de Satan sur eux ! Voyez l'infortunée autrefois innocente, maintenant malheureuse pécheresse ! ne ressent-elle pas (quoique de courte durée) son cœur se soulever doucement par le souvenir des jours de sa jeunesse où son esprit était encore exempt des accusations pesantes de ses faiblesses ! dans ce moment où sa mémoire la reporte aux lieux de sa naissance, près d'une mère chérie, dont les soins, les caresses, étaient le prélude d'un avenir parfait, où parcourant les champs, les collines, aspirant la suavité de l'air, pur comme ce cœur qui n'avait alors aucun soupçon des maux et des misères qui devait un jour l'accabler en quittant son foyer natal ; et elle n'en ressent pas moins un besoin irréalisable de s'écrier. " Oh ! oui, tems auquel je voudrais revenir, souvenirs délicieux de mon enfance, tu es le seul bien-être qu'on peut appeler bonheur " ! cette douce pensée lui reste fixe, jusque transportée d'indignation contre elle-même, elle retombe avec douleur dans le gouffre de perversité, d'où sans le secours de la vertu elle ne pourra se retirer.

Voyez ce vieillard exempt de remords avec quel enjouement il raconte tous les jours de sa vie passée ! sa mémoire toujours fraîche le reporte au bonheur, quoique marchant à grands pas vers sa tombe, le monde d'aujourd'hui ne l'intéresse pas, tout pour lui, n'est que dans ses souvenirs. Le souffrant trouve aussi quelque calme dans le souvenir des jours paisibles, et en contemplant les heures nombreuses qu'il a passé sans tourment, où tout alors lui semblait un printemps éternel !

Mais de toutes ces scènes de la vie les plus douces sont celles, à mes yeux, du souvenir d'un ami que nous ne devons plus revoir qu'au Ciel ! de sa conversation brillante qui ne fatiguait jamais, de ses vertus, de cette angélique sympathie qui nous unissait l'un à l'autre, cette indulgence, cette abnégation d'amour propre, cette atténuation de nos fautes involontaires restées souvent inaperçues par la candeur de son âme, enfin la mémoire toujours présente de l'ami de notre jeunesse ces moments qui précédaient le bonheur du retour ; elle nous rappelle la voix, l'attente, la sincérité de sentiments tendres, ceux secrets en accord avec ceux déclarés. Oh ! que ces jours de félicité procurent encore de délicieuses jouissances par la mémoire ! Enfin comme il n'y a aucun de nous qui ne soit en crédit à notre mémoire, tachons de parcourir ce grand chemin de la vie, d'une manière que notre fin ne laisse pas derrière nous, un souvenir qui puisse se soulever sévèrement contre nous.

*A Song.**The Smiles of Childhood.*

Stay not the laugh of childhood,
That ringeth with such glee,
For, oh ! you cannot, cannot tell
How soon it changed may be—

How soon the tear may steep that cheek—
That laugh be changed to woe,
And childhood's mirth to sullen grief,
You cannot, cannot know !

Stay not the smiles of childhood,
They're like the summer flowers
That raise their heads to smile whene'er
The sun looks through the showers ;

For, oh ! you cannot tell how soon
The wintry storm may burst,
And lay those smiling flow'rets low
All rudely in the dust.

Quench not the smiles of childhood
But rather bid them stay,
And bind them round those rosy lips
That when a wintry day—

A wintry day of grief and care
Bursts o'er that fair young brow ;
The echo of that merry laugh
May bid them smile as now !

Stay not the laugh of childhood,
Nor dim its early glee,
Ye who by sad experience know
The cup of misery.

But rather from the fount of bliss
Into their young hearts pour,
That when their grief has passed in this,
They smile to weep no more !

ROSE.

To Mignonette.

Ever smiling, ever gay,
 Whiling all the hours away;
 In thy laughter-dimpled face,
 Childhood's careless joy I trace;
 In thy trusting, up-turned eye
 Childhood's sweet simplicity,
 Mingled with the gentle flow
 Of feelings childhood cannot know.
 Well I know thou lov'st to pore
 On the wondrous tales of yore,
 Where soft Armida's baneful charms
 Seduce some knight from deeds of arms;
 In slothful bower his name to blur,
 Forgetting all but love and her;
 Or trace in history's varied page
 Redeeming traits of roughest age,
 Vicious of love, as fondly true
 As Sainted Heloise knew:
 Now decked with almost kingly pride,
 Floating o'er Brandon's royal bride:
 Now pleased, an instant, to subdue
 The sullen heart of false Anjou.
 In sager moment shouldst thou smile
 That thoughts like these can time beguile?
 Yea—shouldst thou blush that trifles stir,
 And wrap thyself in stoic fur:
 Forget not that the purest life
 Is not a scene with grandeur rife,
 But owes to trifles light as these
 Its holiness and power to please.
 For, in this mortal pilgrimage,
 A worthier contest shall he wage,
 Who still can childhood's weapons wield
 Faith's mighty arms and silver shield,
 And led by fair Romance to war,
 Sees all things better than they are.
 Then shame not if sometimes a sigh
 Attest thy deep-felt sympathy,
 For tears and smiles are wisely given
 To erring men that hope for Heaven.
 So keep thy own peculiar grace—
 Thy changing look, yet sunny face;
 And ever be as now thou art—
 Woman in sense, but child in heart.

SLOVE.

To my Infant Brother asleep.

Little chubby, rosy darling,
Fast sleeping on thy downy bed;
May good Angels, o'er thee guarding,
Diffuse their blessings on thy head.
Like a cherub art thou Dessie,
Now resting innocently there;
Drawing thy sweet breath so gently,
Dear child, so lovely and so fair.
Oh, when thy infant days are o'er—
When thou into a man are grown;
And prattling childhood's heard no more,
Oh, may thy path with bliss be sown.
Thou pretty little budding rose,
Soon a bright blooming flow'r thou'lt be;
Too soon, alas, thou'lt taste life's woes—
May Heav'n preserve them long from thee.

MYRTLE.

The Village Maid.

The Village Maid was lov'd by all,
Her fame spread far and wide;
Her dwelling was no costly hall,
Her cottage was her pride.
She lik'd to rove; from field to field,
And worship nature's God;
She lik'd to see what fruits they yield,
And for them thank her Lord.
She was not rich but was content,
She liv'd without a care;
Young Albrecht to that village went,
And gaz'd on her so fair.
He saw, admir'd, and lov'd that maid,
So simple and so true;
"Too lovely for this earth," he said,
"Must she pass from it too?
"Why is it doom'd, those whom I love,
"To fade like flow'rs away?
"She soon will gain the Heav'n above,
"Too soon from earth she'll stray."

'Twas true that Mima's cheek was pale,
 That often she was sad—
 Her health, alas! began to fail,
 But beauty still she had—
 And sanguine still oft Albrecht said,
 That Mima would be his:
 He'd gaze upon this Heav'nly Maid,
 And speak of years of bliss.
 "No, Albrecht, no! the days speed o'er,
 "That I below must dwell—
 "Bright joyous sounds I'll hear no more,
 "You'll toll my fun'ral knell.
 "In Heav'n alone we'll meet in peace—
 "We'll meet to part no more;
 "Oh then will earthly sorrows cease—
 "Earth's miseries be o'er."

* * * *

Who sleeps below that willow tree?
 There is a new-made grave—
 How many lovely flow'rs I see,
 The wind their petals waive.
 As they droop o'er that lowly tomb,
 And gently seem to sigh—
 A prayer breathing in the gloom
 For her who's fled on high.
 One kneels beside that garden bed,
 And prays the God of love,
 That he too may be like the dead,
 And rise to joys above.
 'Tis Mima slumbers there in peace—
 Her soul has taken flight,
 It rests where joys will never cease—
 In Heav'n's own glorious light.
 Days, years, pass on and Albrecht's gone—
 He's fought the good fight here:
 No longer must he stay to mourn—
 He'll meet that lov'd one there.
 Before the Throne of Grace they'll meet—
 Loud anthems there they'll sing:
 Behold them at their Saviour's feet—
 They praise the Mighty King.

MYRTLE.

THE SPANISH DONNA; OR, COURT CABALS.

CHAPTER IV.

[Continued from Page 64.]

And yet being mortal still, have no repose
But on the pillow of revenge—revenge.—*Prophecy of Dante.*

"Revenge! revenge! revenge! my soul is thirsting for revenge!" cried a miserable-looking, careworn man, as he was loitering in a street composed of the dirtiest hovels, situated at the back of the Palacio de Villena; his gaudy tattered clothes and dissipated appearance, mixed with a pompous declamatory style of language, led strangers to inquire who this singular-looking personage was. He was known to all by the name of Lopez, and was one of the principal actors in the royal theatre.

"What has offended the always-gracious Lopez?" asked a wretched decrepid little old woman.

"Enough to make him swear deeply-rooted revenge," answered he; "Lopez shall no longer kill his enemies in sham fight; a warrior's sword he soon shall plunge deeply, deeply into the heart of the deceiver Christoval"

The high tones of Lopez' voice soon collected around him numbers of the dirty inhabitants of the street, surprised at hearing it raised in anger. He was soon placed in the midst of them, and requested, for the benefit of all, to relate the history of his wrongs.

"My honoured father," began he, "was one of the trustiest attendants of Don Raymon de Valassa. I was born and brought up till my sixteenth year on his estate; his son, Don Christoval, was about my own age, and there subsisted as much intimacy between us as there possibly can between a mighty Don and his attendant. I always had a theatrical turn, and played so many pranks in Don Raymon's house, that my father resolved to let me gain my bread after my own wild fashion, and so sent me away. About the same time my young master departed to travel; he was always enthusiastic and wild, and said the sight of the Alps alone could make him happy. But ere his departure he called me into his apartment. 'Lopez,' he said, 'you are going to be launched into the world, and to become your own master. Remember, if ever you are in want Christoval de Vallassa will always stand by you as your friend, and protector. Your father has served mine faithfully for many years, and it would ill-requite his services were I to see his son in want and not lend him a helping hand.' This was all very fine, but as the young Don never intended fulfilling his promise, he had better have been silent. He remained in another land till Don Raymon's death called him back to Castille. He returned—not the gentle, generous Christoval of former years—he returned proud, domineering, hating his country, and speaking of nought save Alpine beauties. He visited the estate of which he was now master, and one of his first actions was to turn off my old

decrepit father, grown grey in the service of his family, and to fill his place by a cringing, mean, hypocritical favourite. I heard of my father's discharge, and, infuriated, called to expostulate with my former patron. I found the mansion filled with haughty, overbearing domestics, who refused me admittance, saying, that such a low dog should never enter their master's house. 'Is Don Christoval de Vallassa, or are you the masters here?' I loudly exclaimed, and knocked furiously for admittance. The clamour that ensued brought the Don himself to the gate. I represented to him my name, and earnestly entreated him to again receive my father under his protection. I told him that Don Raymon loved my father; and I reminded him of his promise to me. With a supercilious smile he replied: 'Can you think an old, broken-down, crippled man fit for a place in my household? as for you, you have chosen your own calling; you have made yourself the people's child, and the people may protect you; rest assured, I never will.' So saying he entered the house and desired his domestics to close the gates. I declare it before you all, I once loved Don Cristoval—I would have died to serve him; but the love I bore him is now turned into the bitterest hatred; my poor unhappy father, too old to work, is dying of starvation, while this Don both could and ought to serve him. Friends and countrymen, do you love Spain? do you love Isabella of Castille? Say, is she not our rightful Queen?"

"Viva la Reina Isabella," was the universal answer.

"Hear me, beloved compatriots; this Christoval, aided by other powerful nobles is forming a plot to overthrow your Queen, and to place Juana, the supposed daughter of the late embecile Enrico, on her throne. Arm, brothers, arm! your Queen expects it—your country demands it. First, let us drag forth this Christoval and trample him beneath our feet; this is no private quarrel. Spaniards, rally round the standard of royalty; spill your blood in your Sovereign's cause; proclaim aloud to the world that Isabella alone is the rightful Queen of Castille."

"Viva la Reina Isabella," again shouted the people.

CHAPTER V.

If I know how to manage these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly upon my hands,
Never believe me.—*Richard II.*

Pepe de Castro having left Isabella's apartment eagerly sought King Ferdinand and presented him with the slip of paper given him by the Queen. He perused it, and after narrowly scrutinising Pepe for some moments, demanded if affairs of great import required his attention at so late a period of the night. Pepe made him acquainted with as much as he knew of the plot, and besought him to allow him to search more deeply into the traitor's secrets. The King readily agreed, gave his consent to his plan, and promised to remain silent. Pepe then took his leave, but not to retire to rest. Immediately on quitting his royal master he assumed a peculiar sort of gait, which all thought natural to him, and sauntered out of the palace, the guards knowing the idiot allowed him to pass unnoticed; he walked on *through the city, all was silent,—the plotters slumbered. But, no,—what for is*

that? he sees a lamp pass rapidly through the corridors of the *Palacio de Villena*, held by a figure in white flowing garments; the thought instantly strikes him, mischief sleepeth not; it is Inez de Villena, her heart is too cold and obdurate for ought to touch it, she therefore flies to listen to no lover's vows; her business is of a darker, a more traitorous import. The lamp disappears to the interior of the building; but Pepe, resolving to see what is passing within, walks quickly on to a spot where a low wall will give access to the garden; he vaults over it, and soon arrives at the back part of the palace, he there again perceives the light, and the Donna Inez in deep conversation with a female attendant enveloped in a large cloak, Inez likewise having thrown a mantle over her so as entirely to conceal her form, extinguishes the light, and Pepe perceives through the darkness the two figures glide noiselessly out at the back door. He follows them unseen; they walk on very fast for some time till they reach the entrance of a deep forest, when the attendant gives a peculiar low scream, and an armed man, mounted and leading two horses appears; they both mount without exchanging a word and ride quickly off. Pepe knows that to follow them on foot is impossible; he, therefore, takes up his quarters for the night at the entrance of the forest, and resolves to await Inez' return.

We will leave Pepe comfortably, or rather very uncomfortably, settled under a tree, and follow Inez on her nocturnal adventure.

She rode on without stopping for upwards of an hour through the forest, of which she seemed to know every winding, and at last arrived at a curious-looking dreary cavern. She dismounted, and giving her horse to her male follower, entered alone bearing a dark lantern; she touched a portion of the rock, it sprung open, and exposed a flight of steps to her view; she descended them, and opening a rude door, entered a moderate-sized apartment, a low fire was dying away on the stone hearth, and its shadowy light gave a dreary aspect to the whole room. At a table, arranging some murderous weapons, stood a man who had scarcely reached the prime of life. There was a noble frankness in his countenance which ill became the situation in which he was placed; his dress, which combined that of the peasant and the soldier, shewed he was of a warlike disposition; his fiery eyes kindled on beholding Inez, and he advanced with a degree of deference and respect, which well suited his noble demeanour, to meet her.

"Inez de Villena welcome to the bandit's cavern," exclaimed he.

"Peace, Jayme," replied Inez, hastily; "a few moments must arrange our business. I shall be missed from the city; spend not the time in useless welcomes. You have sworn you loved, sworn to assist me when surrounded by difficulties—sworn. Remember—now, Jayme, now is the time; collect your followers; let the city which with voices resound declare the bravery of Captain Jayme, the Bandit Chief. It is Inez de Villena bids you; arm, it is to protect her friends, and place Juana on her throne. Speak, either do this for Inez' sake, or—and she seized a weapon from the table—much as I love you, Jayme, I love my country better, you must die."

The bandit started back before the excited Inez, but immediately falling on his knees, swore to do all she required.

"Our plot is on the eve of execution," said she, "Juana will soon arrive at our palace; many nobles are there to place her on the throne. While the city is in confusion, and Isabella's troops are out, you, with a handful of your bravest followers must attack her palace; take her prisoner, and assist in installing Juana in her rights. Meet me to-morrow night at the Palacio de Toledo at the hour of twelve. *La Santa Fe* is the pass-word."

"I swear to do all this, not for my country's but for Inez's sake."

"Hold! that is not yet enough," exclaimed Inez; "take this parchment, write your promise down, and sign it."

"It is done, bright Inez speak, when all receive rewards will Jayme, the Bandit Chief, alone have none."

"The hand of Inez de Villena be your recompense," cried she, as she rushed out of the cavern, up the steps, and had mounted her horse ere Jayme had recovered from his surprise at so suddenly receiving the promise he had so long in vain sought to elicit.

She continued her journey to the city, but by an entirely new road, and through a much deeper part of the forest, that none save one accustomed to its windings could have found in total darkness. Day was beginning to dawn ere Inez reached her Uncle's palace. She entered unperceived, but still it was not to sleep. Patriotism and love had worked her up to the highest pitch of excitement. Proud and domineering as she seemed to all, Inez de Villena had still feelings; with a powerful effort they had been subdued, but drop by drop the goblet gradually filled, till in the depths of her own chamber the rushing stream poured forth, the goblet was overturned, her proud spirit was unbent; Inez, the cold, the mighty, haughty Inez—wept. She entered her oratory, placed the parchment before an image of the Madonna, and on her knees sought the protection and assistance of the holy Mother of God. A few hours had passed, when a domestic informed her that Pepe, Isabella's fool, would speak with her.

Pepe not having seen Inez return, thought that to ask at the palace for the absent one would lead to some discoveries; what was then his surprise when Inez herself entered the apartment.

"Good morrow, fool; how fares our gentle Queen?" said the dissimulating Inez.

"Well, Donna Inez; and begs your attendance at her Court. But fool that I am, I am not so foolish though but that I see your cheek is blanched to-day; late watching suiteth not your tender constitution—so early stirring, too, 'tis marvellous!"

"Good fool, say, do you know what 'tis to love?"

"To love! oh yes; the Donna Inez is in love. Make me your confidant; say with whom?"

"I will—with you, good fool."

"With me! rare sport, ha! ha! the Donna Inez is in love with me," cried Pepe, as he left the hypocritical Inez, full well knowing why she looked so careworn.

MYRTLE.

(To be Continued.)

Innocence.

Scene from the Earthquake at Lisbon.

On Lisbon's shore there stray'd a child,
A boy of beauty rare;
He sat beside the surges wild,
The breeze played with his hair.

He gazed upon the bounding waves
As they broke on the shore,
And when his feet the ripple laves,
His joy could hold no more.

"Would I were on the lovely sea!"
He cried, and clapp'd his hands:
"In yonder boat I'll quickly be,
"That's resting on the sands!"

He's gain'd the boat, he's scrambled in,
And waiting for the tide—
What's that alarm? list to the din!
The Earthquake!—what will betide?

The boy, fatigued, has sunk to sleep,
Nor dreams of danger nigh:
Bitter tears will his mother weep,
When she sees her child die.

She has miss'd him, and from a cliff
She gazes off the shore,
And sees a tiny, floating skiff;
Her boy she'll see no more!

She sinks upon her husband's breast;
His heart, with grief, is wild—
He cries, "oh God! oh God, most blest!"
I love both wife and child."

The Earthquake's shock had rais'd the child,
And carried him to sea;
Still slept he, though the sea was wild,
In innocence slept he.

Three weary hours the mother watch'd,
When, joy to her sad mind,
The coming tide brings back the boat,
Urg'd by a favouring wind.

The child still slept, the tide came on;
 The mother watch'd the while;
 Like her, who trusted her dear son
 To the waters of the Nile.

The boat at length is cast on shore,
 With joy she hastens there;
 The boy still slept—the danger's o'er,
 Innocence knows no care.

"He's sav'd, he's sav'd!" she weeping cries,
 Her tears are tears of joy:
 Now cradled in her arms he lies,
 Her own, her rescu'd boy.

Second Part.

Blest innocence, which *all* once had,
 But which *none* e'er retain;
 (For, soon as youth's first years are past,
 Comes sin, and bitter pain.)

Young in *goodness*, I know I am,
 A *child* in *heart* I'd be;
 Of Christ, I'd be a little lamb,
 My Maker's face to see.

Except thou art as little child,
 In Heav'n, thou hast no place:
 Be meek in heart, in temper mild,
 So mayst thou win this grace.

Innocence sleeps through dangers wild—
 Loves God, and trusts in Him:
 It knows no fear—innocent child!
 For it has known no sin.

Innocence, bless'd childhood's grace!
 Dove of Heav'n art thou!
 Those whom thou know'st see Jesus' face—
 Thou'rt stamp'd on childhood's brow.

Why should we scorn to follow then
 This holy, sinless band
 Of children, when we know their course
 Leads to the Promised Land!

LAVENDER.

THE IRON SAFE.

A Tale of the Fifteenth Century.

CHAP. I.

It was about the middle of the day, in the gloomy month of November; in a small but comfortable sitting-room in a large Baronial Castle, sat the heroine of our tale. She was a beautiful girl, apparently about sixteen years of age; her hair was dark, and her eyes jet black. As she now sat with her head on her hand, reading, or seeming to do so, there was a slight expression of melancholy in her face. Presently she heard a loud knocking at the outer gate, and starting up she ran to a balcony and exclaimed "My Father, and oh! heavens, that detested man with him!" So saying she caught up her book and departed from the room.

We may here inform our readers as to the Castle, the owners, the time and the young lady of whom we have just been reading. The Castle was called "Craigs Hill; it was large and every way well adapted for defence, its principal strength being the four towers, one of which was at each corner of the outer wall with a covered communication with the Castle.

The time just before the breaking out of the fierce and sanguinary wars of York and Lancaster. The name of the owner was the Earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, and distinguished by the hatred that he bore to the opposite faction. His wife was dead leaving an only daughter, the beautiful girl who is our heroine, Lady Eleanor De Vere, commonly called by her most intimate friends Nelly De Vere.

It may also be as well to make our readers acquainted with the cause of Eleanor's exclamation. Her Father, the Earl of Oxford, had some time before made the acquaintance of a young man of the name of Beaufort, whom the Earl thought proper to conciliate, not only on account of private friendship, but also because this young gentleman was the eldest son of the Earl of Somerset, and nephew of Cardinal Beaufort of Winchester. Eleanor's father had in his own mind settled it very comfortably that his daughter was to be the wife of Lord Beaufort, the inheritor of all the landed possessions of the Earl of Somerset.

Lord Beaufort was violently in love with Nelly, and though he had not yet solicited her hand in marriage, he plainly shewed her that he meant ere long to do so. Eleanor however had determined if he did so to refuse him. The personal dislike was not the only reason for this step—no—she had another—she was already engaged, yes, even at that early age she was engaged, and without her father's knowledge.

The successful lover was a youth of the name of Morland, whom she met when on a visit to one of her aunts. He was possessed of a handsome and open countenance, and he like her was dark. When at Eleanor's aunt's house, they made an engagement, a rash one perhaps, that neither of them should marry any one but the other, and if either died, the one that was left should never marry, or listen to the address of any one else. They sealed this engagement by exchanging rings. Eleanor given on her part one of the things she valued most in the world, the ring which her mother had given her on her death-bed, which she gave with some hesitation. Morland on his part gave one with a half-defaced crest upon it. The ring he said had been in his

family a long time. This being their parting conversation, Eleanor was so absorbed by it that she did not particularly notice the ring, and though she afterwards thought much of it, as being a present from Morland, yet she thought nothing of the crest which was on it.

It will not be surprising therefore that Eleanor regarded Beaufort with no very amicable feelings, as he interfered with her private schemes.

It is almost needless to say that Beaufort was the "detested man" alluded to by Nelly.

But now to return to our story—The Earl and his visitor being let in they both went into one of the reception rooms. Oxford then rang the bell and asked a servant if Lady Eleanor had returned from Lady Mansfield's, and having received a reply in the affirmative told Lord Beaufort he would conduct him to his chamber, and then go and prepare Eleanor for his reception.

On the Earl entering his daughter's chamber she sprung up to receive him, he returned her embrace, and told her that Lord Beaufort had arrived, which she replied to with a cold "Is he papa"? "Yes" said the Earl, "and you must come down and receive him." "Indeed my dear father," said Nelly, "you must excuse me for I have a bad headache and desire to be alone." "Come, come, Nelly," said her father. "I know you, and I know you are very fond of Lord Beaufort." "Fond of Lord Beaufort" exclaimed Nelly, with so much emphasis that her father seemed surprised. "No sir" exclaimed she, "far from it, I do not like him at all, and I think that the impertinent familiarity with which he addressed me the last time he was here, when he plagued me till I wrote to my aunt to ask her to let me come and stay with her for a short time, was quite enough to prevent my wishing to put myself in contact with him again, so I beseech you to allow me to remain in my room this evening." "Well, upon my word," said the Earl, glancing contemptuously at Nelly. "You are giving way to a very pretty burst of feeling! but I tell you Eleanor, this will not do, this young man is my friend, and very much attached to you and I mean you to marry him, so no more about it, dress yourself and come down, and mind" added he "that you do not slight his addresses; on the contrary, you have my express commands to give them every encouragement possible." So saying he left the room, leaving Nelly thunderstruck with what he had said; as for giving encouragement to a man whom she never meant to marry she thought it out of the question—she was horrified; it had never occurred to her that her father could mean to force her into a marriage against her will, at last she determined to disobey her father and remain faithful to Edward Morland. This, however, she knew was not so practicable, for when once her father had made a resolution he was always sure to keep it, whatever difficulties might arise. She was alone in the Castle, away from every one who could and would help her. She was completely in her father's power, which she knew he would use to the utmost rather than be thwarted in his design. The Earl loved his daughter, but he was ambitious of influence, and above all of power, and he thought by uniting her to one of the most powerful families of the time, he should promote both his own and her welfare and happiness. However, she thought that there was no help for it and she must go down. She went accordingly, "you are late Nelly" said the Earl, while

Beaufort, a young man about nineteen years of age came forward with a thousand compliments on his lips begging to be allowed the honour, and pleasure, and felicity of conducting the charming Lady Eleanor to a seat. She returned his salute coldly but civilly at the same time taking a seat by her father, to whose remark she answered that she had not expected Lord Beaufort and he so soon, and that therefore she was not prepared to meet them. They then sat down to dinner but they had scarcely begun when they heard the tramp of horses outside the gates, and a voice demanding admittance in the name of the King, and desiring the porter to let down the draw-bridge, but the cause of this interruption will appear in the next chapter.

CACTUS.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Emigrant.

Why pass they on, unheeding all,
 In silence as they go,
 While the pale cheek and tears that fall,
 Their heart's deep anguish show !
 They come from many a cherish'd spot,
 In that lov'd Island home ;
 But they must leave the humble cot,
 O'er boundless seas to roam.
 Child of Erin, why must thou toil
 Still on a foreign shore ;
 The good thou seek'st in other soil,
 Has not thine own in store ?
 Yes, rich is thy Green Isle in all
 God's bounty can bestow ;
 Loudly its varied beauties call
 For praise from all below.
 * Thy sons how brave ! and even now
 Heroes from distant climes are come,
 While laurels crown the veteran's brow,
 To seek their childhood's home.
 Then why this scene of constant woe,
 Where God displays such love ?
 Oh soon may peace and mercy flow
 On Erin from above !

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

* Lord Gough is now come to reside in Ireland—
 the land of his birth.

*Aggressio Papalis in Britanniam.**Imitated from Ovid.*

Quam nunquam bellum, seriesque immensa laborum
 Fragerit, huic Sapiens impositae jugum?
 Plus quam Napoleo Sapiens nocet. Ille premendo
 Sustulit; hic *humili* sub pede colla tenet.
 Respice turbatum Sapientis ab ausibus orbem:
 Implevit factis Solis utramque domum.
 Tene ferunt bello pressisse, Britsunia, gentes,
 Cum digna in cunis nomine Martis eras.
 Cœpisti melius quam desinis: ultima primis
 Cedunt: et victis Anglia victa cades.
 Quam non mible carince, quam non Corsicus hostis
 Vicerit, hæc victa est jam Sapiente Vero.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

Answer to Nightshade's Enigma.

Water! that boon to man what can excel?
 Or half its blessings, say, what tongue could tell?
 Exhal'd in vapour from earth, trees, and flowers,
 At eve it falls again in dewy show'rs,
 With virtue such, the alchymist of old,
 Sought in the magic drops his vision'd gold.
 When the fond mother views, with anguish wild,
 The pallid features of her darling child,
 All skill is vain, she seeks the bitter springs,
 And home, with bloom restor'd her treasure brings;
 Again, in summer's heat, what health to lave
 The exhausted frame beneath the briny wave!
 But when the Arab, fainting in the ray
 Of Africa's sun, pursues his sandy way,
 What rapture his, when glist'ning through the trees,
 The long despair'd of rivulet he sees—
 Onward he pants, beside the streamlet sinks,
 Calls on his Prophet, blesses him and drinks!

THEN

Only think in what a sad condition,
 We'd be without it at the Exhibition;
 When nought to cool the heated air suffices,
 What mortal could exist without the ices?
 Then without steam to turn those curious wheels,
 They'd be as useless as so many reels;
 No chrystal fount to charm the wand'ring group,
 Not Soyer's art could make one bowl of soup.

LABURNUM.

Double Acrostic.*In reply to "Nightshade."*

What can be older than the world?	Why water!
A blessing sent to young and old.	Ah! water!
The universal homage paid	To water!
Earth would be poor without thy aid,	E'en water!
Rise from the earth—fall from the Sky,	Rare water!
To your Enigma my reply is—Water.	

RAGGED ROBIN.

Mary Queen of Scots' Farewell to France.

She stood upon the vessel's deck
Which bore her from the shore,
Which bore her from that much-lov'd land,
That she should see no more.

And as she gazed in agony,
Nor heeded those around,
From her pale lips these words almost
Inaudibly resound:—

"Farewell to thee, beloved France,
"My dear, my happy home;
"The trifling joys I've had on earth,
"I've felt in thee alone.

"My Francis sleeps within thy bounds,
"His soul has peace and rest;
"Oh, if I could but be with him,
"I should indeed be blest.

"I speed to those who call me Queen—
"A Queen in nought save name;
"I ask not for those titles false,
"I care not for such fame.

"The few in life I've had to love,
"I leave them there behind;
"And thus dissolve the only tie
"Which me below does bind.

"My only wish is to be there,
"I know that wish is vain;
"Oh! farewell France—beloved land!
"I'll see thee ne'er again."

HELIOTROPE.

Fragment—A Dream.

I dreamt a dream, and visions it is said,
 Oftimes o'er the enraptured spirit spread—
 A veil, in mellowed pencillings displaying,
 Past scenes on which fond memory loves to dwell
 A veil, in dim and fleeting shades betraying
 Things which futurity would fain conceal.

I dreamt it was the evening hour,
 And stillness reigned in hall and bower,
 The merry birds to rest had gone,
 The peasant's portioned task was done,
 Not e'en a passing cloud let through
 A blemish on the heavens of blue ;
 No solitary evening breeze
 Whispered amid the forrest trees
 Its wild, low minstrelsy !
 Or swept along the silent lake,
 With strength enow its calm to break,
 Or set one wavelet free !
 No sound was heard from fall or break,
 The evening silence to awake ;
 The skies above, the earth below,
 No life, nor motion, seemed to know ;
 Sudden from out a dewy vale
 A lovely form was seen to steal,
 With trembling step she trod the ground,
 And oftimes paused and gazed around,
 Shaded her brow with her white hand
 The distant prospect to command ;
 And strain'd her wild soul beaming eye,
 Some wished for object to descry ;
 The sky so blue—the woodlands fair,
 Seemed to be heeded none by her,
 The lake which mirrored trees and sky,
 With careless glance she hurried by,
 Plain t'was that not the scene so fair
 Had brought the wandering maiden there ?

* * * * *

'Tis sad to see two lovers part,
 The tearless eye—the heaving heart :
 The burning look—the trembling frame,
 The whispering of each others name ;
 The drooping brow—the lips cold cling,
 All tell the soul's hopes withering.

HEATHER-BELL

FLORENCE SHIRLY.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

[Continued from page 55.]

CHAPTER III.

"Good Heavens! what is that! What can be the matter?" exclaimed Charles, as he threw down his basket, and vaulted over the hedge in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and there he beheld the boys and Mr. Warren, with Florence in his arms, flying across a field before a bull which was tearing after them, evidently much enraged. "Stay where you are, Emily, I conjure you! Here Edward, Henry, quick this way! Brave Mr. Warren, she is safe!" he added, as he lifted his sister over, and placed her beside Emily in the road. "Now, over yourself and all's right! How did it happen? How did you contrive to enrage the animal? And what brought you there when I left you safe on the common?"

"If you would be quiet, we could tell you," said Florence. "But only look at me! I don't see what reason Mr. Warren had to deluge me with Nurse's gruel in this way. No sooner did the bull begin to run than he began to pour it over me, and then caught me up in his arms! It was enough to make me scream without the fright even. Oh, do get home as fast as we can! Come along Henry, it was all your fault. He opened the gate to let in the cows, because I am afraid of them. I had gone to gather some yellow holly berries, and Mr. Warren chose to follow, in case, as he said, that anything should 'transpire!' And something certainly has transpired, but only through him. Poor Nurse! how sorry I am, the gruel was so nicely made, and I had tasted it myself. Now you are laughing Charles, and I might have been killed; tossed by that dreadful bull!"

"You were more in danger of being drowned it appears," he replied, and home they went talking and laughing, though Florence was perhaps rather cross, and poor Warren kept carefully out of her way, nor did he show himself again until long after all the party had set out for their ride, when he mounted his horse and stationed himself at the door to wait for his fair companion, and after waiting an immense time and not seeing anything of her, imagined she was oblivious, and set off by himself. In the meantime Charles's meditated excursion with his friends was changed for a long interview with his father whose free consent he obtained to his union with Emily on the only condition of waiting a year on account of their youth.

To continue the description of the happy days that chased each other gaily round until the bright month of May would be no unwelcome task, but I may not undertake it. I must turn now to darker scenes—to scenes of sorrow that stir up the hidden feelings of the heart, and show what life really is; to darker pictures which may not be touched with the creative pencil of imagination, or the bright tints of fancy. To no human being is it given to spend a life of uninterrupted happiness; if it were—but no, a truce to philosophical reflections, for which indeed my pen is every way unfitted. Florence had been happy; happier than often falls to the lot of mortals even at her age, for childhood has its own deep sorrows, and if at seventeen she awoke to a perception of all that is good and beautiful, and true in life, so also she awoke to a sense of sin and sorrow which the innocent age of childhood cannot know. And yet she was very happy, for the lessons that life must teach to all has

been gently taught to her. But her time of trial was come—the dark storm of sorrow was gathering even now around her young head. But to proceed with my tale.

It was, though May, a stormy night; the wind howled fitfully in the chimneys, and round the gable ends of the old house a driving sleet pattered against the windows, and made the occupants of the same room, in which the first scene of our story was laid, draw nearer together around the blazing hearth, and caused strange and gloomy feelings to arise in their minds. Their conversation, too, was not calculated to inspire cheerfulness. Mr. Shirly had been absent on business for some time and for more than a week after the day fixed for his return nothing had been heard of him. Eveline's marriage had been deferred by this absence, and Herbert, who ought by this time to have joined his regiment, could not bring himself to leave the girls in such a state of uncertainty. Thus day by day passed on, each endeavouring to console the others while the presentiment of evil grew stronger and stronger in his own breast. "Papa is safe, I feel sure, he is only too busy to write, or a letter may have missed the post, or a thousand things may account for his silence. Eveline, dear, give us a little music. Just one song to drive away these dismal thoughts." And Florence's eyes were full of tears as she spoke. Her sister's request being seconded by an appealing look from Herbert, Eveline went to the piano. That night she could not sing, but the sweet and plaintive melody she played went to the hearts of her hearers.

Just as the sounds ceased a violent ringing at the door-bell caused them all to start up in alarm. Herbert, followed by Charles, flew to the door; Eveline tried to follow them, but her strength failed her, and sinking into a chair, she breathlessly awaited their return. Need we say that Florence was at the door before any of them, and though the bars and bolts defied her feeble strength, she was already busy about them when her cousin came to her assistance. Heavily the old door moved upon its hinges, opened, and they looked out upon the dark starless night beyond. The impatient girl was on the step in a moment: a gust of wind driving the rain into her face, blinded her at first, but dashing her hand across her eyes, she found herself face to face with a perfect stranger. What he was like could not be seen either in face or figure, for he was entirely enveloped in a large cloak, and his features concealed by a hat slouched over his face. In his hand he held a stout stick, and his appearance was altogether so unprepossessing that Herbert put his arm round her waist and lifted her into the entrance. So far however from having any hostile intentions the stranger only handed them a letter, and disappeared again in the darkness.

The letter, which was addressed to Charles, contained only a few hurried lines from Mr. Shirly, but those few were sufficient to confirm their fears and perplex them more than ever. He told them that he had been detained at Haxton (a small town about a couple of miles from Encombe Hall,) and he had there learnt that on account of several skirmishes between the rival parties, and many demonstrations of returning loyalty among the people round, the Parliamentarians had resolved to garrison the town, and all the gentlemen and families of any note had declared for the king. They might, he added, expect troops at any of the houses in the neighbourhood at any moment, and he told them to come over to Haxton instantly, appointing to meet them at the inn there, and to take the girls to some place

safety. The two little boys and Mr. Warren would be quite safe where they were; and the letter concluded by saying that, should they need the messenger, he was to be trusted, being a gentleman in disguise, and true to the prince.

The information contained in that short note was a startling blow to them all, but Florence's alarm instead of rendering her useless, did not find vent in a single exclamation till their few hasty preparations were completed. Eveline who had the additional pang of parting with Herbert, for he had resolved on joining his regiment immediately, did little else but weep.

It was, as we have said before a stormy night, and when Florence at last joined the sorrowful group, assembled in the court yard, the darkness prevented them from seeing her approach. The carriage was already there, and Emily and Eveline had taken their seats, but Herbert and Charles were conversing apart from the others in earnest whispers, and though they spoke low she heard each word distinctly, and could see, moreover, the faint outline of a figure retreating from the house, which from its height and general appearance she knew to be that of the mysterious messenger. The first words that met her ears were from her brother. "Good Heavens! my father!—But who told you?"

"The fellow that brought this letter. He said the troops had already taken possession of Rothburn manor, and made prisoners of all the royalists assembled there and your father was amongst them."

An exclamation of terror from Florence interrupted Charles's reply. He turned to her, and entreating her to be quiet, and not alarm the others, gave it as his opinion that Herbert should escort the girls to Haxton, and remain with them there until their father's fate could be ascertained. Girls, he said, would be perfectly safe, for even Puritans did not war with women, and here they would be in danger, for if the account of the strange messenger was to be believed, troops were already on the march towards Encombe, and the house would, in all probability, be sacked and burnt.

"And you! you will come too," said the trembling girl.

"I must remain here, as my father's representative," he answered somewhat proudly. "You must feel he would never, except for your sakes, have wished this flight, and now also the case is altered; we can no longer learn his wishes, and I must stay to protect as far as I can the house and property, and as I said before to represent him. You cannot think he would ever have run away! But I promise to join you as soon as possible."

He waited for an answer, and his two companions gave at length a reluctant assent to his proposal. Herbert, divided between the wish of himself protecting Eveline, and sharing the post of danger and of honour with her brother, was very loth to go, but he could not dispute Charles's right to remain in his father's stead, and that decided his scruples. Florence, though she trembled for his personal safety, did not dream of urging him to do anything worthy of the name of coward; and after all poor Charles's own feelings were the most conflicting of the three; and when *he went to the carriage window, wished Emily good bye, and confided her to the care of his cousin; his sisters left off entreating him to accompany them, for they saw the separation was but too painful to him already without any aggravations on their part.* *Hardly had the sound of wheels died away in one direction, than Charles could*

dimly see a train of figures slowly winding along the road, and approaching the house on the other side. On they came, and he stood on the steps to receive them. The court yard filled gradually with the armed trained, and when all the men were ranged around it their leader advanced to the house and started as he, for the first time, perceived the young man.

"Stand," he exclaimed, presenting his sword. "Are you one Francis Shirly, who declared for Charles Stuart a few days ago? If so, I bid you yield."

"I am not him you seek, but I am proud to call myself his son," was the firm rejoinder. "What is your business here?"

"Our business here depends upon yourself. It may be to drink a cup of wine with you, in all good fellowship, or it may be to take you on in our company and treat you to a sight of Haxton jail; or, again, it may be to turn your own cellar into a prison, (as has been the case with better than you,) and who can tell then when you will see day-light again!"

"And what is to determine your business?"

"A room, a light, and something to eat, and you shall know. Lead on."

Charles turned on his heel, and throwing open the door of the saloon made signs for him to enter.

"We will proceed to business first," said his companion, throwing himself unceremoniously into a chair, "and then I will trouble you for some refreshment for myself and my followers. Have you ever seen this?" and he produced a large parchment from his pocket, with the resolution of the royalists to exert all their efforts to recall the king, signed by many names, amongst which was Mr. Shirly's.

Charles shook his head.

"And this," he continued, showing another paper containing a declaration of fidelity to the Protector, and signed in its turn by some of the most influential names in the country.

He replied again in the negative.

"You see them now then, and take your choice which you will adorn with your signature;" and the captain drew a pen and ink towards him and presented them to Charles, who, without a moment's hesitation, wrote his name below his father's. His companion, who had watched him fixedly, laughed brutally as he returned him the paper, and summoning his followers, Charles was bound hand and foot, and secured in a corner of the room while the soldiers and their leader proceeded to refresh themselves, making free with Mr. Shirly's choice old wines, the effects of which became quickly apparent, and before midnight they were, one and all, in a heavy slumber completely stupified by the liquor. Charles was thinking sorrowfully of his father and sisters, and trying to imagine what would be his own fate, when he was suddenly startled to see the man, who lay at his feet to guard him, arise quickly and softly, and after a cautious glance around the room, advance towards him and present his sword's point to his breast. He thought his last moment was come, but scorning to give the slightest sign of fear he looked boldly in the face of his assassin. He felt the weapon graze his coat, and with one hasty thought of Emily was mentally preparing to die, when the man withdrew the sword and addressed him in a low whisper

"You are brave. If you were once more free would you do as you have done? Would you sign again your own death warrant?"

"I would."

"And if you escape, to what purpose would you devote your life?"

"My sword and my life to my prince."

"Be free, then, for you deserve it," and to Charles' infinite surprise his bonds were cut, and he stood at liberty. "If you would serve the King," continued the other, "let yourself carefully down from the window, and you will find one below who will tell you all that is required of you. Speak not a word—your life depends on silence."

Cautionally and silently Charles moved across the room, stepping over the bodies of the sleeping soldiers, and hardly breathing in his fear of arousing them. He accidentally touched one with his foot; uttering a heavy moan the sleeper awoke;—started up, but before the half-formed exclamation could escape his lips, the sword of Charles' companion was thrust through his body, and the wretched man, pinned to the earth, expired without a groan. Unused to such scenes of blood Charles shuddered, but the rough soldier whom early habit and long practice had made familiar with the horrors of war, only laughed softly as he withdrew his weapon, and made signs to him to proceed; and after a pause, no other sound being made, he reached the window; it creaked as he opened it, and as if by some strange fatality, one of the panes fell with a crash on the floor.

(To be Continued.)

EGLANTINE.

Answer to Nightshade's Enigma.

The vast expanse by *water* first was filled,
 It reign'd triumphant, dashing far and wide;
 But earth to form the great Creator will'd,
 And made subservient to his voice the tide.
 Within its bounds what mines of treasure there—
 Within its grasp how many, many fall;
 It onward speeds—restrain it none do dare—
Water does e'en the greatest men appall.
 Majestic Sol hath set; Luna does aghast
 Her placid rays upon the silent sea;
 But, hark! loud thunder roars above my head,
 Loud, swift, and wild, will soon the *waters* be.
Water is bitter, hard, and bright, and sweet,
 Nor high nor low without it could they live;
 Wher'e it goes it ev'rywhere does meet
 A welcome, such as prince to prince should give.
 Omnipotent, 'twas *water* helped the man
 Who first to turn his mill by *water* thought;

Pent up, with mighty strength it always can
 Rush forth and devastate, although unwrought.
 An instrument of wrath, *water* was sent
 To hurl poor victims to eternal flame—
 To hurry death a helping hand it lent,
 But to redeem them once a Saviour came.
 He sought again the aid of *water's* power,
 To baptise sinners then 'twas *water's* lot;
 It saw dark om'nous clouds on mortals lower,
 It look'd again a Heaven of light they'd got.

MYRTLE.

Midnight.

The busy toils and light of day
 Had left one half the world,
 And then the necromancer Night
 His raven wing unfurl'd.

At his approach the night-bird scream
 To greet their sable king;
 The eagle soar'd to his ey'ry high
 On bold unfetter'd wing.

And now the murky raven's croak
 Is heard upon the brae,
 As the glow-worm guides with flick'ring light
 A pilgrim on his way.

But what is that shadowy form that glides
 Before the stranger's sight?
 He tells his beads—with awe he views
 This spirit of the night.

The goblin's hollow laugh he hears!
 He look'd again—'twas gone!
 And shaking off delusions vain,
 The Palmer passeth on.

Now all is still, and towards their haunts
 The night birds wing their flight;
 The morning grey is breaking forth
 And scares the dark midnight.

HYACINTH.

THE BOLD FREETRADER.

Baptiste Enguerrand was as daring a seaman as ever ran out of Cherbourg or St. Mals: few spots from Plymouth to the Land's End, where it was possible to land a cargo, were unknown to him. So successful had he been in his perilous vocation that every speculator on the French side of the Channel was anxious to procure his services, and the Preventive Service told many a wild story of his wonderful escapes. He had attained a reputation quite akin to that of the Flying Dutchman, and many a fruitless expedition and midnight watch had he caused the luckless revenue men to undertake.

Baptiste was a Jersey man, and the reputation which his fellow-islanders had obtained as "Freetraders," was safe enough in his hands. His vessel was a lugger as fleet as the wind, and as buoyant as a cork. She wore as many disguises as any actress—indeed so extensive was her wardrobe that no Preventive Service man could have easily identified in her the vessel he had seen when a run had been effected in her cruize. She was called *Marie Volante*. Baptiste himself was a frank-looking seaman enough, of middle size, light of limb, with a development of muscle that was not calculated to inspire much fear in any antagonist that might present himself.

On the occasion of which we are about to speak, Baptiste was bound for the Devonshire coast, with a cargo of value, and his free and careless air shewed how little his thoughts were occupied in speculating on the possible danger of his expedition. The eight or ten men who composed his crew were, with the exception of the helmsman and mate, (who were conning the vessel) strolling up and down, smoking and speculating on the result of the run. They all displayed the same confident air as their commander, and one of them had taken his pipe from his mouth, and was trolling out some rude lines to the following effect:—

When the gales are whit'ning
The waves into foam,
And the fork'd rays of lightning
Pierce through their black dome;
When the sea-bird is forc'd
To fly to her nest,
On the raging sea toss'd
Her anger we breast.
The shadows of light
That flit o'er the sea
Are not swifter of flight
Than the wing'd "Marie."
The shore's white with breaker
And foemen stand round,
But no man to take her
And her crew is found.

The vessel was now rapidly lessening the distance between her and the Devonshire coast, on some secluded part of which it was Baptiste's intention to attempt to land his cargo, which consisted of goods of a light and portable kind. Many a London house was waiting for its consignment; and Baptiste was not the man to disappoint them, when 'daring or stratagem would avail. In the present case it was his intention to let his vessel lie off the shore, sheltered as much as possible by the overhanging cliffs, while he landed his goods in his jolly boat—which was the only boat she had—as it would require six men to man her and attend to the cargo. He foresaw the danger of leaving his vessel so weakly manned; but he trusted to his own inventive genius, and to the good fortune which had proved his ally in many similar and apparently far more hazardous extremities. As the night drew in, the vessel approached the shore as near as was deemed safe. No Coast-guard Station commanded the point which had been selected for the undertaking, and Baptiste gave directions to his boat's crew to buckle on their cutlasses, and to muffle the oars—fire-arms were not to be carried, lest, being incautiously used, they might give the alarm: besides bloodshed was no part of Baptiste's creed, and he infinitely preferred to attain his ends by *ruse* than by violence, which could not but be prejudicial to the "Free-traders" eventually. Having concerted measures with his mate, a fit co-adjutor for his own bold spirit, he descended into his boat, which, impelled by four stout oarsmen, soon shot amidst the white surf which lined the shore. The lugger was to shew a light at intervals, like that of a fishing boat, in order to mark her position. The cargo was cautiously landed, and secreted in places known to the parties who had contracted for it, and their undertaking being brought to a lucky conclusion, the party prepared to return to their boat. On arriving, the seaman who had charge of it pointed out to Baptiste two signal blue lights, which he had observed burning in the distance, and flickering up brightly at intervals through the misty and troubled night. Baptiste instantly jumped into the boat, and seizing the helm with his own hand, ordered the men to give way, while a man stationed at the bow was to give notice of any sound or sight that might attract his attention. As they proceeded, guided by the faint light hung out by their own vessel, their sentinel made a sign which caused the whole party to lie on their oars, and at the same instant a boat, swiftly propelled by several oars, shot past them, apparently in the same direction as themselves. Baptiste instantly recognised the eight-oared cutter of a Revenue Station; but not at all disconcerted by the pressure of the extremity, his native spirit rose to the danger, of which he had already foreseen the possibility. Again ordering his men to give way, he followed in the track of the cutter at some distance with great caution. The Revenue cutter had apparently neared the smugglers' vessel without exciting suspicion on board of her, but as she shot up against her, the lanterns shewed her sides painted white, and her large complement of men, who with loud shouts sprang on the smugglers' deck. But the mate, who had received his instructions from Baptiste, met the attack with a stout resistance, and his men armed with handspikes managed to keep the Preventive Service men, who were

hindered by the confusion and darkness from seeing their numbers, at bay. Baptista, who had kept close on the track of the Revenue cutter, had perceived that its crew had boarded his vessel, leaving no one in their own boat, and now pulled up, and directed his men to seize the oars of the Revenue cutter and throw them overboard, where in the darkness they would soon drift away unseen. Then pulling round his own vessel, he and his men sprang on board, and feigning to yield to his opponents, he seized a portfire, and crying aloud to his crew to save themselves ere the vessel blew up, rushed into the cabin. The Revenue men, struck with terror, abandoned the fray, rushed to their boat, and pushed off.

When the lugger, obedient to the helm, wore round, the Revenue men saw the feint; but it was too late. The lugger was flying before the wind, and the unlucky Preventive men, unable from the loss of their oars to pursue, and scarcely having the means of reaching the shore, heard the taunting laugh of their slippery antagonists; and their mishap added another to the numerous legends that illustrated the name of the "Bold Freetrader."

ELDER.

The Flower Girl.

Again my pretty ladies fair, come listen to my tune,
 Another "Bouquet" I have got, cul'd in the month of June;
 Here's "Nightshade" dark, and dangerous, and oft call'd "Bittersweet,"
 Its berries pleasant to the eye, but full of dark deceit:
 "Heartsease," is next, dear little flower, of it no doubt you've bought,
 To tell to him you do admire, "he occupies your thought,"
 A sprig of "Myrtle" it entwines, showing "love" is its theme,
 "Eschscholtzia," "Lavender," and "Thyme," and many I could name;
 "Sweet Eglantine" and "Ragged Bob," mean "poetry" and "wit,"
 They hand in hand together go, where'er they may think fit,
 "Heliotrope" it may say no "devoted I'm to you,"
 The "Pea" will tell them "where to meet" and may be what to do;
 "Azalea" teaches "temperance"—"Jonquil" what we "desire,"
 The "pensive beauty" "Laburnum," does all with fear enspire;
 "Carnations" here of various hues, treat all with much "disdain"—
 The "Rose," type of England's Queen, "gentle poetry" does claim;
 "Hyacinth" is full of "play"—"Hawthorn" of sweet "hope,"
 This is my "Bouquet," come and buy, for here I may not stop.

RAGGED ROBIN.

See "The Language of Flowers."

DIE NAIDE DES RHEINS.

Vor ohnrgefähr zwei hundert Jahren war die Gegend bei Heimthal am Rhein n grosser Verwirrung. Viele Fremde die nach Heimthal gekommen waren, um deren Schönheiten zu bewundern, waren verschwunden. Alle Nachforschungen waren vergebens; keine Spur war zu finden. Die allgemeine Aufregung hatte die höchste Crisis erreicht, als ein junger Mann, Namens Hermann Müller, im Gasthofs anlangte. Er lachte über die Geschichten, die man ihm erzählte, und versicherte er sei gekommen, um sich von allem zu überzeugen.

Man bat ihm sein thörichtes Unternehmen aufzugeben, aber vergebens: denn sogar den ersten Abend begab er sich nach dem Orte wo die vermissten Reisenden zuletzt gesehen wurden.

Längs der Gränze eines kleinen Waldes schlängelte sich ein klares Bächlein. Als Herrmann sich dem Strome näherte, hörte er eine süsse volle Stimme singen, deren Laut er unwillkürlich folgte; und seine Schritte führten ihm an einem grossen Kastanienbaum, unter welchem ein junges Mädchen sass. Ihr langes goldenes Haar welches bis zu ihren Füßen herabwallte, war mit einem Kranze von Wasserlilien geschmückt. Zu ihren Füßen lag ein kleiner Fasanenhund, und in der Hand hielt sie eine Guittere, mit der sie ihr Lied begleitete. Sie schwieg: und zum ersten Male fiel ihr grosses blaues Auge auf Hermann der unbemerkt neben ihr gestanden hatte. Ein dunkles Roth flog über ihr jugentliches Antlitz und sie fing an mit dem Hunde zu spielen.

"Fürchten Sie sich nicht vor mir, Fräulein," fing er verlegen an, "Ich habe nicht erwartet Jemand hier zu finden: sonst wäre ich nicht gekommen."

"Oh! ich fürchte mich nicht vor Ihnen, mein Herr! Sie haben viel mehr Ursache sich vor mir zu fürchten," antwortete sie freundlich, und der Wind zog gerade ihr weisses Kleid zurück, und enthüllte einen Fuss, so klein, das Herrmann kaum glauben konnte, er gehöre ihr."

"Ja, Sie sind wahrlich abentheulich," versetzte er lächelnd, indem er sich ganz ruhig auf dem Rasen neben ihr setzte."

Im vertraulichem Gespräch verging die Zeit; in wenige Minuten schien es als wären sie Jahre lang mit einander bekannt, nur wagte Herrmann nicht, so sehr er es auch wünschte, sie zu fragen wer sie sei. Die Dorfuhr schlug elf—sie sprang auf "Ich muss gehen," sagte sie eilig.

"Ich darf aber morgen wiederkommen?" bat Herrmann.

"Ja," war die kurze Antwort und ehe er Zeit hatte mehr zu sagen war sie verschwunden.

Wie lang schien ihm die Zeit ehe es wieder Abend wurde! Er sagte Niemand etwas von seiner neuen Freundin. Wenn man ihm über seine gestrige Abwesenheit befragte, versprach er, sobald ihm etwas furchtbares begegnete, es ihnen zu erzählen; und obgleich, die guten Einwohner von Heimthal nicht wenig Neugier besaßen, waren sie zu feig, um Herrmann nach dem vermeintlichen Schreckensact zu folgen. Bloss müsste er Silba (denn so hatte sie ihm gesagt sie hiesse) versprechen, nie über die Gränze des Waldes zu gehen oder ihr zu folgen. "Thrust Dr

es einmal sagte sie," so hast Du mich zum letzten Male gesehen," und Herrmann fühlte, und sagte ihr, dass er jetzt ohne sie nicht leben konnte.

An einem schönen Abend sassen die Beiden unter dem Baume, und sprachen von dem glücklichen Abend, als das Schicksal seine Schritte dem Strome zuführte, von der schönen Zukunft in welche ihre Liebe Hoffnung setzte.

"Silba," sagte Herrmann, "Du hast mir noch Nichts von Deine Verranden erzählt."

Sie sah ihn wild an aber sprach nicht.

"Hast Du denn keine?" fuhr er theilnehmend fort.

Silba sprang auf; in eine Secunde schien ihre ganze Gestalt verändert, und auf jeder Lilie brannte ein rothes Licht.

"Herrmann," rief sie mit einer um unatürlicher Stimme: Glaubest Du denn wirklich das ich menschlich bin?

"Silba," rief der erschrockene Jüngling aus, "was willst Du damit sagen?"

Ihre einzige Antwort war ein übererdische Gelächter; und sie schien ohne Bewegung von ihnen wegzugleiten.

Er streckte den Arm aus um sie zu ergreifen; aber sein Hand hielt nichts.

"Silba, theuerste Silba, verlass mich nicht; ich beschwöre Dich sage wer Du bist."

Noch einmal erscholl ihr Hohngelächter in sein Ohr, und sie glitt weiter und weiter von ihm. Herrmann konnte es nicht länger ertragen. Er sprang ihr nach; die Gränze war schon überschritten, und die Gestalt von Silba verlor sich seinen Blicken. Das Hölzchen schien plötzlich gross zu werden: er sah nichts um sich als Bäume.

Umsonst suchte er seinen verderberin wieder zu finden: weder sie noch etwas menschliches war zu sehen; und er wanderte Tage lang umher bis er endlich durch Hunger und Mattigkeit umkam.

Viele Jahre sind verflossen seitdem dieses geschehen ist, aber die Geschichte lebt noch, und man sagt dass, wer es wagen wurde sich, um zehn Uhr Nachts dahin zu begeben wird die Gestalt von Silba, die Naide vom Rheine, sehen, aber ihr langes Haar ist jetzt kürz und hat seinen Glanz verloren; und anstatt die Wasserlilien, trägt sie, einen Kranz von verwelzten Mirtenblumen.

HELIOTROPE.

Sunset on the Sea Shore.

I see the deep blue sky is tinged

With lines of golden red;

It is the sun as he sinks to rest

Into his ocean bed.

But in the morn he will rise again,

And brightly gild the sky:

Oh! may my soul, when I sink in death,

Thus rise to Realms on High.

AZULEA.

NAMES OF FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A term indicating endearment, a French conjunction, and a beverage omitting the last letter?
2. A colour, and what few churches are without?
3. One who holds great authority, and an article used for drinking out of?
4. A species of conveyance, and a people?
5. A female name, and a metal?
6. An edible substance, leaving out the last letter, three-fourths of earth, two-thirds of to fasten, and a French adverb?
7. A French article, and a seller?
8. Three-fourths of a manufactory, and a sort of weapon?
9. A berry, and a prickly substance?
10. A word signifying seniority, and one of the most beautiful of nature's works?
11. Uneven, and a bird?
12. The name of a man, omitting the second letter, and four-fifths of a pen.

HOLLY.

England.

Let Delos be praised, 'surrounded by sea;
 And mighty Apollo her guardian be—
 Let Crete its numberless cities display,
 Which Ida o'erhangs with its ridges so grey—
 Let Sicily boast of its great Syracuse,
 Nor a place for its hundred cities refuse:
 England yet claims a far nobler name,
 For never have Britons been worthy of shame.
 Fortified castles defend not her shores,
 For around her the region of Neptune roars;
 There tyrants of cruelty never have been,
 And despots, a plague to the people, ne'er seen;
 But liberty stain'd by no slavery lives,
 And its laws, and its statutes, impartially gives.
 Oh, land, lov'd by Britons, what glory's not thine,
 Thy name shall for ever in history shine,
 And blest by a race of brave heroes shall be,
 The victor of nations, and mistress of sea.
 French, Germans, and Russians, to make war now cease,
 And England now slumbers, enjoying sweet peace.

RAGGED ROBIN.

Invitation to a Walk,

Addressed to Blue-bell, Kingcup, and Mignonette.

When the rising sun with golden beams
Through the half-opened casement streams,
When the green turf glistens with silver dew,
And Heaven's bright vault is of azure hue;
Tell me, then, is it not sweet to roam,
To wander far, far away from home.
O'er field and forest, o'er garden and dell,
Where grows in profusion the wild "Blue-bell,"
Just raising its graceful head to the light,
And peeping forth from its couch of the night.
Where glitt'ring "Kingscups" gaily shine
Like topaz from Brazilian mine;
Or like the lustrous gold that pours
Its wealth on California's shores.
But of all rare gifts that Flora sends,
Not one has such true and constant friends,
As the German's "lieblich," the Frenchman's "pet."
The Englishman's "darling," sweet "Mignonette."
Oh! then when the lark with outstretch'd wings,
Soaring on high, his blithe carol sings,
Quick rise from your pillow, and haste to behold
Your gentle young sisters, their beauties unfold.

ERICA

SOLUTION OF FLORAL ARITHMOREMS.

- | | | |
|------------------|--|------------------|
| 1—Eglantines. | | 7—Marygolds. |
| 2—Elder-flowers. | | 8—Myrtle. |
| 3—Eschscholtzia. | | 9—Nightsshade. |
| 4—Elder-flowers. | | 10—Ragged Robin. |
| 5—Heliotropes. | | 11—Thistle. |
| 6—Lavender. | | 12—Thyme. |

LAVENDER.

Arithmorems.

- | | | |
|------------------|--|------------------|
| 1—Les 2000 fées. | | 6—A 1000 reines. |
| 2—O 2000 eh! | | 7—5 bas. |
| 3—1000 ânes. | | 8—A 400 ânes. |
| 4—On bat 54. | | 9—100 saurs. |
| 5—600 avars. | | 10—100 ages. |

ESCHSCHOLTZ

THE
BOUQUET,

FROM
MARYLEBONE GARDENS.

~~~~~  
No. IV.—SEPTEMBER.  
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A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE SECOND AND THIRD NUMBERS
OF THE BOUQUET.

It must be gratifying to the admirers of the Bouquet, to find that the flowers of July and August have certainly no reason to dread comparison with their elder sisters of June. Whether this arises from the fostering influence of the triad of youthful and superintending graces who, in encouraging the flowers,

“Lift their heads with their tender hands,

And sustain them with rods and osier bands,”

or whether it is owing to their talents in the culling department, or to the advance of summer, which usually gives a bolder set and a brighter hue to the gems of the parterre, or to an occasional sly thrust by the stimulating *Thistle*, who seems to have peculiar talents “to rouse, to urge,” I shall not attempt to determine.

At the commencement of the July number we have a little preliminary consultation, held in certain gardens, which are quite unobjectionable (except in point of noise and dust) to decide on the best means of keeping brambles out of the bouquet:—a very necessary precaution, for it appears that, in spite of the harmony (or joviality) for which the native gardens of the Bouquet were of old celebrated, some brambles of other days managed to intrude their unwelcome offices, and to destroy, except in a figurative way, all future chance of a plentiful crop of blossoms. But the fair “powers of this sweet place” argue very justly that it would be hard indeed if flowers of the present day should be considered less sweet, because the place in which they grew was possibly not in good odour a century ago.

In the verses of *Hawthorn* we have some pleasing religious sentiments, and a successful conquest over the difficulties of rhyme: but surely he must have been first glancing over Sternhold and Hopkins. His acrostic is, I think, very graceful.

I should imagine *Hyacinth* to be young. The versification of this writer shews considerable facility; but there is a little want of connection, which time will improve. The thoughts of the captive in the July number, and the fears of the pilgrim in that for August, are very natural and introduced with effect.

Azalea, without any pretence, has evidently a strong sympathy with whatever is most beautiful and refining in Nature; and, what is even better, she detects the valuable moral lessons which Nature imparts.

Jouquet and *Milfoil* are wags who love to banter us. The former no doubt enjoys the puzled air and the fit of laughter with which his readers will peruse

his comical translation of "Little Bo-peep"; and the latter so entrenches himself behind his humorous marine missiles, that we are afraid to come near enough to discover whether he is not laughing in his sleeve at us. So we will prudently sheer off to *Ragged Robin*, whose name and armour buckled on his back, prove him more open to attack. His Latin versification is a proof of his industry, and a prognostic that he will in his studies soon become "*validus*." His English verse, evidently from his neglect of our domestic muse, is not quite equal to the Latin. In spite of the ingenuity of his double acrostic, we cannot admit *world* and *old* as rhymes: in his "England," "the *region* of Neptune *roars*," is rather a harsh metaphor, though the thoughts are good. In his humorous collection of flowers from the Bouquet, he shews "a pleasant wit" and much cleverness, in trotting over a stony road of hard names.

Lavender, under the title of "The Universal Theme," gives us a sketch of the harmony to arise from the Exhibition. It would be prudent perhaps to transpose the fifth and sixth verses, or we may take "the brave, the gay, and the lovely," as respective attributes of the Chinaman, German, and Russian. In other places we have, from the same pen, "Revenge," a tale, and "Innocence," a poem. "Revenge" is rather melo-dramatic, but I suppose this is an excellence in a composition with such a title: I think, moreover, that there is a little too much of the "*fortiter in re*" introduced, or perhaps I should call it "*argumentum ad baculum*." Of the poetry, I prefer the second part of "Innocence," which I take to be a general view of the subject of which the first part is a particular illustration. The sentiments are very sweet, but the verse is not always elegant. "He's" does not well stand for "he has."

The poetry of *Rose* exhibits, I think, true poetic feeling with a happy view of religion. The sentiments put into the mouth of the child are appropriately simple and natural. The writer has chosen the subject of childhood again, in the number for August, and shews the same facility of versification, and the same sweet, impassioned feeling. If I might find a fault with what is so pretty—and critics are obliged to be ill-natured sometimes, or people think nothing of them—it would be in the repetition of the same epithets, as "joyous," "bright," &c. This defect, however, the poet exhibits in company with some great names, as Mrs. Hemans.

Laburnum has given to *Myrtle* a very proper answer. In estimating the value of any pursuit, we should argue from its use, not from its abuse. The same clever writer subsequently displays her ingenuity and humorous vein in the answer to *Nightshade's* "Enigma."

Ivy is cruelly sarcastic. The best proof of his talents would be to turn him over to Miss Grady, and if he escapes with his ears, he was born under a lucky star.

Moss Rose presents us with a very successful endeavour to cope with the difficulties of composition in French verse. It appears they are more easily conquered than those of love.

Eglantine keeps up the liveliness and interest of her tale. When she has learned so to contrast the language of her characters, as to enable the reader to attribute it at once to the right speaker, and succeeds in throwing over her

productions a little more of the tone of their age—for instance, I think a lady of the seventeenth century would have been puzzled at the very name of piano-forte—she will become an accomplished writer. *Eglantine* appears to form her style on Miss Bremer.

The elegant lines by *Carnation*, among which there are some particularly beautiful, exhibit the same ardent love of Nature as those by *Azalea*, with the additional charm of strong and amiable domestic feelings. Though the wreath culled with so much taste should wither, the sentiments associated with the flowers never can; they will make the society of *Carnation* a blessing wherever she may wander, and its loss a subject for regret, that will require no token to keep alive.

The "Enigma" of *Nightshade* is effective as a poetical production, independently of its ingenuity, which, however has not been sufficiently deep to elude "woman's wit."

The "Baron's daughter," by *Heliotrope*, shews dramatic skill in constructing a plot, in interweaving with it a little unexplained mystery, and in inventing effective *surprises*; but the writer has evidently not seen much of the world. The verses, by the same writer, in the number for August, are plaintive and picturesque. The German romance is a proof of *Heliotrope's* industry and talent.

Myrtle is an indefatigable writer, who seems determined to leave no part of literature unattempted. There is considerable repose in her tales,—an evidence that the authoress is beginning to wield her powers with some control. Her characters are well conceived and sustained, though their language is a little too sentimental and high-flown. It is hardly possible yet to form a judgment of her talent for constructing a plot; but it appears to be considerable. The "Village Maid," by the same writer, is an excellent specimen of the ballad, simple and tender. The answer to *Nightshade's* Enigma is also very good. In the "Lines to an Infant Brother," a more difficult metre has been adopted, and the success is less apparent.

The paper by *Anemone*, at the commencement of the number for August, is, as the name of the writer denotes, soaring in its subject. It shews considerable talent in an unusual department of science; but owing to the Latin-English diction adopted, the exact meaning is often difficult to reach. In treating on metaphysics, it is absolutely necessary to use simple and unequivocal language: the neglect of this misleads the reader, and has also misled some of our greatest Metaphysicians. For instance, we are told that "thought and feeling stand in relation of cause and effect." But feeling may mean either sensation or emotion. In the latter meaning only is the affirmation true. A little further on, the writer says, "knowledge is unfathomable as the ocean; consequently the greater our consciousness of our real attainments, the deeper will be the sense of our deficiencies." If we take the apparent meaning of the words, we have a *non-sequitur*. But the intended meaning doubtless is, that there is no limit to the knowledge mankind may in future acquire; consequently, if we are conscious how little in comparison we know at present, we shall have a deep sense of our deficiencies.

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Le Pois has chosen a subject more easily handled, and it is treated with taste and feeling. But, if I am not in error, it is almost impossible to write on such a subject in French, without adopting a little French sentimentality.

Sloe has not mastered the difficulties of versification; the "fatal facility" of the octosyllabic line is evident in the address to Mignonette. "Blur" is not a pretty word, and I am afraid the "visions of love" are realities of nonsense.

Cactus is evidently so young that a few faults are apparent in his language. His tale is however one of promise.

The lines by *Lily of the Valley* are tastefully and smoothly written, and shew much feeling. Through an oversight, one has two syllables in excess.

The "Fragment," by *Heatherbell*, runs on very sweetly. I prefer the latter part to the introduction.

I admire much the short tale by *Elder*. It possesses a great deal of character; the language is appropriate, the epithets and similitudes illustrative and bold, the incidents probable, and the tone healthy. I have heard that the fair writer is young; the composition would do credit to an adult.

In the pretty and ingenious verses of *Erica* a little sly *badinage* appears to lie concealed. They make a graceful and appropriate termination to the volume for August.

In looking over the foregoing clever poems and tales, it is impossible not to be struck with a similarity both of excellencies and faults pervading them. Among the former is to be reckoned their fresh, youthful, and sympathising spirit, which in itself is highly poetical; among the latter, a tendency to build up words rather than thoughts—the great fault of even the best poets of the present day. What we look for in a writer is originality; and, where this exists, the simplest language is effective. Moreover, in writing, we should work from within, outwardly. The thought must be present first, and the words must be but an inadequate expression of the thought. If we look at any of our great writers, we find that the thought transcends the words; hence the deeper we study them, the more we find to admire: if we read inferior writers, we are often surprised by a striking expression, but when we search beneath it, we find nothing. Let us not then imitate Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Tighe, or even Tennyson, Longfellow, or Macaulay; but, as the young sculptor studies the antique, and the painter the great masters, let us resort to Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton: we shall find in their pages other poetical qualifications than that of mere emotion. In their pages we shall not find such general and unmeaning epithets as "beautiful, exquisite, bewitching," which express only indefinite sensations; nor such as "soft hope, soft music, soft light, soft downy couch, soft heart, soft whispers, soft thrilling voice, the lute's soft notes, soft security, soft caress, soft repose, soft embrace, soft-breathed gales, soft and lovely frame,"—I quote from what is nevertheless a very pretty poem, viz., Mrs. Tighe's "Psyche,"—because these cannot represent the exactness of their mental images: they are the expedients of a writer who builds up words, not of one who studies Nature.

"I do not apply these observations, in their full extent, to the really talented young writers of the Bouquet; I wish merely to point out the rock on which many aspirants for literary fame have suffered shipwreck.—SQUIRTING CUCUMBER.

LA MUSIQUE.

"Scimus enim musicen nostris moribus abesse a principis personâ."—*Cornelius Nepos.*

On a tellement épuisé toutes les ressources du génie pour défendre la musique qu'il me faut du courage pour faire une autre attaque sur cet art que la foule admire mais je ne puis que répéter que ses tons passionnés amolissent l'esprit et empoisonnent l'âme et ces même Grecs qu'on me cite comme ceux parmi lesquels la Musique était en honneur avaient aussi leurs soupçons qu'elle produisait des mauvais effets sur les mœurs de leurs compatriotes; on peut aussi dire que c'était la musique qui les mena en esclavage en assoupissant leurs esprits.

Ἐχρήσαντο αὐτῇ οἱ παλα οἱ κατὰ τὴν ἀξίαν, ὥσπερ καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι πᾶσιν· οἱ δὲ νῦν τὰ σεμνὰ αὐτῆς παραιτησάμενοι, ἀντὶ τῆς ἀνδρώδους ἐκείνης καὶ θεσπεσίας καὶ θεοῖς φίλης κατεαγυῖαν καὶ κωτὶλὴν εἰς τὰ θέατρα εἰσάγουσι.—*Plutarch Περὶ Μουσικῆς, Sect. 15.*

Mais pourquoi parler de ces Grecs? ne se virent ils pas obligés à se soumettre aux conquérants du monde à un peuple qui n'aimait pas la Musique.

La Musique en amolissant l'âme n'excite pas d'émotions nobles ni ces émotions tendres qu'on ne peut qu'admirer dans les plus grands des hommes. Il contribua à la gloire de César d'avoir pleuré le sort de son ami mais ce ne fut pas l'effet bien-heureux de la Musique.

Cet art enchanteur n'est pas divin faut-il s'avancer vers l'Eternel avec la Musique N'exaucera-t-il pas nos prières sans que nous les accompagnions de ces sons entraînants qui peuvent très bien séduire les hommes mais qui n'imposeront pas sur le Tout Puissant. Non la Musique ne peut pas être céleste les jouissances célestes n'excitent jamais des passions sensuelles; il est vrai que la Musique est un des emplois des anges mais ce n'est pas une Musique mondaine ni comme elle est connue de nous parce qu'elle est employée par ceux qui ne sont pas susceptibles de passion.

Mais il me suffit de donner deux exemples.

Une reine plongée dans les vices les plus pernicieux se servit de cet art magique pour séduire le courage sévère et repulsif d'un général Romain. Le résultat n'est que trop bien connu, la mort n'était que le moins dre des maux, l'honneur perdu, la patrie trahie, la famille abandonnée deshonorèrent toujours le nom d'Antoine.

Quelques années plus tard dans ce même empire parut un tyran implacable monstre indigne de l'humanité, receptacle de tous les crimes qui causant la condamnation des âmes perdues, tranquille et insouciant il vit brûler la capitale du monde pendant qu'il chantait la destruction de Troie accompagné de la Lyre.

The Organ Boy.

Ye thoughtless ones amid your revels wild,

List to the sound that falls upon your ear—

The plaintive accents of a sorrowing child;

A stranger is he, and all lonely here.

He is not one of England's favour'd sons—

He has no home nor ought to call his own,

Save the small instrument, whose wailing tones

Seem but an echo of his heartfelt moan.

Or if some livelier air he trembling plays,

It seems to mock his mournful looks and ways;

For absent from his own lov'd land the while,

He has forgot his childhood's pleasant smile.

Or if not yet forgotten quite the thought

Of home and all the happiness it brought:

If that sweet lay within his heart awoke,

The memory of words and looks that spoke.

Of words that spoke in love's endearing voice,

And bade his young and artless heart rejoice;

Brings back the smile where once 'twas wont to be,

Yet the sad thought of her is misery.

The thought of her whose heart is bow'd with grief,

And yet amid her woe doth find relief

In the proud thought that he, her much lov'd son,

Back to her arms shall come with treasure won.

Won, as they've whisper'd in her guileless heart,

From London's trade and London's well fill'd mart;

But all such visions they have faded now—

From yon pale youth's sad heart and aching brow;

Long had he treasured them with transports high,

Till the last vanish'd with its dirge and sigh.

A sigh fresh bursting from his throbbing breast,

He asks thee England but a place to rest;

He came to seek a frail destroying store—

England arise and give the stranger more.

England—though hast God's message from above—

Breathe in his soul of Jesus' dying love:

Oh! bid him welcome with thy favour'd own—

Oh! bid him welcome to thy Saviour's throne!

Approach, forlorn one! thy Saviour bids thee come—

Come where immortal treasures ever spotless shine;

Where thou didst seek a grave behold a home,

And nought but fading gold the "Pearl of Price" is thine.

Row

To *Mignionette*.

I would not wish thee health, but well
 I knew thou hadst the sense to use it;—
 What else its worth let idlers tell,
 Who have it only to abuse it.

I would not wish thee wealth, unless
 Thy heart in bounty copied Heaven;
 For riches, Lady, do not bless,
 If not as freely spread as given.

I would not wish thee friends, if soon
 Thou couldst desert a proved and true one;
 If fickle as the changing moon,
 Thy speech were kind but to a new one.

I would not wish thee length of days,
 If to no end those days were passing;
 If none could know, none could praise,
 While time his store was still amassing.

But I do wish thee all of these—
 I wish thee years in ample measure—
 I wish thee health and mental ease,
 And friends, and what thou wouldst of treasure.

SLOE.

Stanza.

I.

Though she is gone, and love and passion's o'er,
 Her image haunts the heart where once it dwelt,
 Though all estranged, and parted ever more,
 How sad and sudden is the shock that's felt,
 Sending the life blood quick through every pore—
 When the time-healed wound, that Fate had dealt,
 Is touched by some chance meeting, look, or word.
 Still finding response in the broken chord.

II.

Ah love is fleeting! fragile are all vows,
 Eternal *seems* it whilst the fever's on,
 But ere the autumn winds have stript the boughs,
 Some cheek has cooled us, and the day-dream's gone.
 Short space for tears and anguish Time allows,
 And for heart-breaking and distraction—none:
 Soon stern realities such woes efface,
 And life goes on at its accustomed pace.

HAWTHORNE.

"I Love to See the Sunshine."

"I love to see the sunshine,"
 As it falls on all around;
 For e'en the hiding violets,
 The joyous beam has found;
 And every opening flow'ret is sparkling in its ray—
 Oh! I love to see the sun shine through all the summer day.

"Oh! I love to see the sunshine"—
 Burst through dark'ning clouds above;
 For it fain would picture to my heart,
 Thy Father's Smile of love;
 And I know upon each lovely heart that Father's smile doth beam—
 Forgotten tho' by all around upon this earth it seems.

"I love to see the sunshine"—
 For it ever seems to say,
 Upon the good and evil ones,
 I shed alike my ray;
 And down upon my heart it sheds to *all* a gentle love—
 Oh! I love to see the sunshine burst through gathering clouds above.

"I love to see the sunshine"—
 It makes the world so bright;
 And draws my heart to Him above,
 Whose words first made the light;
 And I love to think upon that time, and on that joyous day—
 When I shall love that sunshine that ne'er shall pass away!

ROSE.

To the Moon.

Bright mistress of the silver-spangled sky,
 O'er the azure vault celestial Queen;
 Fairest among the fair ones found on high—
 Tranquil delight I feel where thou art seen.

Luna, bright Luna, shed thy rays around—
 Oh, let me gaze upon thy placid light;
 Ease for the troubled heart in thee is found—
 Bright Princess of the diamond-studded night.

Astarte Queen of Heav'n listen to my pray'r,
 With mild effulgence tranquilise the night;
 Diffuse thy pearly rays throughout the air,
 And reign triumphant o'er Heav'n's colossal height

MYRTLE.

Song of the Wild Rose.

I love the banks of the whisp'ring stream,
 And the copses green and lone,
 Where 'mid parted leaves a sunny gleam
 On the moss-grown stems is thrown.
 I love to creep in the sunny hedge,
 Where the briar and hawthorn grow,
 Or look from the rocky mountain's ledge,
 On the foaming waves below.
 I twine my wreaths in the woodland shades,
 Where the fays and fairies dwell,
 I charm the eye in the open glades,
 And down in the grassy dell.
 Oh, I envy not my kindred fair,
 Who in stately gardens bloom,
 Tho' my hues with their's may not compare,
 And I lack their rich perfume.
 For I dwell 'mid all that is fair and gay,
 And free as the air am I;
 And I fear not Summer's scorching ray,
 Nor the frowning Winter's sky.
 "Come ye whose hearts are filled with gloom,
 Come wander where wild roses bloom,
 Come read a tale in ev'ry flower,
 A lesson in each stream and bower.
 For e'en the turf on which you tread
 Bears characters which, rightly read,
 Will teach you how with cheerful air
 All Life's allotted tasks to bear."—WILD ROSE.

The Music of the Ocean,

I love to sit upon the shore,
 When all around is peace
 The busy hum is heard no more,
 Discordant sounds do cease.
 I hear the music of the wave,
 Which ripples at my feet;
 Which, passing o'er the seaman's grave,
 On other shores does beat.
 I think of those, who tho' unknown,
 Beneath the waters sleep;
 And fancy, that I hear the tone
 Of dirges from the deep.

EINE SAGE AUS DEM SCHWARZWALDE.

(Fortsetzung von Seite 62.)

‘Ich stürzte in mein Zimmer hinein und übersagte, wie ich Waldmann retten könnte der Tod meiner Stiefmutter war das einzige Mittel und ich beschloss dass sie durch meine Hand sterben sollte.’

‘Ja schaudert nicht, eine Mörderin steht vor Euch.’

Des Abends als sie schlief, ging ich leise in ihre Stube mit einem vergifteten Dolch in der Hand. Indem ich mich über ihr Bett beugte, fühlte ich Reue in meinem Herzen, doch als ich sie vor sich himurmeln horte “Julie liebt Waldmann und dafür soll er sterben.” Rief ich aus, ‘Er soll nicht sterben’ und stiess den Dolch meiner Stiefmutter ins Herz, sie gab einem tiefen Wehlent und ihre Seele entfloh.”

Rasch lief ich von der Schreckens scene weg, Durch den Wald zu Waldmanns Hütte, laut klopfte ich er selbst öffnete die Thur.

“Mein Gott, Julie, was ist dann geschehen” sagte er.

“Jetzt Waldmann bin ich Dein” seufzte ich athemlos.

“Unglückliches Mädchen was hast Du gemacht,” rief er erschrocken aus, als er meine weissen Kleider mit Blut befleckt sah.

“Ja Waldmann, antwortete ich, Du tauchest Dich nicht es ist das Blut der Gräfin von Hohenstein, um Dich zu retten, bin ich eine Mörderin geworden?”

“Ach Julie, widersetzte er, Deine Stiefmutter konnte mir nicht schaden, ich bin Wenzel, das Gespenst vom Rheinsberg.”

“Schrecken auf Schrecken, Grosse Himmal was habe ich gethan, bin ich zur Mörderin geworden, um nur in des Teufels Macht zu fallen.”

“Julie, Du hast geschworen bei Allem was heilig ist, Die meine und meine allein zu werden. Ich geh fort doch in acht Tage werde ich wiederkommen und ich erwarte Dich bereit zu finden mir überall hin zu folgen.”

Er machte gleich die Thüre zu, und liess mich um Mitternacht allein im fürchterlichen Schwarzwald. Mehr todt als lebendig ging ich zum Schlosse zurück, auf dem Weg traf ich unsern alten Hofmeister.

“Fraulein Julie, rief er entschuldiget meine Frage. Seid Ihr nicht von Waldmanns Hütte gekommen?” “Ja,” flüsterte ich, “Wisset Ihr dann, wer dieser Wald mann ist?”

“Er ist Wenzel das Gespenst vom Rheinsberg.”

“Oh, gnädiges Fraulein ich bitte Euch bei Allem, das Ihr liebet, bei Eure selige Mutter Die in Himmel mit guten Engeln über die Wohlfahrt ihres Kindes wacht, bei Dem Grafen Eurem gnädigen Vater, dessen letztes Wort Juliens Name war, sehet den Teufel Wenzel nie wieder.”

“Alter Görtz, es giebt noch einem Geist von dem Ihr nichts wisset, Die Stimme meiner teuflischen Stiefmutter erhebt sich aus dem Reiche der Sunde und flucht mir ihrer Mörderin.”

“Unmöglich Fraulein Julie, die Tochter des tapfere Grafen von Hohenstein kann keine Mörderin sein.”

"Es ist doch wahr, aber lasset mich, treuer Diener, ich habe den Kelch der Sunde geschmeckt und ich werde ihn austrinken."

"Fraulein saget nicht so, Ihr wisset nicht was ein schauerhaftes Schicksal. Ihr selbst erwählt haben, dieser Wenzel wird Euch tödten in Pein und Seelenangst werdet Ihr sterben."

"Ich sterbe nein, guter Görtz saget nur dass Ihr lüget, nie kann ich glauben dass mein Geliebter mein Mörder sein wird. Ich kann nicht sterben. Hilf mir Himmel! Ich kann nicht sterben! Ebenjetzt sehe ich die langen geschrumpften Finger meiner Stiefmutter bereit, meine Augen auszureissen."

"Geliebtes Fraulein, es giebt ein Mittel Euch zu retten Gehet in den Schwarzwald, sitzet Euch auf einen Stein, und den ersten Mann der vorbei geht, nehmet zu Eurem Retter, und Wenzel kann Euch nicht anrühren. Mit Freude befolgte ich Görtzens Rath, ich ging in den Schwarzwald wohin er mir Kleidung und Essen brachte, jetzt verlasset Ihr mich nicht, eine Mörderin betet um Hülfe, könnet Ihr sie schützen."

"Ich habe es geschworen und mein Wort werde ich halten sagte Rudolph fest."

MIRTE.

Fortsetzung folgt.

Vogel Page 57.

L'eau est toujours une admirable chose dans un point de vue: c'est à un paysage ce qu'une glace est à un appartement; c'est la plus animée des choses inanimées; mais une cascade l'emporte sur tout; c'est véritablement de l'eau vivante; on est tenté de lui donner une âme. On s'intéresse aux efforts écumeux qu'elle fait en se heurtant contre les rochers; on écoute sa voix bruyante qui se plaint quand elle tombe; on gémit de sa chute dont ne la console pas le réjaillissement brillante que lui jette en passant le soleil; puis enfin on la suit avec intérêt dans son cours plus tranquille au milieu de la vallée, comme on suit dans le monde l'existence paisible d'un ami dont le matin a été agité par de violentes passions.

THALE-CRESS.

SOLUTION OF THE FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

(Page 95.)

1—Mignonette.
2—Blue-bell.
3—Kingcup.
4—Carnation.
5—Marygold.
6—Eglantine.

7—Lavender.
8—Milfoil.
9—Hawthorn.
10—Elderflower.
11—Ragged Robin.
12—Jonquil.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

Bate *M*ilia.*(From the French of Victor Hugo.)*

Say have you seen, beneath these azure skies,
Her, with the high pure brow and gentle eyes,
Guiding a playful group—four children fair,
And watching o'er them with a mother's care.
Upon their way, should they the blind man meet
Toiling along the road with weary feet,
Her alms she places in the youngest's hand,
And bids him love the poor—'tis God's command.
With venom'd tooth, where scandal tears a name,
While eagerly the thoughtless crowds defame—
One woman, silent long, at last will speak
A few soft soothing words in accents meek—
"My friends, in haste let us not judge another,
"Who has not faults claim pity from a brother?
"How quickly sullied are the brightest things!
Praise has no feet alas! but blame has wings.
If tender memory stirring in your breast,
Or fell remorse, the enemy of rest;
Or chance some day your wand'ring steps should lead
To that still place, the city of the dead.
Follow the beaten path, 'twill lead to a grave,
O'er whose cold stone the drooping willows wave
Beside it, meekly kneeling on the ground,
A mourner prays—four children stand around.
Heaven of her sorrow sure this saint beguiles,
For, like the angels, though in tears she smiles,
From the bruise'd heart flow grief and fervent praise,
Like fragrant waters from a broken vase,
On Heaven are fixed her chaste and holy eyes—
Not on the grave from whence her sorrows rise;
And when to earth she turns all bath'd in tears,
Such deep regret in that sweet face appears,
You'd think she cannot choose whom most to love—
Her children here, or sainted mother above.

July, 1851.

Cupid afloat
 In his golden boat,
 In a sea of sunshine sailing—
 The Morning Star,
 Now seen afar,
 With his joyous song is hailing—
 With a ray of light,
 For his arrow bright,
 And his mother o'er him bending:
 You'll see him dip,
 In beauty's lip,
 The dart he is earthward sending.
 If Cupid in ire,
 Blind beauty with fire,
 Why point then at my mistaking
 The glances which fly
 From your laughing eye
 For the shafts of the young god's making.

HAWTHORN.

Die Liebe.

Mein Herz ich will Dich fragen,
 Was ist denn Liebe? sag?
 "Zwei Seelen und ein gedanke
 Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag,"
 Und sprich; woher kommt Liebe?
 "Sie kommt nicht, sie ist da,"
 Und sprich, wenn schwindet Liebe?
 "Die war's nicht der's geschah,"
 Und wann ist Lieb am reinsten?
 "Die ihrer selbst vergisst."
 Und wann ist Lieb am tiefsten?
 "Wenn sie am stilsten ist."
 Und wann ist Lieb am reichsten?
 "Das ist sie wenn sie giebt
 Und sprich wenn redet Liebe
 "Sie redet nicht, sie Liebt."

ELDER.

REVENGE.

PART II.

[Continued from Page 49.]

Father Francis sat in the study of the Presbyterè, at Z——, before him lay an open book, but he looked not in its pages, his head rested on his hand and his thoughts flew back to past events; he thought of that evening three years back when he last saw Bernard Langworth, since then he had neither seen him or heard of him. Again the last words of the youth seemed to ring in his ears, and the priest shuddered as he thought of the deeds which in all probability had followed up these words.

The village church was situated on the side of a steep hill, a winding path led up to the humble edifice, and down this path the priest slowly wended his way, after the celebration of the evening mass. About half way down, and by the side of the pathway was a deep and seemingly bottomless pit, caused no doubt by some convulsion of nature, but believed by the superstitious people of the village to be the entrance to the abode of Satan. A strong railing surrounded the aperture, which indeed looked deep and dark enough to merit the appellation of the "Well of Perdition," bestowed on it by the rustic inhabitants of Z——. It was a fearful place, and none would pass it after dark, and as the Priest (who had been the last to leave the church) passed it he made the sign of the cross, and uttered a short prayer. Hardly had he passed the pit, ere he felt something brush hastily by him.

"Bernard!" he cried, as by the moon's pale light he recognised the form and features of the youth. Bernard started and stopt short, then recognising the priest he approached him and presented to him a packet of letters tied with a blue ribbon. Silently the priest received them, and was about to question the youth as to his being at that dread spot alone at such an hour, when he was interrupted by these words:—

"Father, I see you would question me, seek not now to learn my history; all you desire to learn you will find in these pages; but my time is short, blessed be the hour in which I met thee. Father, pardon and bless thy son."

"What mean you, Bernard? Return home with me; why should your time be so short?"

"The grave yawns to receive me; the spirit of the injured Alice calls me, she holds to me a crown of blood-stained cypress: bless me ere I go."

"Holy saints! what mean you, my son?" inquired the priest in trembling accents.

"Seek not to know my meaning if you would not have me die unblest, unshriven; I am in haste; the victims call me."

"Confess your sins, my son, and the holy Church will grant you absolution."

"Father, the hour for confession is past; my sins are recorded there," and he pointed to the papers the priest held, "when you shall have read my history, then pray for the soul of the unhappy Bernard. Father, a sinner craves your blessing," and he knelt before the priest.

In a firm tone but with a trembling heart, Father Francis pronounced these words:—"Mary, Queen of Heaven, pray for thee; may all the blessed saints intercede for thee, and by their prayers may the pardon of God be sealed unto thee: bless thee, my son."

The young man bowed his head, and murmured a faint amen. Then slowly rising from his knees he reverently kissed the hand of the priest, and with his arms folded, and his head bowed upon his breast, he turned in the direction of the church. The priest would have followed him, but he waved him back, and soon a turn in the path concealed him from view. Father Francis awaited awhile until the figure of the youth should again appear in sight, but he saw him not. A horrible suspicion crossed his mind, as he thought of the words of the youth, and of the vicinity of the dreadful pit; he hastened in the direction Bernard had taken; as a turn in the road brought the pit in view, the priest observed the figure of the youth on his knees at the edge; suddenly he rose, and ere the father could reach the spot, with a wild cry and outspread arms, he leapt into the bottomless abyss. The body could not be found, and the priest kept the suicide a secret, as it would have added additional horror to the already too-much dreaded spot.

We will look again into the study of Father Francis; the priest sat with his face buried in his hands, tears were trickling fast between his fingers, and dropping on the pages of a manuscript which lay upon his knees. Those papers had been placed in his hands by the unhappy youth, whose untimely fate filled him with horror. Yet it is not for this he weeps; no, he mourns over the consequences of unchecked passions, and the fearful nature of revenge. Now he wipes the unmanly drops from his eyes, and taking up the blotted pages again peruses them attentively.

"I am weary of life, but there is one task left me ere I die. Know that I am revenged: but how? Can I, dare I, relate the manner in which I accomplished my design? Yet this task is left me ere I die; to none but you, my father, could I tell my secret, but you shall know all. You will ask, on whom I could be revenged when *he*, the murderer, was dead? On the deceiving villain *Neville*! the author of all the misery of *his* life who was as a father to me, whose memory I cursed when I read his confessions; but when I knew all I cursed him no longer, I pitied, I excused him, and the love I had formerly felt for him returned to my heart. I have tried to reconcile myself to the life of a priest, but even in the silent shade of the cloister there would be no peace for me. I cannot, as *he* did, drag on a weary life of remorse and anguish for years; no resource is left me but in the grave. I ask not for pity, but I crave your prayers; I leave my all to the church where my adopted father lies buried; I have faith enough left to believe in the efficacy of prayer, let it be expended in masses for *his* soul and mine. The day I left Z——, day never to be forgotten, dark spot on the tablet of my memory, when first awoke in my mind the dark thoughts afterwards carried into action,—that day I left my home, vowing never to return until I had well revenged (in the only way left me) the murder of my mother. My mother! often as I had sighed for the soft and gentle tones of a mother's voice, for the tender caresses I saw bestowed on happier children; when, in the fits of gloom and despondency which at times seized upon my adopted father, I had longed for some kind

and gentle friend to turn to, into whose faithful heart I could pour out my childish sorrows, or repose my aching head upon her gentle breast; how, then, have I not wept, with a grief to which time only added poignancy over my unspeakable deprivation; and then, when *he* died, to know that but for *him* I might have enjoyed that priceless blessing, a mother's love, tell me, was it not enough to change the gentlest nature into that of a demon? Perhaps I am too violent, but it was thus I felt, as I saw the being who had done me this foul wrong, lying peaceful and dead, beyond the reach of my violence. Revenge I was bent on, and though the perpetrator of the crime was beyond reach of my fury, yet the murderer of *his* father, the false-hearted Neville, was, I trusted, still in my power. This thought flashed across my mind as, three years ago, I left this spot. Father, your face I shall no more dare to see, my determination is sealed. I will place these papers where you shall find them; search for the writer will be in vain. Still, *should* I meet you, you will not refuse your blessing to your fallen child. At times gentle thoughts come into my mind, and I fancy I hear a voice which whispers faintly there is hope even for me, and I shall not perish eternally: it is a deceiving voice, I try to stifle it, for my sins are too deep to be washed out. Hope still whispers to me not to despair; even when premeditating the awful plunge into eternity hope is still in my heart: and, father, my hope is in your prayers. Pray for me, for myself I cannot, dare not, pray. More than a year had passed away, and I had gained no tidings of Neville, but my feelings towards him had undergone no change. One night I had returned from my unsuccessful search in the neighbourhood of B——, when I heard a knock at my door, and the next instant a man enveloped in a dark cloak stood before me. I inquired what he wanted. He said he had heard I was inquiring for a gentleman of the name of Neville, that he could tell me where he was to be found; he told me that Neville lived the life of a solitary, and was dull and morose, he agreed to conduct me to his abode if I paid him well for his trouble; I bribed him, and he undertook to guide me to the residence of the object of my hatred. He lived with his only child (a daughter) in a large mansion bequeathed to him by a friend; too well I knew what friend, and how he had repaid his friendship. I took lodgings in the neighbourhood of the Manor house, under the name of Winton. It was during my wanderings through the deserted grounds of this mansion that I first saw Leila Neville, she was seated in a bosquet, and unobserved I gazed upon her beauty. She was just eighteen, and lovely as an angel, her eyes were of heaven's own blue, and her fair hair fell in a shower of glossy ringlets over her snowy shoulders. I followed her when she left the spot, I felt drawn towards her by an irresistible impulse. After a short acquaintance I confessed my passion, and she frankly acknowledged that she returned my love; and we were happy. Then was my dream of bliss, why was I ever aroused from it? At length one memorable day, we were seated in our favourite bosquet at the end of one of the deserted alleys of the garden, when we heard steps approaching, and ere we could conceal ourselves, her father stood before us. My desire for revenge which had *slapt during my intercourse with Leila*, but which had never been extinguished, *awoke with redoubled fury*, as I observed the start he gave on beholding me. 'He *sees a resemblance to my departed mother*, which calls past scenes to his remem-

brance,' I thought; I looked fixedly upon him, he quailed beneath my gaze. Leila had risen, and stood by my side gazing imploringly at her father; he moved not, spoke not, but after an instant's mute stare of astonishment and terror, sank lifeless to the ground. I assisted Leila to convey him to the house; eagerly and anxiously I watched for his recovery; the demon within me bade me fear that he should escape my revenge, that he would never awake from this death-like sleep. But he recovered, I was not to go innocently to my grave. Leila had retired to her oratory on the first signs of returning animation. I may here tell of *one* good deed, atonement for my meditated crime; Leila had embraced the Romish faith, thus far my influence over her had been of good effect, and the eight months' of stolen interviews we had passed together had added a convert to an holy church. The old man, we believed, was still in the darkness of unbelief. When he recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen, I was by his side, and I was the first person on whom he opened his eyes; he closed them again quickly, and with a frown motioned me from him. I left him and walked out into the park, the scene of my adopted father's boyish days; here he had passed his innocent, but, alas! unhappy youth; I knew every glade, almost every tree, I had seen the house where my sainted mother was murdered, I had traversed again and again the path from the manor to the village, trod by *him* on that eventful night. Since I had known Leila, in endeavouring to conceal my thoughts from her, the desire of my heart had lost its intenseness, and the longing for revenge had ceased to be the mainspring of all my actions. I felt drawn towards the old man, there was a fascination in his gaze the little time I had beheld him, which attracted me; I could not hate him now so bitterly as I wished to; was my hatred, then, dying in sight of its object? Or was it for his daughter's sake, I asked myself, that I softened towards him? But my object must be accomplished. It was more than a month since I had seen Leila, and my loneliness became insupportable; I resolved to obtain speech of her in spite of all opposition. I went to the house; I knocked; no one opened to me; after vainly striving for admittance, I turned away and walked towards the bosquet where we had last been together, it had been our favourite haunt, she might be there. As I approached the spot a sound of weeping arrested my attention, I hastened on, and beheld Leila seated on a bench, weeping bitterly. I knelt beside her and begged her to be calm, and confide her sorrows to me; at length she told me, interrupted by her tears, that her father had forbidden her to have any further intercourse with me; that he felt a strange and unfounded hatred towards me. She had fainted on hearing this, and on recovering from her swoon had been confined to her bed by a violent fever; she had only just begun to recover her strength, and had stolen out to weep in secret over her love. 'Leila,' I cried, 'if you really love me now is your time to prove it, fly with me far beyond the reach of your father's tyranny; and in the devotion of your Bernard strive to forget the cruel parent who would deprive you of all happiness.' She started to her feet, and said, with a look I shall never forget, 'Is it, can it, be Bernard Winton who thus addresses me, who asks me to dishonour myself, and bring my father's grey head with sorrow to the grave? No, deeply as I love you, *thus* I can never prove it. Where would be your devotion, your love, your trust in a

wife, who, without a scruple, sacrificed her duty to her inclination; no, were I *thus* to prove my love, the curse of a justly-offended God would fall upon me. Can it be Bernard Winton who asks me to do this?' 'No, Leila, no; one as far below you in virtue and goodness, as is this dull earth below the blue and cloudless sky. I am Bernard Langworth, an orphan, the adopted child of a murderer now gone to his last account; I am here for revenge on the murderer of *his* father, but love for *you* has stayed my hand; now is the feeling strong upon me; in your power it lies to decide your *father's* fate; be mine, and he is saved; forsake me, and he dies! Leila, I have sworn it; and I shrink not from the fulfilment of my vow.' She looked upon me, and her cheek grew paler as she gazed; I approached her, she sank upon my breast, murmuring, 'I am thine, but spare my father.' I pressed her to my heart, she sought not to release herself from my embrace; long did she thus remain clasped in my arms, at length wondering at her immobility I gently raised her head, it fell back again on my shoulder, I looked upon her pale features, I pressed my lips to hers, no answering pressure was returned; unwilling to believe my cruel fate I placed my hand upon her heart, it had ceased to beat; the transient joy of my life had passed away; my Leila was dead, and I had killed her by my rashness. I will pass over the days which succeeded this calamity. I had carried the lifeless form of my only love to the house and left her, for I found the doors open, and I heard steps passing and voices calling, they were in search of her, I met one of the servants, he asked me if I had seen his mistress, I replied she had returned to the house; I concealed my emotion and passed on. I had taken the ribbon from her waist; with it I shall confine these papers, if it is fit that so innocent a tie be bound around so guilty a confession. A lock of her fair hair, her gift to me, is next my heart, and there shall it ever remain, in death as in life my ever-loved Leila, where I placed it the day thou gavest it to me as a token of thy requital of my love. There was a calculating coolness in my revenge, I fixed the very day and hour for the execution of it; the day of Leila's funeral. I watched the melancholy *cortège* as it slowly wound through the avenue, now appearing and again lost to sight between the trees. I had provided myself with a dagger which I concealed about me, and I mingled with the crowd I saw the coffin which contained all that made life of any value to me, lowered into its last resting place; I saw that man, the object of all my hatred, gazing, with an agony to which tears denied relief, into the grave, and the unutterable woe plainly depicted on his countenance was a source of savage joy to me. The time approached when he too must lie low in the dust with her who slumbered at his feet. She was pure and innocent, I had broken her heart. She had embraced the true faith, and was safe; but for him eternal punishment was certain, yet not for his religion but for his crimes, for I believe not in the eternal condemnation of those who do not profess the Romish faith, there is mercy for all and of every religion, if faithfully professed and lived after. They were filling up the grave, the father waited to the last, I approached, he did not turn his head, I scattered a few spring flowers into the grave, *all bent forward* to see what had fallen, I was near him, I reached out my hand and *stabbed him deeply* in the heart; he staggered, and would have fallen, but I caught *him in my arms*, and in a low tone I bade his attendants support him, he was faint-

ing, the emotion was too much for him. 'Take me home—I am dying,' he feebly murmured. I accompanied them to the house; the surgeon pronounced the wound mortal, he had not an hour to live; I rejoiced when I heard this. 'Who could have done it?' was asked on every side; I was a stranger, and they eyed me with suspicion, but it could not be me, I had supported him and accompanied him home. A few minutes more elapsed, and he desired to see a *priest*, the clergyman was there but he would not admit him; I offered to go in search of one. I went to my lodgings, the vestments I had bought for a disguise were quickly on, and I returned. With a low and altered voice, I desired them to conduct me to the penitent; without question they obeyed; my existence appeared forgotten; every face was filled with horror at the catastrophe, and at the strange wish of the dying man. Propped up in a chair with pillows, his face of ghastly paleness contrasting with the red life blood ebbing slowly from a deep wound in his side, sat my victim. His glazed eyes turned slowly towards the door as it opened and I advanced towards him, my hat down over my eyes murmuring the words, 'Benedicta, my son.' In a feeble voice, interrupted from time to time by the groans he could not repress, he confessed what follows: I will not give the confession in his own words, but state the awful facts he communicated to me.

LAVENDER.

(To be continued in our next.)

A F R A G M E N T.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

* * * As Sophia entered the drawing-room, on the 22nd of July, (being her birthday, she had received many presents) she was surprised to see, as she approached the table, a beautiful basket of silver wire with her initials, which were S. C. F., and filled with many magnificent flowers; there were roses of all colours and kinds, sweet briar, geraniums, hearts-ease, laburnum, lilies, evergreen, narcissus, pinks, laurel, carnations, lilac, mignonette, lilies of the valley, myrtle, sweet peas, violets, and in the middle, on a beautiful white rose, she found a small paper, bearing the following inscription:—A trifling remembrance from your beloved sister. Sophia was astonished and delighted; but her admiration increased when suddenly looking into the adjoining room she saw a beautiful German tree illuminated, the gift of her dear parents. She threw herself in the arms of her friends, and tenderly embracing them, thanked them with great sincerity for their continued kindnesses. Her kisses were liberally returned, and whilst she was pressed by turns in the arms of her relations, her mother said—Continue to be kind and amiable, for believe me, my child, to be deservedly loved is the greatest pleasure of this world.

* ACACIA.

* Under twelve years of age.

Thoughts on Matrimony.

What is life without marriage?—a tame sort of thing—
 Just as if, at a party, when call'd on to sing,
 You'd commence with "*A Flat*," and, without rise or fall,
 Go on for an hour in monotonous drawl!—
 Or, as if, when the weather is muggy and cool,
 You should stand a whole day on the edge of a pool,
 Surveying a cork at the end of a line!
 Or catching some fish on which no one [can dine!—
 Or, as if, in a coach, with the springs partly broken,
 Along a bad road, and from side to side rocking,
 While the snow drifting deeply the wheel-tracks doth hide,
 For some sixty long miles you had all night to ride!—
 In such supposed cases, who, in his right mind,
 Could music, or pleasure, or comfort, e'er find?
 Just so is the humdrum disconsolate life
 Of the wight who ne'er courted nor wen a good wife!
 In Paradise, marriage received its blest name,
 And forth from the garden of happiness came,
 To decorate life, and to charm every scene,
 Where nature, and art, and beauty, are seen!
 O woman! what magical influence lies
 In thy form, and thy features, and love-speaking eyes?
 A soft fascination illumines all thy ways,
 And *man's* early victor in *woman* displays!
 In our childhood, and youth, and onward to age,
 Thy voice and thy virtues most sweetly assuage
 The turbulent passions that ruffle man's soul,
 And hush them to peace by thy mystic control!
 How pleas'd is the child, and how free from all fear,
 When he finds that his nursing fond mother is near!
 No troubles then fret or perplex his poor heart!
 The *voice of a mother* makes all troubles depart!
 And in life's primrosed spring, or summer's soft eve,
 When the dreams of our fancy so often deceive!—
 How delightful to wander with her whom we love,
 Where echo so plaintively mimics the dove
 In the ancient beech-wood, or down the green hill,
 Where the moss-cover'd rocks seem to envy the rill
 That winds near the cot where the dear one resides,
 And from the gay world her sweet modesty hides!—
 What tongue can explain the sensation that swells
 The heart of the youth, when his true love he tells
 To her he adores! as they carelessly stray,

Forgetful of time, and oft losing their way!—
 O love! blessed mystery!—who can reveal
 The fairy enchantments thy votaries feel?
 Love leads us to wedlock, and points to the shrine
 Inscribed with the mandate of Wisdom Divine!
 No compact diffuses more sacred delight
 Than when lovers their “troth to each other plight”
 At the altar of Truth; and devotedly pray
 That the blessing of Heaven may sanction the day!
 Pure union of all that enamours the heart!
 What mutual happiness dost thou impart
 To the faithful betroth’d ones! united for life!
 Now known by the expletives “husband and wife”!
 In time’s varied changes, no change can impair
 The happy attachment of that happy pair,
 Whom love of the Soul and the blessing of Heaven
 Have to each other’s hopes fond accomplishment given!

THYME.

Happiness.

There’s happiness—believe not those
 Who say ’tis but a name—
 A vision this world sometimes shows,
 Perchance to soothe our pain.
 True, if sought amidst earthly toys,
 It never can be found;
 So transient are earth’s brightest joys,
 And fleeting as sweet sound.
 Bright dreams oft causing those that wake
 To feel the darkness more,
 Unless a light then shine to make
 Them see a happier shore.
 But if to do the Saviour’s will
 With childlike love, we seek
 A joy He’ll give our hearts to fill,
 Like his love, true and deep.
 This “Lamp of Life,” if once we find,
 True happiness we’ll know:
 It spreads, like sunshine, o’er the mind,
 And brightens all below.
 Tho’ cares arise, as still they may,
 To Jesus, if we come—
 He’ll teach us then, like Him, to say—
 “The world I’ve overcome.”
 LILY OF THE VALLEY.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAIDEN LADY,

OR, MEMOIRS OF THE PAST.

* * * * *

* * * And constancy lives in realms above,
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wrath with one we love
 Doth work like madness on the brain.—COLERIDGE.

My childhood passed as most others do, without any event of note. I was an only child; rich and pretty, all of which I was unfortunately aware of, and had accordingly at an early age conceived a very high opinion of myself. Having read some novels, I had imbibed a few very romantic notions, and when I reached the age of fifteen, I considered it quite necessary that I should fall in love, and in consistence with these principles I began to seek amongst my acquaintance for some lucky individual on whom to lavish my affections. My choice fell on Charles Selby, and I instantly imagined that I was over head and ears in love. I pictured myself the interesting subject of a youthful passion, which, after a long string of adventures, terminated most happily.

But this delightful illusion was soon dispelled, for one wet Sunday, while I was under the porch of the church, during the rain, I heard him tell a friend that—"that confounded bore, Ida Denham, had taken a fancy to him, and was always wanting him to go out walking with her." In the height of my virtuous indignation, I declared I would never be, or rather think, myself in love again: but, alas! I had yet to learn that the heart will not be restrained, and that sooner or later, its uncontrollable emotions must vent themselves in happiness or misery.

At this time we were visited by a severe domestic affliction. The death of my mother, by a paralytic stroke, plunged us all into the most profound grief, and drove all nonsense out of my head. There are few girls who possess a more indulgent father than mine was, but my poor gentle mother was the only being to whom I could open my heart without reserve. The first few months after her death I was inconsolable. I would steal up to what had been her room, and sit for hours gazing on her portrait, while I recalled each word she had spoken, each injunction she had given. It was *the first sorrow* I had ever known, and how bitter it appeared to me at the time, but *how trifling* when compared to what I was to suffer afterwards, brought down on *myself by my own evil passions*. But why should I refer more than is necessary to *that period of misery*? It is past, like everything connected with it, and can never be recalled.

Spring came again, bringing comfort with it. I began to resume my former habits, and to mix a little with the world. At first I did so for my father's sake. I saw that grief would soon bring him to the grave; and to distract him from the melancholy which was fast settling on him, I led him once more through those gay scenes which I soon loved again to mingle with.

Time passed on. It was near the completion of my eighteenth year when we received information that a family of the name of Vivian was coming to reside in the town. The party consisted of a widow lady, her son, and two daughters. Montague Vivian was twenty-three years of age, Gertrude twenty, and Fanny's eighteenth birthday was in the same month as mine. Sweet, artless little Fanny. Who could resist her? Even Gertrude, the proud, and to say the truth, somewhat unamiable, Gertrude, bent in homage before the little fairy, for such indeed she seemed. But before long I became aware that a warmer feeling than friendship for Montague had found place in my heart; and I soon discovered that I did not love unreturned. I treasure up the thoughts of that happy period. The remembrances of it are sacred to me, short lived as it was.

The time for the great annual ball was fast approaching, and in a country town like ours it was an event of no small importance. On the day before the ball, having completed all my arrangements, I was seated at the open window awaiting Montague, which, by the bye, was the most imprudent place I could have chosen, for having hardly recovered from a severe attack of influenza, I had until that very day been in an agony of fear lest my father should deem me too unwell to make my appearance there. Nevertheless, there I sat, like Juliet awaiting my Romeo. I heard his well-known rap at the door, and a moment afterwards he entered the apartment.

"*Ida,*" he commenced, "I have a favour to ask of you. It is a great sacrifice."

"It can hardly be too great for you, Montague," I answered, smiling, "so you may look upon it as already granted."

"I am not quite so sure of that. I am afraid when you have heard it you will not be quite so willing. Can you consent to renounce to-morrow's ball for me?"

I was dismayed. Give up the ball I had been looking forward to for weeks, for months, with such delight? Impossible! It was unreasonable, ridiculous to expect it.

"Montague," I exclaimed, "you are not serious. What reason can you give for such a caprice?"

"It is no caprice, *Ida*, but your own sense must tell you that you are not fit to go."

"Nonsense," I returned, "I am quite well. I never was better in my life."

"Quite well! and at this moment you are coughing so that you can hardly speak. Oh *Ida*."

"Really, Montague, you are very tiresome. I cannot understand why you are so anxious that I should remain at home. I have no intention of so doing."

"Nay, *Ida*, indeed you must not go. I insist upon your remaining at home."

"What right have you to insist," I exclaimed, angrily, for I was piqued by his manner of speaking. "I will go whether you like it or not. I never shall be happy with you, if you are such a tyrant."

"Then we had better part; for I love you too dearly to interfere with your happiness in any way," said he sadly.

"Be it so," I answered coldly.

But Montague had not expected such a reply to what had been his first impulse, on hearing my angry ejaculation.

"Ida, are you, can you, be in earnest?"

"Perfectly so, Mr. Vivian," I replied.

"If such really is your wish, Miss Denham," said he, rather haughtily, "of course I shall not longer intrude upon you. Allow me to wish you good morning."

I shall see you to-morrow at my feet, thought I, as he quitted the room; and I was right. The next morning he came again imploring forgiveness, as tender and loving as ever. But I was too proud of the influence I had over him to relinquish it immediately; and never doubting for a second the extent of my power, I told him at last that I despised him. One minute, and his entire aspect was changed. The look of ardent affection was replaced by one of the greatest indifference, and rising from his seat, he said, with all imaginable *sang froid*—"Indeed! What a pity you did not inform me of that sooner. It would have saved us both much annoyance." I was terrified. I had expected anything but this, for I saw instantly that he was serious, and at that moment I would have given anything to unsay my foolish words. I longed to recal them, but the demon pride was at work within me, and I suffered him to depart. Yet as the door closed upon him a vague feeling of uneasiness, I could in nowise account for, crossed my mind; and I felt a choking sensation in my throat as I turned from the window after seeing him mount his horse and gallop from the spot.

I was awakened next morning from a troubled sleep, by my maid entering the room with a letter in her hand. I recognised Fanny's writing, and hastily tore it open. My forebodings were too true—Montague was no more. Not returning the night before, they had early that morning dispatched a messenger to our house to ask if he was there, and in his way the boy had found Montague lying lifeless on the ground, the horse standing beside the body. There was no mark of violence, and the doctors had declared that death had been caused by the rupture of a blood-vessel. When I had finished the letter, I darted towards the door; but before I could reach it, I fell insensible to the ground. For two days I was kept by force to my bed, but on the third day I seized the moment, when believing me to be asleep, my attendant had quitted the room, to dress myself hastily and leave the house. I rushed wildly through the streets until I reached the Vivians. But once there, I knew not how to act. I feared to meet those whose misery I felt too well had been caused by me, me alone. Summoning up all my courage, I turned the handle of the door, and stood face to face with the only beings on earth I dreaded. But the sight of his aged mother, bowed down by grief at the loss of her only son, was too much. I knew they were ignorant of what had passed between Montague and myself; still my conscience made me fancy they would assail me with upbraiding. But instead of the reproaches I expected, my ear was met by sweet, comforting words; and although half unconscious, I could distinguish Fanny's lovely form, bending like an angel of peace, over the sofa on which I had fallen.

"Come with me, *my daughter*, my darling *Ida*," whispered Mrs. Vivian, taking my cold damp hand in hers. I rose and followed her, my heart told me whither. She led me to the room where Montague lay. How calm, how peaceful, he lay there, free from all earthly cares and ills, never more to experience any of the troubles or sorrows of this world. "He is not dead, but sleepeth," said the sorrowing mother, softly; and as I gazed on his placid countenance, I felt almost inclined to take the illustration literally. I dropped one hot tear on his cheek, and it seemed to me that the dead smiled on the tardy symbol of penitence and love. I severed one of the beautiful chestnut locks that clustered round his brow, and, silently as I entered, I quitted the room.

From that time I was an altered being. It was indeed a bitter, though a salutary lesson. Many, many years have flown since that period; still the remembrance of my first, my only love, thrills my heart with youthful ardour. On my father's death, I removed to Mrs. Vivian's, and endeavoured by every means in my power to fill the place of her daughters (both having long ago married). She, too, now sleeps with the rest, and I remain alone on earth, ready to receive my Maker's summons, whenever He shall think fit to call me to that happy land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

But, gentle reader, forgive me if I have detained you somewhat long with myself. I know that there are other pages which you are anxious to turn to; so I shall conclude. And I shall think myself well repaid for the trifling grief which the narration of past events may have occasioned me, if I know that amongst the many into whose hands this may fall, there are a few who will feel interested while perusing the life of *Ida Denham*.

HELIOTROPE.

Oborum Jaculatores.

Plebe domum nuper redeunte a cursibus amplis,
 Militibus queisdam satius quam ludere plebem
 Nil visum est. Emptis ergo ovis atque farinâ,
 Quadrijugo curru pro castris, vespere sero,
 His telis hominesque petunt, tenerasque puellas:
 Non aliter quam fit cum orator non popularis
 Alloquitur turbam, invisus legiturve senator.
 Marticolæ tandem sed plebs accensa fugabat,
 Cum fortè occurrit mercator, nomine Pœtus,*
 Qui, fidei confidens, sponsor factus eorum,
 Liberat infesto populo, cunctisque periculis.
 At nimis heus! est promissis confisus eorum:
 Martis namque fides est villi vilior ovo.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

* Mr. Peat.

An Old Song to an American Tune.

Medusa drasô tad; Anglicè I'll do you.

Jason was a naughty boy,
Too fond of sugar candy,
He loved to suck the sweets of life,
Whenever they came handy.

So out he figged himself one day,
Like any modern dandy,
And on his pony went his way
As hot as British brandy.

For though he had a wife at home
As meek as Bess or Boney,
And two small "samples" of himself—
He didn't love her only.

For not far off a lady dwelt—
A lady who had mo-ney,
So off he went—the naughty boy—
Upon his little pony.

"Will you be mine"? the traitor cried,

"I love you" to distraction;

"Oh! don't refuse, or else—or else

"I'll do some foolish action!"

"Oh, say not so," the lady sighed,

"It were a sad transaction,

"That such a man should dash himself—

"Heigho!—into a fraction."

Slowly upon his pony's back

Now homeward goes the sinner;

"I feel," said he, "a sinking, but

"'Tis only before dinner."

"I think I've managed pretty well,

"And made a good beginner;

"A woman's such a doating fool,

"A word is sure to win her."

He little dreamt, while chuckling thus,

What rod there was in pickle;

His lady meek had watched, and at

A trifle would not stickle.

She call'd her coach—I mean her drag,

To which was yoked a dragon;

She called the "samples," and, I fear,

Resorted to the dragon.

Then taking from her chattelaine
 A skewer that came handy,
 She hushed the samples with the words—
 "I'll teach him to play dandy."
 Next up she packed a handsome gown—
 In aquafortis soaked it;
 The rich ladye did put it on—
 Poor soul! she should have smoked it.
 Then, turning to her spouse, she spoke—
 "You'll marry, eh? for money!
 "I shall go home to Sol, my Pa—
 "You're done, I think, my honey."

SLOE.

The Soothsayer.

I see the Soothsayer dark and grim
 Before his cabin door,
 Beyond the world, in twilight dim,
 His lofty thoughts did soar.
 The thicket wild and heather blue
 Enclosed the woody glen,
 Where rose the Soothsayer's small abode,
 Hid from the eyes of men.
 The ptarmigan and curlew flew,
 To seek the shady wood;
 The badger and wild cat alone
 Did break his solitude.
 There was a time when Queens to thee
 Have knelt to learn their fate,
 But prophet this no more can be,
 And thou hast lived too late.
 There was a time when Princes did
 Thy power and knowledge own,
 But now that darkened age is past,
 The Soothsayer lives alone.
 When from the Royal realm of France
 The Oracle did fly,
 He thought that leaving fame behind
 He'd nought left but to die.
 But still he lived and watched the stars,
 Though in another clime,
 Until at length he bowed beneath
 The great magician Time.

HYACINTH.

*Answers to Names of Flowers Enigmatically Expressed
in No. 3 of the "Bouquet."*

Great as thy charms, sweet *Mignonette*,
Thy qualities surpass them yet;
In *Blue-bell*, too, well placed with thee,
Do we not see simplicity?
While *Kingcup*, guileless as a child,
Seeks with thee, too, a contest mild—
Woman's love now asks attention,
'Tis pictur'd in the choice *Carnation*;
Yet in its train, what do we see?
But chagrin, pain and cruelty.
Will you believe me these are told
By the bright yellow *Marigold*?
From such an one let's turn away,
And list to what the next may say.
'Tis *Eglantine*, who will declare
The gentler virtues of the fair;
Whose motto doth to us reveal
These soothing words—"I wound to heal."
This *Lavender* will much distrust—
Wage war against it *Milfoil* must;
But *Hawthorn* hopes it may be true,
And I with him will think so too.
Compassion taught by *Elder-flower*,
We'll hope the good when in our power.
But *Ragged Robin*, what says he?
Nimphote for he will witty be:
Jonquil 'tis left to thee to say
Whether the thing be yea or nay.

EVERGREEN.

Libertatis Arbor.

(Slightly altered from Ovid.)

Popule, vive precor, quæ consita margine ripæ,
Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes:—
Cum levitate PARIS poterit spirare relicta,
Ad fontem versis Sequana curret aquis.
Sequana, jam propere retro; aquæque recurrite versæ;
Spirat enim positâ nunc levitate PARIS,
Et caput esse Reipublicæ, mirabile, eundem
Vult, quem olim voluit, Napoleonem et adhuc.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

Polyxena's address to her mother, Hecuba, when informed that she is to be sacrificed at the funeral pile of Achilles.—Translated from Euripides' Greek tragedy, Hecuba.

ὦ δεινὰ παθοῦς, ὦ παντλημῶν

Oh thou that hast borne affliction—

Oh, my mother, evil-starred
Woes, beyond the powers of diction,
Fall on thee without regard.

Mother, I am thine no longer,
And no longer shall I share,
With my youthful spirits stronger,
Slavery with silver hair.

As the heifer of the forest,
From its mother stolen away:
As the wolf without its suckling,
Mother wilt thou be to-day.

I, in subterranean regions,
Bound in misery with the dead,
And with thee the Grecian legions
Far to Argos will be led.

Agamemnon! king and leader,
And Ulysses wise and brave,
Will ye thus reject a pleader?—
Will ye turn and slay a slave!

'Tis for thee, oh, wretched mother,
That in strains like these I mourn
For my wrongs I well could smother,
And my sorrows might be borne.

But for thee, the wife of princes,
Thou to be a slave at last,
While thy silver hair evinces
That thy days are waning fast.

But for me ye need not sorrow,
Nor lament my fate as hard;
Mourn what thine will be to-morrow—
Oh my mother evil-starred!

TULIP TREE.

Chantade.

Mon premier à ton digt se met;
Mon second c'est le secret que tu possèdes:
Mon tout tu ne sauras le faire.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

MY GRANDFATHER'S FIRESIDE STORIES.

No. I.—A SHIPWRECK.

(Founded on Facts.)

He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears amidst the howling storm
The minute gun at sea.

It was a dark and fearful night, in the month of November, early in the present century; the winds howled, the sea roared, and ran mountains high, lashing the rocky shore. A lonely fisherman was bending his steps along the cliff, not far from Fast Castle, the scene of the far-famed "Wolf's Crag" of the Bride of Lammermoor, hastening home, to appease the anxiety of his wife, who not knowing whether he was at sea, or not, was anxiously waiting his return at their cottage door. When yet some distance from the village he saw a flash, and immediately afterwards heard the report of a gun, in the direction of one of the most dangerous reefs of rocks in the neighbourhood. The fisherman, suspecting from whence it came, as the gun was at intervals repeated, quickened his pace and entered the village shouting "a ship ashore." At this alarm the inhabitants quickly left their cottages, and guided by the fisherman, went towards the point from whence he had seen the flashes, which had now ceased.

On their arrival they found a man upon the rocky beach, quite exhausted; he had managed to swim from the wreck, notwithstanding the heavy surf, but could proceed no farther. After some little time he recovered himself so far as to tell them that the vessel was the brig *Good Intent*, bound from Kirkcaldy to Newcastle; and begged of them to launch a boat, to endeavour to save the crew, and particularly his brother and sister, whom he had left clinging to the rigging; the one, a boy about fourteen, and the other, a girl about sixteen, who had been entrusted to his care. The fishermen knowing the danger, indeed, the utter impossibility, of reaching the wreck in such a night, did all they could to pacify him; and to cheer the poor fellows on board, they made a large fire of wood and straw, and placed the life-boat, which had been brought to the beach, between it and the direction the ship lay, to shew the crew that help was at hand. They soon had the satisfaction to know that their signal was understood by hearing a faint cheer from the direction of the vessel.

As soon as day dawned the fishermen launched their boat, accompanied by the seaman belonging to the vessel, who had recovered his exhausted strength. The tide having gone out a good deal the sea was not so rough, nor the distance so great between the shore and the brig. After some difficulty they got near enough to the wreck to get hold of a rope, but they could not get alongside, as they found her jammed between two rocks, with her stern towards the sea, and her bow towards the land, and the waves washing over her at intervals with great violence; they managed, however, to drop the boat under the bowsprit, from whence one of the men on board dropped another rope into the boat. The seaman who had swam ashore, and who was the mate of the brig, immediately got hold of it and pulled himself on board to

assist his brother and sister; but, alas! they were no where to be found; he searched in vain, during that fearful night one dread wave burst thundering on the deck, and sent them shrieking to the depths below. The agony of their disconsolate brother is easier imagined than described, wringing his hands and frantically saying he was their murderer, he rushed to the side of the brig wildly calling them by name, a last he plunged into the sea, exclaiming that as he could not save them, he would not survive them, he sank to rise no more. The crew with much difficulty succeeded in lowering into the boat the wife of the captain, who was quite insensible, they also assisted each other, and five men got in in safety, but the captain, who was the last to leave the wreck, having no one to assist in lowering him in, attempted to slid down the rope, but being much exhausted, he was not able to hold on, and the rope slipping through his fingers at the moment when a wave had caused the boat to swerve from under him he fell into the deep, another sea having at that moment struck the boat caused the rope by which it was hanging to the wreck to break and drove her from it towards the land, the tide which was running strong to the eastward, carried the poor man away from the boat and the shore, for about ten minutes he was seen battling with the waves, at last he disappeared in the presence of all who could render him no assistance.

A cry of anguish rose from all who saw the captain's fate; one only, saved but an instant previously from a watery grave, viewed him with cool composure launched into eternity. It was his wife; a malicious smile of satisfaction played upon the exhausted woman's face, as he sank beneath the waves. Cold, shuddering horror filled each of the crew, to see the widow of their gallant much-beloved captain, look with flint-hearted coolness on his untimely end, they felt inclined to cast her forth within the ocean's grasp, but feared to let a being so void of every feeling meet, without an instant's warning, her Maker face to face.

The boat got in safety to the beach, and landed the remainder of the crew, in all five men and a woman, six had met with a watery grave: the captain, mate, two men, washed overboard, with the boy and girl, during the night. They said there was also another passenger, an old man, whom they left apparently dead by the windlass. The fishermen were asked to go again and bring him on shore, dead or alive, but notwithstanding the prayers and entreaties of the people they would not risk their lives for a lifeless corpse, but a noble little boy, about twelve years of age, came forward and urged them to go, saying, that he would give them twenty pounds if they would bring him on shore, "at least," he added, "I cannot give it to you myself, but I know my father will." This had the desired effect; such sentiments from one so young were not to be withstood; again they launched the boat, and succeeded in bringing on shore the apparently lifeless body of a respectable-looking old man.

The noble boy was Basil Hall, the son of Sir James Hall, Bart., of Douglas, afterwards a captain in the navy, and well known in the literary world as the author of several nautical works.

Whilst the boat was away on its second trip, one of the survivors was called upon to tell them how the brig was wrecked. He stated that they sailed from

Kirkaldy some days before, the crew of the brig consisting of the captain, mate, and seven men, with four passengers; the old man, who appeared to be a clergyman, as he was always reading the bible, but no one knew anything of him. "The captain's wife and the mate's brother and sister last night," he continued, "just after the first watch, had gone below, we were under close reefed topsails, rounding St. Abb's Head, as we thought, the wind being about N.N.E., the man on the look-out thought he heard the sound of breakers, and called out to that effect, but the words were hardly out of his mouth before the brig struck violently on the rocks, and we soon found she was filling fast with water, and hard and fast upon the rocks, as the sea broke right over us. We fired guns at intervals, as long as the powder was dry, and the mate, a bold and hardy young man, volunteered to swim ashore, leaving his brother and sister clinging to the rigging. What befell him on reaching the shore, and his melancholy fate, is known to you all. When your beacon first attracted our attention the boy and girl, in turning round to look at the fire, loosened their hold, and a wave sweeping over the vessel at that instant they were washed overboard and seen no more. The survivors with difficulty clung to the wreck, with the exception of two men who were also washed overboard. The captain's miserable death you have just witnessed, and you will not be surprised at his wife's want of feeling on witnessing his end, when you hear that from morning till night she did naught but abuse, fight, and snarl at her husband, and was continually in a state of drunkenness."

But now let us see how the noble boy was rewarded for his anxiety for the old man. The moment he was landed he was wrapt in blankets and put into a cart amongst straw, and taken to the village, where a medical man was in attendance, and was, upon applying proper remedies, soon restored to consciousness. The first question he asked was whether his pocket-book was safe, as it contained a considerable sum of money. Search was made for it everywhere, amongst the articles which were brought on shore, and afterwards in the wreck, for the vessel did not go to pieces, but it could not be found. The old man was inconsolable, as he said it contained his all. To replace it a subscription was raised for him, and a considerable amount collected. When he received it he immediately took his departure from Dunglas, where he had been staying. He had not been gone many days, when his liberal friends, who had not only saved his life but had filled his purse, heard that on reaching Newcastle he had been taken up as a swindler and impostor, who was making his escape from justice in this ill-fated vessel, and that the pocket-book was found upon him containing nothing but waste paper.

How awful to consider, a man making a hair-breadth escape from being dashed unprepared into the presence of his God, instead of thinking with fear and trembling on the day of judgment, his first words on returning to consciousness pertain to earth, and worse than earth, to the employment given to men by a powerful fiend.

On meeting Captain Basil Hall many years afterwards, and reminding him of the foregoing scene, he said, "Yes, I recollect it well; but you will be more surprised when I tell you that it was from seeing that shipwreck that I determined to be a sailor."

RAGGED ROBIN.

THE STORY OF PAUL,

THE FIRST RELIGIOUS RECLUSE.

Now first translated from the ancient Greek Treatise of Ausentius, a venerable martyr, who perished during the persecution of Dioclesian.

IN the province of the lower Thebais, in Egypt, lived one Serapion, and his wife Mercuria.

2 Now Serapion was a great possessor of land in those parts, and had jurisdiction over the tenth of the province.

3 And his daughter Ammonarion was married unto one Augendus, a rich man, and Paul, his only son, was not yet fifteen years of age.

4 And in those days, Origen, the holy bishop of Alexandria, had travelled up the Nile to Thebes, and the fame of his doctrine had spread over the country round about.

5 And Mercuria rose up and said unto Serapion, I also will hear this mighty teacher, and will inform myself in what the prejudices of these Christians do consist.

6 But Serapion said, they are a wicked people, who refuse to worship Jupiter and his most divine daughter Osiris; and if thou hearest them, by sorcery they will convert thee.

7 Then Mercuria answered and said unto him, if I seek truth, and strive to do that which my inner soul doth teach me is the right, there is no power on earth which shall prevail against me.

8 Then Mercuria rose up, and taking her son Paul, she journeyed to Thebes, to hear the famous christian Origen.

9 But when Serapion heard that she was gone, he was exceeding wrath, and vowed that if she should return a christian, he would not let her come into his house.

10 And it came to pass, that when Mercuria heard the words preached by Origen, that she believed, and was baptized, and her son with her.

11 And Paul having been educated after the learning of the Greeks studied the Holy Scriptures without ceasing, and became steadfast in the faith.

12 And Paul and Mercuria abode many months at Thebes, perfecting themselves in the faith unto which they had been baptised.

13 ¶ Then Mercuria rose up, and with her son Paul journeyed through the Upper Thebais, to where Serapion her husband dwelt.

14 And Serapion coming forward to meet her, enquired of her, Art thou a christian? And Mercuria answered and said, Yea, my husband, and my son with me.

15 Then Serapion was wroth, and he spurned Mercuria and her son from the threshold, and they wandered about in Thebais, supported by the other christians.

16 And after many months, Mercuria died, and was buried, and Paul returned to where his father dwelt in Thebais.

17 And Serapion was ill of a fever, and nigh unto death, and Paul came to him, and he knew him not.

18 And Paul attended on him night and day, for the fever was sore upon him, and he lay asleep for many days.

19 And after five days he woke, and seeing Paul, demanded Mercuria, for his memory had left him.

20 Then Paul informed him that Mercuria was dead, and he cried aloud (for he remembered):

21 Mercuria, I acted ill to thee. I go to-day where thou wilt be—would that I knew thy God. And Paul looked down upon his face, and he was fallen asleep.

22 And Ammonarion and Paul mourned for Serapion, and buried him, and Paul removed to the house of Ammonarion, and dwelt there.

23 But all the land Serapion had left was his by law. And Paul dwelt eight years in the house of Augendus, his brother-in-law.

CHAPTER II.

IN those days was the Emperor Decius wrath against the Christians, and he sent forth his edicts into Africa commanding the governors and pro-consuls to root out the name of Christianity from the land.

2 And many suffered martyrdom for the name of Christ, and some were thrown to the wild beasts, and many were stoned to death; nevertheless, few fell from the truth.

3 Then Augendus rose up, and, for the sake of Paul's estate, declared unto the pro-consul that Paul was a Christian.

4 Then the pro-consul sent soldiers who sought round about the country to seize him, that they might slay him because he was a Christian.

5. But his servants brought knowledge of this to Paul, who hid himself two days, while that which he ordered was prepared for him.

6 For he said unto his servants, make ready a camel, laden with food for seventy days, and an axe, and many changes of raiment.

7 And his servants made ready. And

Paul went into the house of Augendus, and falling on his sister's neck wept, and said unto her:

8 Ammonarion, thou didst not seek to do this evil unto me to deliver me to the judges because I am a Christian, and I blame thee not;

9 Therefore, when I am gone away, sorrow not, but rather rejoice that I am taken from many temptations. Submit thyself to those in authority, and strive ever to do that which thou thinkest right.

10 The sun will rise up in heaven for both of us to-morrow, but I shall be away where thou wilt never see me.

11 For I am going from thee because of the deceitfulness of men; but rest thou here, and do the will of God, and thou shalt live for ever.

12 And Paul saw Augendus coming into the house, and he questioned him, saying: My brother, if thou hadst demanded of me my land, I would have given it thee, even unto the uttermost fields of the province; or, if thou hadst declared to me, I love thee not, I would have wept and left thee:

13 Seek now to act rightly to Ammonarion, and that which thou hast done to me I will forgive thee, that thou mayst not have a load upon thy soul, when thou art following the shadows to the night that never ends.

14 And Paul departed from his brother's house, and journeyed away alone towards the far mountains of the East.

15 And Ammonarion wept, but Augendus possessed the land and wealth of Paul.

CHAPTER III.

AND it came to pass that after Paul had wandered forty days, he came unto the far-off mountains that he sought

2 And there lived neither man nor beast in those mountains, but the fowls of the air sojourned in the forest of pines.

3 And Paul hewed for himself a cave in the side of the mountain, and dwelt there, eating roots and vegetables, and drinking of the deep spring in the valley.

4 And he took the muzzel and goad from the mouth of the camel, and it ranged free on the breast of the mountain.

5 And Paul had brought with him the Gospels of the Holy Apostles, and he studied them day and night, and strove to follow the laws that are written therein.

6 But oft-times he felt wrathful toward Augendus, and sorrowed that he could not live in Thebias among his people.

7 Then he remembered what Mercuria had said unto Serapion, for he had graven it above the archway of his cave, and on the headstone of the fountain in the valley.

8 And these are the words:

9 If I seek truth, and strive to do that which my inner soul doth teach me is the right, the powers of earth shall not prevail against me.

10 And it came to pass at the end of fourscore and ten years, that the eyes of Paul waxed dim, and his feet were weary, and he felt that he was going to fall asleep.

11 And he cried with a loud voice unto the mountains, saying:

12 Oh hills, behold how long I have dwelt among you here, seeing the trees, and all the grass and flowers, that God has given even unto you.

13 For fourscore years and ten have I beheld you, oh mountains, rising above the mist of the morning, pointing to heaven:

14 And ye clouds that in passing for ever across the horizon have given an expression to the countenance of nature:

15 I am going beyond you, oh hills, and above you, oh clouds, to where no setting sun will cast shadows that darken the footsteps of morning:

16 Augendus, Augendus, in all the duration of four score and ten years I have prayed for thee morning and evening and nightly, following the habit of Daniel.

17 Would, O Lord, that my sins were forgiven as perfectly as I do forgive thee Augendus.

18 All the days of my life have I studied the laws and the precepts that thou gavest to a sinful and perverse generation.

19 But forgive me, O Lord, if I have sinfully murmured against thy most wise dispensations.

20 And this is the truth I have learnt in the years of my sojourn among you oh hills.

21 This world is most fair and most joyful, and I have lived longer than most men.

22 But men in this world, 'till they die, should be ever repeating,

23 I am living to learn!

CHAPTER IV.

AND Paul died when he was fourscore and thirteen years of age.

2 And his history was found graven in the cave on the side of the mountain.

3 And the memory of Paul faded away from the mountains like the sunset,

4 Nevertheless, many followed his manner of living who had performed better their duty among men: thus perverting the law of his life,

I am living to learn!

Moss

The Lancastrian's Return.*"Beside the winding Lune."*

'Twas here in infancy I play'd—

Here childhood's April flew away;

Youth's idle toils I here essay'd,

Chas'd o'er yon fell the eager day,

And wander'd homeward by the moon,

Lilting breaks of some border tune—

Beside the winding Lune.

Then fix'd with tales of bygone years,

Acted in fight some old bard's dream,

Or lent to catch, with throbbing ears,

The witohe's chant glide down the stream,

And fled with fear, but shame bold soon

Turn'd back to view the mountain's brune—

And winding light of Lune.

Here, oft I mus'd on fame and power,

As the parting sun's angry light;

In splendour mail'd* Gaunt's war-tried tower,

And rous'd with flame the beacon's height;

But care and grief that pride decay'd,

Even hope hath spurn'd me since I stray'd—

Beside the winding Lune.

Here, lov'd, lost, long-mourned Aveline,

In shade unseen, I stroll'd with thee;

Watch'd thy still gaze, thy changing mien,

When summer storms swoop'd on the lea,

And bless'd the smile thy glad eyes gave,

As the last drops chim'd on the wave

Of swiftly-winding Lune.

Ah me! what step flew softly by,

What voice with hope enchants mine ear,

My Aveline, thou, thou art nigh,

To guide, to guard, and bless me here.

Or can the breeze, the murmuring stream,

Cheat mine age with so dear a dream

Beside the winding Lune.

With fluttering wing and sinking crest,

The wounded heath-bird whirls her flight,

To stoop and die upon her nest—

Thus, here I return; may death's night

Here seal mine eyes; 'neath yon lov'd shade

My bones to their last rest be laid

Beside the winding Lune.

RUR.

* Gaunt's Tower is the Castle of Lancaster, originally written Lancaster.

LA MUSIQUE.

Ainsi la myrte est notre muse tragique !

Sévère et à part elle se tient méprisant le sacrifice du sens à celui du son.

Le front sévère et montrant du doigt les vers du p.ète "Remarquez dit elle les malheureux effets du pouvoir de la musique."

D'abord "La peur est frappée de chagrins étranges jamais avant sentis,"

Puis "La colère aux yeux de feu sent des remords redoublés."

Puis "Vient le désespoir poussé à la folie quelquefois triste et ensuite féroce."

Et puis "La vengeance non touchée par la requête de la pitié poursuivant toujours son chemin inflexible.

Encore plus triste la pâle mélancholie son chant en murmurs sourds s'évente.

Ceci dit la muse est l'effet de la musique "Les passions violentes deviennent encore plus féroces, les faibles encore plus imbéciles.

Le beau temple de la raison est détruit, son empire perdu et à sa place règne le chaos. Attendez un peu douce myrte avec la forme si belle, l'esprit si pure, l'entendement si juste, ne vous hâtez pas de rejeter l'aide que ces dons enchérissent.

Minerve est divine pour la myrte, Apollon est aussi divin et dans l'Olympe avec Pallas s'assied en douces entretiens. La musique origine d'Apollon et aussi la poésie sa soeur jumelle. Homère chante, et Virgil chante, Milton chante, et la myrte chante, sur "Le temps."

Que les sons sans bon sens passent comme l'air mais que la muse de la myrte chérisse toujours la chaste simplicité de l'ancienne Grèce.

HONEYFLOWER.

The Exile's Departure.

Oh land of my fathers, alas ! must I quit thee ?

Degraded and fettered, in exile for years ;

The mists are all gone that so fatally bound me,

The gulph of my anguish now only appears.

Must I leave the dear land of my kindred and race,

In the warmth of my heart, oh what madness is there ?

Must I crush ev'ry hope, ev'ry feeling erase

That buoys up my soul from the depth of despair ?

Yes ! we must part, broken-hearted I leave thee,

To drag out existence in bondage and toil,

And bury those griefs which now sadly oppress me,

'Neath the clime of the stranger, the alien's soil.

The ocean is calm, for the hurricane's blast

Has left the wild waters and foam-riden sand ;

From the ether of heav'n, to my soul it has past,

Thus blighting all hope with a merciless hand.

Fatherland ! fatherland ! oh could I but weep ;

No tear yields relief, for the fountain is dry,

The torrent of passion has stricken too deep,

The depths of my soul in its fierce agony.

The twilight decaying now circles thy shore,

Alas ! when the dawn shall awaken in light,

The land of the exile will gladden no more,

An ocean of waters alone be in sight.

HONEYSUCKLE.

THE IRON SAFE.

(Continued from page 80.)

CHAPTER II.

To arms! to horse! the dog, the foe,
Is at our gates—blow, trumpets blow.

The knocking at the gate, mentioned at the conclusion of the last chapter, having ceased, a servant entered the room to ask whether the drawbridge should be let down. Lord Oxford enquired if he said he came in the king's name.

"He did, my lord," replied the servant.

"Then admit him instantly."

The servant went out, and soon returned, bringing in a despatch sealed with the king's seal. The earl took it, and read it, and exclaimed—"To horse, to horse! noble Beaufort, the traitorous duke of York is in arms against the king, and declares he is himself the rightful heir to the throne. Oswald, ho!"

The steward entered—"Oswald," said the earl, "gather my tenants together, and go to the armoury and arm them all, furnish them with horses, to be ready to start at a minute's notice."

"I will, my lord," said Oswald, and hurried away. Soon all was in confusion, the castle guns were fired, the yeomanry of St. Alban's were ordered out. In half an hour a gallant band of the earl's tenants, armed and mounted, rode into the court.

But now the painful moment arrived when Nelly had to bid her brave father adieu. Just before starting, he rushed into the room completely armed, and embracing her tenderly, said—"My sweet Nelly, it is with pain I leave you, even to fight against the traitor York; but console yourself with the reflection that I shall soon return with the wreath of victory—adieu, my darling child." Nelly's eyes were swimming with tears, but she found voice to utter the words "Good bye, dear, dear father." At this instant they heard Beaufort's voice calling loudly for the earl, and soon afterwards he rushed into the room, exclaiming—"Come, come, my lord of Oxford, not ready yet?" Then checking himself he said—"Oh, I see," at the same time approaching Nelly with an air of gallantry, continued—"Permit me, beautiful Nelly, if I may call you so, to kiss the fair hand I see extended towards me, and to say a mournful adieu for a time to the captivator of my heart." So saying he pressed her hand to his lips, and turning to the earl, said—"My lord, I hear the army, of York and the traitor Warwick, who has joined him with Salisbury, Montague Norfolk, and the two sons of York, Edward and the crooked Richard, with their army, are marching southward to St. Alban's, and the king's troops are marching with queen Margaret and my father Somerset, Northumberland, Clifford, Westmoreland, Exeter, and young prince Edward at their head. What say you, my lord, shall we march to meet the enemy without waiting for the queen and my father—or shall we march to meet our friends, and then attack them with our whole force?"

"*We will join the queen first,*" said the earl, "it would be madness to fight with *only two thousand men*, when the enemy has twenty thousand."

"*But my dear lord,*" said Beaufort, "what is to become of lady Eleanor if the castle is besieged?"

The earl looked rather grim at this possibility, but Eleanor broke in upon them by saying—"and if it is, why should I not fight in defence of the castle, I should like extremely to hear the noise and din of a battle, and should feel proud to fight against the rebels."

Her father laughed and said—"one good thing is, that this castle is strong, and we shall be up with them before they have tried it on here long."

"Well, then, to horse and away," said Beaufort, and he left the room, followed by the earl.

They mounted their horses, and the earl giving the word of "double quick march," the whole of the small army marched away.

Nelly sighed, and as she did so, she turned from the window and suddenly exclaimed—"Gracious heavens! Morland," and as if exhausted with saying these words she sank into a chair; she did not faint, she was too hardily brought up for that, but the idea of seeing her lover at a time when least she expected him, had for a moment completely overpowered her.

Morland had got into the castle thus: when the news first came of the revolt, messengers were instantly sent to all the lords of the Lancastrian faction, to summon them to take up arms on behalf of their sovereign, and Morland in his eagerness to see Eleanor, got himself to be the messenger to Craigshall castle, and had on purpose delayed starting with the earl, whom he thought he could easily overtake by half an hour's hard riding.

But now Eleanor started up, exclaiming—"My dearest Morland, how did you come here?"

"I am the messenger from the king, my sweet Nelly, and I have remained behind your father that I might see you; does your father still object to our union?"

"I have not yet dared to tell him of our engagement," replied Nelly; "why it was but yesterday that he was very angry with me for not giving more encouragement to *that* Beaufort he is so fond of, and who he declares I shall marry, though he knows I hate the man."

"Was it he who was here with your father?" said Morland.

"It was," replied Nelly.

"But, my lovely Nelly," said Morland, after about five minutes' more earnest conversation—"I fear we must now part, as it would indeed be mean of me if I were to avoid the coming fight, so I must now say farewell to my dearest Nelly—your ring is here," added he, and then left the room. "Just where yours is," thought Nelly, and then overjoyed at having seen her lover, she followed him to see him off.

The remainder of that day seemed long and weary to Nelly—she was eagerly expecting the battle, which was likely to take place so near to the castle. She was anxious as to what might be the fate of her father and Morland. She heard that the Yorkists were more numerous than the king's party, which served to increase her anxiety not a little—but the day passed, and the sun set without her anxiety being relieved.

(To be continued.)

CACTUS.

The Invalids.

(A Dialogue.)

Upon a friend I call'd one day in very rainy weather,
 A lady and a gentleman were sitting there together.
 They had a chat 'bout this and that, and talk'd of news the latest,
 And tried to prove to each which was of invalids the greatest.

Gent.—Dear ma'am it's true,
 I'm worse than you.

Lady.—Tho' I my feelings smother,
 I feel so weak
 I scarce could speak
 This morning to my mother;
 I fell down stairs exhausted quite.

Gent.—Well, I'd a dreadful fall, ma'am.

Lady.—I hardly slept a wink last night.

Gent.—*I didn't sleep at all, ma'am!*

Lady.—I've hurt my eye.

Gent.—Well, so have I.

Lady.—I've shocking indigestion,
 I can't touch meat.

Gent.—*I never eat!*
 Just answer me this question:
 Pray what did Brodie say to you?

Lady.—He said I *might* recover.
 Did he not give *you* something?

Gent.—Pooh! He only *gave me over!*

Lady.—I never shall be well again,
 And thus away my life glides;
 All down one side I've *such* a pain.

Gent.—Well, I've a pain *down both sides*.

Lady.—I've got the gout in one leg too,
 My fingers feel like clothes pegs.

Gent.—Dear ma'am, it's true,
 I'm worse than you,
 For I've the gout in *both legs*.

Lady.—Such indigestion when I dine,
 I can't touch ale or porter,
 I only drink a little wine.

Gent.—Well, I drink only *water*,

Lady.—I'm going into a decline,
 A doctor now no use is;
 I've such a cough.
 (*Coughing violently.*)

Gent.—Well, just hear mine.
 It's ten times worse than your's is!
 Upon a friend I call'd one day, in very rainy weather,
 And there I found these invalids comparing notes together.

IVY.

Thou art Another's now.
 And do I gaze on eyes that once
 On me beamed fondly true?
 They are not chang'd at all since then
 In brightness, fire, or hue.
 But *now* I read in them, too well,
 A tale that tells me how
 I may regard them—not with love—
 They are another's now!

And do I see again that form
 That so enslaved my heart;
 That held my ev'ry sense enthral'd,
 As though we ne'er should part;
 I see it—aye, it is the same,
 To which I used to bow;
 When love devoted hoped it mine—
 It is another's now!

And do I hear again that voice,
 By which my pulse is thrill'd;
 Which calls me back to scenes long past—
 By mem'ry's treasures fill'd!
 Alas! 'tis madness to repine,
 Most idle to avow,
 A passion that can never die—
 Thou art another's now!

But as I see thee once again,
 Oh! let my off'ring be
 Of hopes the warmest and the best,
 For happiness to thee!
 May ev'ry blessing now be thine,
 And peace adorn thy brow;
 Mayst thou be loved with love like mine—
 Thou art another's now!

PEA.

FLORENCE SHIRLY.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from page 88.)

All seemed over now, and he now gave himself up for lost, but at that moment a man rushed into the room, exclaiming in piteous accents, "Oh the youths! the youths! they were entrusted to my care, and they have been abstracted from the sleeping apartment! If you have pity in your hearts give me back the boys!" Need we say that the new comer was Mr. Warren, and a happy idea striking Charles he tossed his cloak with a few hasty words to his guide, and leapt from the window. The confusion now became general, but aided by the still half-stupified state of his comrades, the man had time to envelope the tutor's tall form in the cloak, and bid him fly in a contrary direction to that in which he knew Charles had gone, whispering to him at the same time that the children were safe. Mr. Warren did not neglect the opportunity of escape, and was out of sight before the real prisoner was missed.

In the meantime Charles, who had found his father's messenger beneath the window, was following him through fields and woods until he began to be fatigued with the rapidity of their pace, but still his guide strode on, nor paused till in a dark tangled glade of a wood, some half way between Hacton and Encombe Hall, he tapped softly at the door of a wretched hut. Charles entered with him, and there learnt the service which he was called upon to perform for his king, and in a few moments more he was kneeling before the Prince, whom to see and to serve had ever been one of the brightest of his day dreams, and in a very short time the necessary preparations were made, and the royal fugitive set out once more on his lonely way, while Charles remained in his place to deceive, if possible, his sharp-sighted pursuers.

The grey dawn was just breaking over the little town of Hacton, when Florence rose from her uneasy slumbers, and after a hasty toilet, hurried down stairs. The cause of her haste was a note from her brother telling her that the bearer, a loyal gentleman and true to the prince, prayed her aid, which he well deserved, to guide him to Elton Fells, where a strong party of Cavaliers expected him.

Fearlessly, nay, even merrily, did the young girl perform her task, little knowing how important a one it really was; indeed, as she afterwards declared, she enjoyed it very much, it had something of an adventure about it which charmed her, but more adventures were to follow which even Florence's romantic imagination could not invest with charms. The end of her expedition accomplished, she wandered slowly back examining a costly ring, the gift of the prince at parting, which on her hesitating to accept he had promised to receive again when he should in some way have paid the deep debt he owed her; and shadowing forth a happy future for herself and all she loved. But her reveries were rudely put an end to when she arrived at the inn. The street before the house was filled with soldiers and the tumult throughout the whole town was dreadful. Her first emotion was one of unmingled terror, which was certainly not lessened when she found the excitement redouble on her approach.

"Here she is! here she is! she was seen with him at dawn!" resounded on all sides, and our poor little heroine found herself suddenly a person of great importance. The inn-keeper was, of course, only too glad to throw all the blame upon her, and took great pains to prove to the people that had he had the least idea who his morning's guest was he would have delivered him up without hesitation. Bewildered by the confusion around her; utterly unconscious of her offence, or, at least, of its extent, for she could not believe "the loyal gentleman," recommended to her by her brother, was the sole cause of the disturbance, and in no little danger of being insulted by the lawless soldiery, she did, perhaps what it was best to do, she sought out him who appeared to be the leader of the band, and claimed his protection. Sir Henry Maitland was a very gentlemanlike old man, and would on no account see a young lady alarmed, whatever were her politics; it was, therefore, with the utmost politeness that he requested her to return with him to Rothburn Manor, and account for the escape of the prince. This was the first time Florence was aware of what she had done, and delighted at having been of use to the prince, and the hopes of seeing her father, made her almost anxious to set off. A carriage was soon provided, and in a few more minutes she found herself seated in it alone, and escorted by a band of soldiers, riding slowly out of the town. Despite the novelty of her position and her own courage and love of adventure, she began to be really alarmed, and a few natural tears forced their way down her cheeks. Everywhere along the road she passed bands of soldiers, and from all she heard of the state of the country she dreaded some decided engagement would shortly take place. She thought anxiously of her brother, of her father, of the prince, and, though last not least, of herself, and how her own adventures would terminate, and her thoughts became each moment more and more dreamy, until at last she fell asleep.

She was aroused by the momentary stopping of the carriage, and a voice asking at the window: "May I come in? I am sorry to disturb you, but if you would allow me—?" and as he spoke a very handsome youth set his foot upon the step and hesitated, as if waiting her permission to enter.

He was so unlike a puritan with his hair curling over his shoulders, his open brow and courteous manner, that Florence's first idea was that he was a fellow-prisoner, but one glance at his uniform dispelled it, and she answered, as she made room for him: "It is useless for me to bid you enter, who am your prisoner."

"Oh, believe me," he said, as he took his place beside her, "if it were for me to decide you should not be much longer a prisoner; and I would not intrude upon you now unless I was obliged to, but my uncle's will is law in the regiment, and I was forced to obey it. You will pardon me I hope?"

"Oh yes; but what did he send you for? Did he think I should try to escape. I should hardly imagine that was possible."

"You mistake indeed, the only reason I am obliged to ride is an ugly wound I got this morning, which makes me feel at times as faint as a girl," and he pointed to his arm which hung powerless by his side.

"Oh, I'm very sorry," she said kindly, "if that is the reason of your coming, I think I can abide you. But how did you get your wound, has there been any fighting?"

"I am proud of it, for it was given me by a brave man," he then went on to tell her in glowing terms of the conduct of a young royalist who defended the hut where the king had sought shelter, until he fell covered with wounds. "This delay not only lead us," he continued, "to believe the prince was really there, but gave him time to reach Hacton in safety, which he could hardly have done without it. My wound I received from this brave fellow."

"So you can honour courage even in a foe. You're not a bit like a puritan, either in words or looks."

"I am of neither party, strictly speaking," he answered; "all my friends are on the side of the Protector, and I follow my uncle's fortunes, and fight the enemies whom fate brings me in contact with, without troubling my head about any political question whatever."

"And can you, dare you think thus on such a subject!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing and the colour mounting in her cheeks. "How can you be indifferent! Your king wanders a fugitive over his own country, and you do not give yourself the trouble to decide whether it is right or wrong to pursue him as though he were a thief. I thought at least your Puritans imagined it was your *duty* to be traitors: but you are mean, dishonourable cowards after all!"

She paused, and he was too much struck by her beauty to feel hurt by her reproaches.

"If Prince Charles had many like you to plead for him his cause would prosper," he said. "I doubt not, but that bright eyes would then prove sharper and more deadly weapons than our poor swords. But here we are, and I must leave you, but do not be afraid, you will only have to answer Cromwell a few questions—they are sure to treat you well."

He handed her from the carriage, and she found herself on the steps of that mansion she had so often visited as a guest but was now entering as a prisoner. But her courage did not forsake her; and even before that stern proud man, of whom she had heard so much, her spirit did not quail. She knew the prince was beyond the reach of his pursuers, and answered all questions put to her boldly and explicitly. Her examination being over, she beckoned her new found friend, and entreated him to conduct her to her father. He soon obtained permission, and she followed him with trembling steps. One after the other he tried the keys which had been given him, and when at last he succeeded in opening the door she bounded in, but hardly had he turned away when, with a faint scream, she fell senseless to the ground. A dim light came into the room from a tall, old-fashioned window, and fell upon the figure of Mr. Shirly stretched upon the floor, the blood pouring from a wound in his temple, and his features fixed in death.

When first Florence opened her eyes on awakening from that death-like swoon, she was conscious only of confused sounds which seemed to proceed from without, and every moment increased. She raised herself and looked round. She was in a room she had never seen before; the shutters were closed, but a faint gleam of light struggled in through the cracks, and discovered the form of a girl crouched in a corner close to the door, and hiding her face in her hands. Meanwhile the tumult without was so violent as to leave her no longer in doubt as to its nature, and totter

ing to the window she pushed open the shutters. It was as she had suspected. The house was surrounded by soldiers, and amongst those who appeared most anxious to effect an entrance she recognized many of her father's tenantry. Eager to see more she was endeavouring to move the rusty bars which secured the window, when the poor girl who had been left to attend to her came to her side in an agony of error, imploring her to desist and withdraw from the dangerous vicinity. Florence yielded so far as to leave the window unopened, but persisted in taking her station outside it to watch the fray while she questioned the servant as to its cause.

"Dear me Miss! it's little enough as I knows of the cause. All was quiet, but two hours gone, when young Mr. Maitland came, and called me to see after you in our faint. Mercy on us, what a shout! I declare I'm all of a shiver!"

"Two hours" said Florence, "surely I've not been insensible so long as that?"

"La, yes Miss; Mr. Maitland told us how you fell down like a shot when you seed the poor old gentleman down there, and then he called me, and wasn't he in a ray about you! He looked a'most as bad as yourself; and a fine looking young nan he is to be sure!"

The poor girl burst into tears at the memory of her loss, and her loquacious companion went on.

"Don't take on so, Miss; now, pray, don't. And sure it wasn't only for the poor gentleman as he seemed to feel so much: he was thinking more about you, I'll be bound, when he was holding your poor cold hand, and bending over you so kindly like. Why, if he'd been your own brother he couldn't have behaved more lovin'."

"Will it frighten you to have the window open now?" said Florence abruptly but the girl's reply was drowned in a tremendous shout and the sound of a heavy crash: she burst open the casement and leaned out as far as she could, regardless now of the screams of her terrified companion. She saw they had burst open the door, and were pouring into the house. The wounded, the dying, and the dead lay in confused heaps upon the ground, a sight which made her turn pale with horror; but as she looked some large body was hurled with violence from a window below her, another, then another followed with fearful rapidity, and Florence beheld no more; she turned away half fainting. They were the bodies of the Puritans dashed down by the enraged tenantry who were fearfully revenging their master's death! The court yard of the principal inn in Oxford was crowded with cavaliers; it was only a few days before the restoration, and they were talking over the return of the king, and congratulating each other on the bright prospect dawning at length for their unhappy country. Amongst a knot of gentlemen conversing on the all-important topic was Charles Shirly, but he appeared far less interested than his companions, for his eyes were fixed upon the entrance, and he anxiously watched the throng ever passing and repassing there. He seemed, however, disappointed, for his brow was clouded, and he grew each moment more and more impatient. While he is thus waiting we will return to Florence who, since last we saw her had, with the other two girls and the children, sought refuge with an aunt of Mr. Shirly's, who lived far from the horrors which devastated her native country, having taken up her abode in the sweet solitude of Interlachen. It was reported, however, that after her fair nieces's arrival Lady Moreton's retreat was not so secluded as it had been

and that a certain Mr. Maitland frequently found time to visit there, besides which her Ladyship's only son passed much more of his time with her than was his general custom; attracted (so people said) by the charms of the fair Emily Stanley. Charles since his return to England had not met his cousin but they were both engaged in the same cause, and both looked forward to the happy day when, peace being restored, they could lay down their arms and claim their promised brides. That happy day had nearly arrived, but ere it came Charles heard that Emily was unfaithful, and but too well could he guess the reason, for he knew that the wealth and high station offered her by his rival would have more weight than the simple love of the companion of her youth. He tried to persuade himself that her happiness was all he sought, and if that could be obtained by her union with another he was ready to yield her up without a sigh. But, poor boy, he fatally deceived himself.

EGLANTINE.

(To be Continued.)

THE GIPSY.

PART I.

It was autumn, and many were the trees that already began to assume a wintry aspect, the wide-spreading beech, the stately elm, and graceful sycamore were already shedding around them these leaves of many colours that had so long formed their chief ornament; those of the delicate ash had disappeared, while the sturdy oak still remained clothed with that thick and luxuriant foliage that rendered him the king and pride of the forest, in which the scene of my history is laid. The shades of evening were drawing in, and the shadows of the lofty trees lengthened on the ground beneath, as their forms disappeared from the view, in the gradually fading light of the setting sun. Time wore on; and twilight was quickly succeeded by night from the thickness of the branches that entwined their giant arms, alone admitting but little of the scanty light that yet remained. At such an hour a party of gipsies were just entering the forest, having determined to finish their day's labour by a hearty supper, and undisturbed slumber, amid its welcome gloom. It did not take long for the young urchins whose accustomed office it was to collect and heap together for the fire to cook their evening repast, all the dry brushwood and underwood, to which was added a few ferns, with which the forest abounded, their movements being not a little accelerated by the keen appetite they had acquired in their day's work. A good fire was soon blazing, and the smoking cauldron sent forth an odour that promised well as to its contents, which were ever and anon supplied by the care of two old crones, who presided over its mysteries. Not far from this important point were arranged, in different groups, the gipsy band; here might be seen an aged father, assisted by the *kind offices* of a young, and perhaps a beautiful maiden. While at some distance he was eyed with some degree of envy by a young gipsy leaning against a neighbouring tree, who had but too lately been unsuccessful in declaring the power her charms had awakened in his breast. At some distance from these are two, who, from the anxious

expression of their faces, and the frequent gestures that accompanied their vehement discourse, appear to be engaged upon some matter of deep importance. A little lower down, a more interesting scene seems to be taking place; but as the pair keep close together, and speak in a low whisper, it is evident that their communications do not concern us any more than the company around them; so we will leave them to take a look at one who retired from the rest of the party, remains alone, hidden by the thick foliage of a large tree, under whose shade her forms lies in a half-crouching attitude. She was young, for scarcely had eighteen summers passed over her; but she was lone and desolate, and had none to commune with but her own heart; habitual solitude had lent a look of sadness to a brow which, but for that might have been less clouded, and the light of those dark eyes might have oftener shone forth with its natural brilliancy had there been ought to meet their gaze, and that half-curled lip have oftener softened to a smile had there been ought to call it there. Many were the merry shouts of the noisy children as they chased each other round and round in their gambols, or hid themselves amid the thick bushes and trees that afforded them an easy hiding-place. While others whirled themselves round and round in strange evolutions, as if delighted with the rustling of the showers of dry leaves they raised around them, which flew after them as if in chase of the young gambollers, others flinging handfuls of them over their young companions, occasioned a merry shout, and endeavour to escape on the part of the younger ones, while the elder remained to return the shower with good interest upon the offender. But their merry forms seemed hidden from Mona's eyes and the lengthened shout and wild clear laugh fell unheeded on her ear. She remained in the posture we first found her, apparently wrapt in deep meditation, with her hands clasped convulsively over her breast. "Sainted mother," she murmured, as if half unconscious the words were escaping her lips, "Sainted mother, the only form of goodness and of light that ever visited these wearied eyes, that ever claimed a part in this desolate heart, why didst thou leave me? Was not thy voice the only one that ever warned and cheered me? Why then did you not remain to be my guide, my comforter? Ever since that dark hour that took thee from me, have not thine eyes still seemed to beam upon me with their accustomed fondness? Oh they are the only looks that ever gazed with fondness upon Mona. Has not thy silvery voice sounded in mine ears in the dark night, and still more lonely day, and ever and anon when tempted to some deed of evil has it not whispered—'Mona, forbear, my child—the first step is easy;' and oh, how swift you will repeat. 'My child, forbear.' And so it has been, mother; but the spell is broken; and Mona raised her proud head, and as she threw back the long clustering raven locks, she pressed her burning hands upon her brow—" 'Tis broken! I will be free; No longer shall the taunting lip and scornful brow be uplifted when I approach. No longer shall thy brother, yes my mother, thy brother, call me coward, idle, and grudge the very bread I eat from his board. Long have I borne all in silence. Mona was too proud to answer, but they knew not of the burning rage within that devoured my every heart-string: but the spell is broken, I go. Yes sainted mother, though those yes, whose light have been my only solace, my only joy, should glare upon me but, *in anger, though that voice should change its angel's music into terms of reproach to sting my very heart, I go. I will seek my own fortune—the bread I eat shall be*

my own. Mona Gray shall be indebted to none." The passion into which her feelings had worked themselves, roused her from her reverie; fortunate for her it did so, or she had scarcely heard the call that had summoned the others to their evening repast round which the whole gipsy camp had eagerly gathered. The supper was nothing to Mona, her feelings were too highly wrought and of too deep a nature to let her perceive even the pangs of hunger, though she had fasted all that live-long day, but she rose up hastily when she heard the call, as she would not for the world have been absent, as it might excite some suspicion among the company. * So she seated herself with the rest, though taking no interest in what passed around her. She remained silent and thoughtful, and quickly retired when the meal was over. Mona Gray was as may have been already perceived, an orphan. She was early left to the care of an uncle, who, cruel and wicked himself, cared little whether the seeds of good or evil were implanted in her young heart. But to proceed with our tale. It was night. The dark clouds that had so long overshadowed the forest, floated away, and a new moon had arisen, and was sailing silently along; and as it shone upon that forest, lighting it up with that strange wild glare, the remaining leaves sparkled like brilliant gems, and the branches of those giant trees cast a thousand fantastic shapes upon the dark ground. The deepest silence prevailed, for the whole gipsy camp, after the revels they had kept up to a late hour, had sunk into a deep sleep. Out of one small tent was seen advancing, a slight figure, wrapped in a dark cloak; lightly each footstep fell upon the dead leaves that lay thickly strewn along the path, fearful of causing even the slightest rustling among them, but yet swiftly they passed along, for the night was far sped, and the task was not accomplished. "Sainted mother," murmured Mona, in a half stifled voice, for it was she, "I go—I go, and your love, your care, must they be no longer mine? Will those eyes never gaze upon me but in anger—that voice sound nothing but reproach?" She drew her cloak closer around her, and pressed it with her trembling hand to her traitor lips, and suppressing the words that rose to them, though unable to still the tumult at her heart, she pressed onwards. She reached the outskirts of the forest—a small light was shining in the window of the cottage she was approaching; the door was open—Mona entered—in a small cradle lay a beautiful babe asleep, the necklace on its neck was of precious stones, and the lace upon its clothes was costly—there was no one in the room. Mona seized the child, and half stifling it in her grasp, she hastened towards a lonely spot she had selected in the forest, quickly she stripped the tender infant of the vain baubles that had tempted her to so dark a deed, and left it there—to die. The little child opened its soft eyes, and gazed upon her. She never forgot that look—it uttered one sharp, piercing cry as it felt the cold damp earth; that cry rang through her ears, although she stopped them with all her might, and fled. She could not shut it out—it thrilled through every vein of her aching heart.

ROSE.

(To be continued.)

THE
BOUQUET,
FROM
MARYLEBONE GARDENS.

~~~~~  
No. V.—OCTOBER.  
~~~~~

Conversations.

—
Scene—PORTLAND GARDENS.

Kingcups and Mignonette meeting.

Kingcup—Ah! my dear Mignonette, how are you? I have not seen you since our return from the country.

Mignonette—Flourishing—but overwhelmingly tired of this empty, dirty place. Where have you been? In Northamptonshire, I think. How I envy you! I have been under the painful obligation of remaining in town to play the female escort to some rural friends come to see the “Nation’s Fair.”

King—Yes, we have been in Northamptonshire, and are going in a few days into Kent. But what do you mean by empty place? I do not think I ever saw London more crowded.

Mig—Yes, with things that are men, but might be monkeys, with immense hairy pendants, commonly called beards; wearing head coverings and body gear of divers shapes and colours. But do you not observe that as the people *d’outre mer* have come in at the door, the aristocratic islanders have eloped by the window; and as Lord John Russell says, even—

“The wealthy tallor on the Sussex shore
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four.
The peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun
Tolls o’er the Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun.”

King—Where is Blue-bell? have you heard from her lately?

Mig—When I last heard from her, she said she had been rustivating all day under a hay-rick on the banks of the Shannon. “Heigh ho! carrion crow.” I would give kingdoms, did I possess them, but for one drop of unpolluted air unmixed with the fumes of those hairy bipeds cigarettes.

King—But, tell me, how does the Bouquet go on?

Mig—Oh! you must ask A Thistle, whom you will find ruminating on one of the seats at the other end of the garden.

King.—Come, let us go together. But here comes A Thistle, everlastingly with her hands full of papers. Well, Thistle, what have you got there?

Thistle.—The proof of No. 4, which I have been endeavouring to correct; it surprises me how the Compositors can read it so well, for I cannot, the writing is so indistinct. Now here is a word which none of them can make out: they read it "claim," yet I do not think it can be that, for the line would read—

"Who has not faults claim pity from a brother?"

you try and make it out. I wish contributors would recollect they cannot be at the Compositors elbow all the time, to prompt him. They ought to be most particular in forming their letters in writing in a foreign language, for it is not every Composer who understands them; he, therefore, only follows what is written. If some of the contributors do not improve in their writing, I shall be under the very disagreeable necessity of returning their compositions to be re-written, or getting them to correct the proofs themselves.

King.—I cannot make it out. But what have we here? Some German poetry, by Elder. Who is Elder? This is not original—why do you admit it? It is part of an old song in Halms' play "Der sohn der Wildniss," or I am much mistaken.

Thistle.—It was given to me as original, for I asked the question when I received it. I am sorry I did not know this before, for the first sheet is now printed off, I should have rejected it. But now I have met you together, I want your opinion on one point. I have been asked, why the Bouquet is not illustrated? My answer is, want of funds. But it has been suggested that any contributor who wishes to illustrate their writings may do so if they will find the drawing, and perhaps they could get some friend even to cut the block, or lithograph it themselves, these might be admitted under certain limits; or, perhaps, they would not object to pay part of the expense of cutting the blocks, or working them on stone, the Bouquet bearing the other; this might encourage drawing as well as writing. What do you think of it?

King.—It requires consideration. I will tell you in a few days.

Mig.—I like the idea—but can it be carried out?

Thistle.—I intend to submit the proposal to the Supporters, in the same way I did about the prizes, and take their opinion, for I should not do it till the first of January next, when the second volume will commence. By-the-bye, I hope all "continued" stories will be finished in the first volume. Our first prize has not started many competitors, as you will see, and these are not all the proper length, but as they are nearly the same length, I have admitted them. The next prize I intend to offer is for a Tale in French, during the reigns of Henry IV, or Louis XVI, of France, founded on an event in history. Have you any objection to this?

Mig.—None, if you will admit love and murder.

Thistle.—A French tale would be worth nothing without. I must have them by the first of December, so as they may appear in the January number.

THE FATE OF A SMOKER.

[*Prize Paper, No. I.*]

I dare say my fair readers recollect in their childhood, and perhaps in later years, the homage they have paid to the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh, the favourite of the "Maiden Queen." Yes, my young friends, he was high in favour then, but how soon he fell. However, our tale has nothing to do with his fall, but rather with those times when he raised himself high in the favour of the queen and people by his voyages to America. In one of these he discovered Virginia, and named it after his "royal mistress." From this place, it is said, he brought home several curious customs, one of which, if it did not cost him his life, cost him the loss of a handsome doublet and hose. The custom I allude to is that odious habit which the young gentlemen of the present day (thinking, I suppose, that no such dangers as befel my hero awaits them), are so fond of practising in defiance of the ardent protestations of mothers, sisters, maiden aunts, and wives.

In his parlour sat Sir Walter Raleigh, at his ease, in a large arm-chair. I will not attempt to describe his posture, as that must be too well known to those of my readers who occasionally indulge in what is familiarly called "taking it easy," waiting for the appearance of his breakfast. My young friends must not have before their eyes, at the mention of this word, the usual paraphernalia of the modern repast of that name, for a gallant cavalier of that day would have scorned the idea of making his breakfast off "bread and butter, tea and coffee," (perhaps he could not get them,) the meal which our hero was expecting was doubtless of a more substantial nature, at least one article was indispensable—it consisted of a huge *tankard of ale*! The servant upon entering the room was astonished to see his master enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and, alarmed for his safety, threw the whole contents of the tankard before-mentioned, over him and hastily ran from the apartment in search of further assistance. Sir Walter, astonished at the unexpected salutation, sprang to his feet—"Gadzooks" he exclaimed, "What does the fellow mean?" The alarmed servant rushed back, attended by the other domestics, with sundry buckets of water, and was astonished to find his master, to all appearance uninjured; but instead of rewarding his faithfulness with kind words, he seemed more inclined to chastise him for his untimely interruption. "Recovered, your honour?" said the man, out of breath, with haste and alarm. "Recovered, sirrah? What from? "From your ducking?" Why, your honour, you were on fire when I left you." "Fire, fool! I was smoking."

MORAL.

From the foregoing tale my readers may draw a two-fold moral; for as on the one hand it teaches us not to be too hasty in forming conclusions, so, on the other it shows the necessity of framing our words and actions, that they should not lead to *misconception*.

 NAPOLEON AT LEAP-FROG.

[Prize Paper No. II.]

What! Napoleon at leap-frog, you are ready to exclaim! Imagine him standing in his favourite posture, his arms folded across his breast, his shoulders raised, his head bent on one side, his countenance expressive of the deepest meditation. What would be his thoughts at such a moment. Not those of ordinary man.

* * * * *

The 4th of November, 17—, was clear and bright, here and there fleecy clouds floated over the sky, and the moon shone forth with unusual brilliancy over the gardens of Versailles. On one side was the palace, brilliantly illuminated, from which issued ever and anon merry sounds, forming a strong contrast with the silent gloom, of the opposite side, which presented nothing but the dark shadows of the lofty trees with occasionally a gleam of moonshine, making the darkness still more apparent.

* * * * *

It was morning; the first dawn of the early day. The festivities of the palace were at an end—the illuminations had become dim—the moon also had nearly finished her course, and the gardens, which a few hours before had rang with merry sounds were silent and deserted. Two young men in the prime of life were seen coming out of the large door, in the centre of the palace. One was a young officer, in full uniform, and the numerous orders with which he was adorned showed he was neither of humble rank, nor entirely devoid of merit. The other was in a plain court dress, but the richness of the material proved him to be equal to his companion, in point of consequence. In his hand was a gold-headed cane. Arm-in-arm they walked along the broad gravel walk, from whence they turned aside into one surrounded by shrubs and bushes. "Now," said the latter, to his military companion, "can you say the Emperor shows you no more attention than any one else? Did he not introduce you to the belle of the evening, and place you on his right hand, while I was as far away as two or three on his left? Lost his confidence indeed! You are more than ever in his good graces." And whirling his stick round in his enthusiasm, it slipped from his hand.

"Very true," returned the other, while his companion stooped down in search of his stick, "but do I not deserve it more than you? What have you ever done——"

"Just help me to find my cane," interrupted the other, forgetting the late subject of conversation in his anxiety to recover the lost article. Both set to work, and after groping about a few minutes, the officer exclaimed—"Here's your stick."

"Come, let us have a game at leap-frog"—and suiting the action to the word, he sprang over his still stooping companion. The other immediately joined in the game, which was kept up with great spirit. At last, the young courtier espied a figure at a little distance, and thinking him well placed for a leap, slipped aside, leaving him to act as post to the officer. Perhaps he thought of the mirth it might create, or perhaps that the other might—but no matter * * * The officer easily mistook the stooping figure for his friend, and leaping over him, quickly cried—"hold hard;" but the stranger, not prepared for such an unexpected weight, slipped down upon his knees, which caused the other to turn round sharply, and shout out—

"Now then stupid, have you hurt yourself?" Just then the moon shone out from behind a cloud, and the astonished favourite beheld the Emperor Napoleon, in the act of rising from the mud, into which he had fallen—his hands and coat were soiled, his hat had flown to some distance, and there he stood a deplorable figure; but the favourite was too frightened when he found what he had done, to laugh, though you, my fair readers, may indulge in one at the Emperor's expense without dreading in what light your merriment may be taken; but not so with the officer, he clasped Napoleon's knees exclaiming—"Pardon me, pardon me."

"What means this, Count?" said Napoleon sternly.

The Count explained the whole story, and his companion coming forth from his hiding place, confirmed the tale.

"Forgiven, forgiven," said the Emperor frankly, "but my young friend, take my advice, for the future, and look before you leap."

MORAL.

Yes, Emperor! your advice to your young friend is good, but may we not also draw another moral from my tale? What were your thoughts at the moment of that unlucky leap? Were you thinking of your union with the House of Austria, and thus devising the subjugation of Russia? If so, how ominous that fall.

And now my pretty flowers of the Bouquet, may I not speak a friendly word to you at parting? Beware lest any bitterness be mixed with your sweet scent, or, to speak more plainly, however laudable may be your object in writing, inasmuch as it opens your minds and teaches you to think, still beware lest any bad feeling or jealousy be found in these your endeavours to overleap each other.

THE COURT FAVOURITE.

[Prize Paper, No. III.]

Sounds of revelry and mirth vibrated through the imperial palace at St. Petersburg, the Czar, Paul I, unconscious of the terrible fate which was soon to bring his capricious reign to a close, was presiding at a gorgeous banquet surrounded by the flower of the Russian nobility. Compliments which all courtiers know too well, alas, how to invent were being paid to the weak Czar and the Czarina Sophia of Wirttemburgh, his wife. Among the numerous flatterers who cringed obsequiously before the Russian throne was the Comte de Vassy, a young French nobleman, fled from his own country, now the seat of bloodshed, to seek protection on a foreign soil, he thought to gain the favour of the royal Russian, by using all his art as a flatterer, and, therefore, finished a succession of speeches tainted with false, venal praise, by declaring that the great Peter, the father of Russia, and the maker of his country, was as no one compared to his more mighty successor, the immortal Paul. A murmur of disapprobation passed around at this daring speech, but the nobles feared the Czar's anger too much to allow their feelings to be perceived.

The emperor himself pleased at receiving so decided a compliment from a stranger, turned smiling to one who sat near his person and said—

"Do you hear they rob Peter to pay Paul?"

But Frogère, a French actor, to whom these words were addressed, was to Paul of Russia what Beau Brummell was to England's Fourth George; he, too, would have dared to say "George, ring the bell," and nothing daunted at the satisfaction of the Czar, exclaimed with the utmost *nonchalance*.

"Yes, I hear, but I am certain of one thing, they never can rob Paul to pay Peter."

In an instant the expression of the emperor's face changed; he darted a look of intense malignity at the daring favourite, and after whispering a few words to the Czarina suddenly broke up the feast.

As Frogère quitted the palace, he was joined by Igor Bielski, likewise a favourite of Paul, but who was more fearful lest he should over-step the bounds of his freedom.

"What say you to Siberia," exclaimed Bielski, tapping Frogère on the shoulder, "the emperor is capricious, and has sent nobler men than you to end their days in its bleak regions for less than to-night's daring."

"Fear not, Bielski, a gipsy told me, when a child in France, that I should die in a large city, and those who reach Siberia never return they say: I am not afraid its bleak regions will ever see me."

"Well, Frogère, be not too certain of your fate," said Bielski, as they parted.

Frogère entered his house, and was about to retire for the night, when a loud knocking startled him. "Who is there?" he exclaimed.

"We demand admittance in the name of the Czar," was the answer.

Frogère admitted his nocturnal visitants without further parley. They proved to be soldiers.

"We are here by order of his Imperial Majesty," said they, "and are commanded to conduct you into Siberia."

Frogère started and grew pale, but he saw resistance was in vain, so quietly allowed himself to be bound, his eyes to be bandaged, and himself to be led away by the soldiers; they placed him in a carriage, brought for the purpose, and instantly started on the road to Siberia; the whole night they continued without stopping, but at break of day, they halted at a little cabin at the entrance of a wood. Frogère descended, his eyes were unbandaged, and he was permitted to make a frugal repast, which consisted of *shitchee*, when they again started; during the whole day no one spoke, the clanking of the soldiers' steeds alone told Frogère he was guarded: evening came—the same stoppage—the same repast—they start anew. For three days this miserable suspense continue; on the fourth day a gruff voice commands Frogère to prepare for death; they lead him from the carriage, and placing him on a seat, desire him to pray, for the last time, to the holy virgin; he implores forgiveness, and *asks his fault*, but all is in vain; the soldiers are obdurate, he murmurs forth in a *voice, choked by fright*, a *Pater-noster*, and an *Ave Maria*; again he begs for his life *but in vain*; the joker with his prince must suffer for his temerity; he hears the

soldiers load their carbines—he falls on his knees—unheeded—he hears the leader advance—*ready*—he trembles more and more—*present*—he screams aloud—*fire*—he falls to the ground, and feels his heart to see if it have ceased to beat; loud laughter grates upon his ear; this is no time for mirth, he thinks, if not dead, I am at the least mortally wounded; the bandage is removed from his eyes—he gazes around—surprise is depicted on his face; instead of the barren wilds of Siberia, he is in the banqueting-room of the Emperor's palace. He shakes his arms and legs to see if each member be perfect—he essays to walk—astonishment—behold he can, he looks again, his Emperor stands before him, surrounded by a crowd of laughing courtiers.

"Frogère," exclaims the Czar, "is this sufficient punishment for your offence—will you again depreciate your Prince?"

"Never, most mighty Czar," cries the now humiliated Frogère, sinking on his knees before Paul Petrowitz.

But all is not yet passed—the taunts, the jeers of the courtiers have yet to be endured.

"How does the courageous Frogère like Siberia?" exclaims maliciously, Igor Bielaki.

Frogère shudders at the thought.

"Ah!" cries an old soldier, whose office it had been to convey many a poor wretch to perpetual banishment, "the day may come when you will find Siberia slightly different to three days' ride round St. Petersburg, accompanied by his Imperial Highness."

The unhappy actor had received a salutary and never-to-be-forgotten lesson during his stay at the Russian Court; never again did he attempt to make too free with the changeable Paul. Let those who, like Frogère, are the favourites of the great, remember his punishment, and not confide too much in the good humour of their patron.

"Nolite confidere in principibus, in filiis hominum in quibus non est salus."

FRIENDSHIP REWARDED.

[Prize Paper, No. IV.]

It was a clear and frosty day in January, in the year 1649, the sun was shining brightly on tree and lawn, and its bright beams were glancing through the windows of a humble cottage into a small room, and lighting up, with their brightness, the dying features of a venerable old man, who was seated in an arm chair, (the only article of luxury which the room possessed) gazing dreamily upon the embers in the small grate, from which the sun was gradually extinguishing every spark. The door opened, and a smile passed over his features as his daughter entered; she held an open letter in her hand, and as she bent over him and gently kissed his forehead, she murmured—"to-morrow, dear father, to-morrow, Arthur will be here."

To-morrow! oh, vain delusion; when comes it? Never. With the morrow's sun we hail to-day. If the wanderer comes but with the morrow, give up the vain hope of his return. "To-morrow is the to-day of yesterday;" strange, but what place

have these reflections here? Forgive me, reader, if I have wearied thee, they were called up by hearing the words of the fair girl as she bent over her father. And who is he? In his handsome, though faded features, are all the signs of noble birth; and yet his humble abode is not fitting one of high rank and station. He was once in the enjoyment of all the riches and happiness this world can give; his present misery was brought on by his devotion to his king, for which he incurred the enmity of *Cromwell*.

Cromwell, whose name brings before me all the terrors of the civil war, and recalls a stain upon the nation, never to be effaced, the murder of a king, to your ambition may be traced this conclusion to the dreadful drama. How, I will not now attempt to prove, let who will search for the truth of this assertion for themselves. His son had joined the royal army, and fought bravely in defence of his king; he had been severely wounded at the fatal battle of Naseby, and the last accounts received by his sorrowing parent were that his wound was mortal. This last sorrow filled the cup of the father's grief to overflowing—he sunk beneath the blow. Now came the news of the murder of the king; that king for whom he had lost all, been reduced to the greatest poverty, and now lived in a humble cottage. He sorrowed most for her, his daughter, she who had been brought up in the greatest luxury; but with *him* she cared for nothing, she did not see how soon she would be bereft even of him, and left alone in the world; she *would* not believe he was dying; it were cruel to make her think it, yet charity to prepare her for the worst. Imagine their joy in this state of things to receive a letter from the long-lost Arthur; but how did the old man bear the news? He told her he must die; this was his reply to the joyous intelligence she brought him that her brother was safe, and would be with them on the morrow.

“My child, these eyes will no more behold him—these arms will then be powerless to clasp him to this heart, which is overflowing with a father's love; but tell him that with my latest breath I prayed heaven to bless him, and thanked my God that he had nobly done his duty to his king and country.”

And Amelia wept, for when she looked upon the old man's face, she believed that his words were true. Now it is night, and Amelia kneels beside the death-bed of her father; no sound is heard, but at intervals the silence is broken by the suppressed sobs of the broken-hearted girl. Ere rose the morrow's sun the spirit of the old man had fled; and through that long day the orphan sat and wept, but her brother came not.

* * * * *

Now the scene is changed—it is the banqueting-house at Whitehall. The cold rays of a winter's moon are glancing through the narrow windows, serving by their faint light to render the parts of the hall where they cannot penetrate only the more obscure. In the centre of the hall stood a dark object, covered with a black cloth, and near one of the windows stood two men engaged in low but earnest conversation. *Slowly* the hours passed on—it is between one and two, and the stars are fading *slowly away*, but the moon still sheds a faint light; a muffled tread is heard on the *stair*, the friends retire deeper into the embrasure of the farthest window as the door *slowly opens* and a man enters, his form and features concealed by a dark cloak in

which he is enveloped. Slowly he approached the coffin, and lifted the cloth which covered it; long he gazed upon the form of the martyr king, then slowly shaking his head, sighed out the words—"cruel necessity;" and replacing the cloth, slowly withdrew from the apartment.

"Arthur," said Lord Southampton to his friend, as Cromwell's footsteps died away, "it has been a *cruel necessity* to keep thee here, but truly I could hardly have borne the watch alone, and I thank thee my friend for thy company; but now I have somewhat else I would demand of thee."

"Speak on, my lord," replied Arthur, "there is nothing I would not do for thee."

"To-morrow, at midnight, they will inter the body—take my place there—see that all is as it should be—I must away—if I am found here to-morrow, my head is not safe: and for this kindness thou shalt demand any boon which it shall lay in my poor power to grant thee."

Arthur kissed the hand the earl extended towards him, and silence reigned unbroken until the morning's light shone in and released them from their watch. And thus was he employed, while, in the lowly cottage, Amelia wept beside their father's dying bed.

* * * * *

It was midnight, and the bell of the royal chapel sounded solemnly through the still night air, as a mournful train slowly entered the venerable Abbey of Westminster; they bore the martyr king to his last resting place.

Amongst the few who followed the coffin, and stood around as it was lowered to the tomb, was seen, as the torches' light fell on his face, Amelia's brother. Thus was he employed, while she sat in her lonely home, and wept for the parent she had lost.

* * * * *

Now they have met, and she breaks to him the sad news, and he relates what has passed since last they met, and points out to her that princes share the same fate as other men; the king, too, had his reverses, and, as their father, he had lost all—to the silent grave they are both committed. What matters it, though one be laid beneath the green sod in a humble churchyard, and the other in a royal chapel, surrounded by the marble effigies of kings and princes, both will be judged alike. "See, sister, though in this world there are dignities and powers to whom we must submit, still are we their equals in having the same Father in heaven, and the same hope after death."

* * * * *

Now the scene is changed—it is summer, in the year 1660, two persons are walking together on the banks of the Thames. They are brother and sister, to judge by the likeness they bear to each other. Some one approaches them, but they are conversing too earnestly to observe him; they are settling plans for the future—their grief is past—and they are happy. He approaches and touches the young man's shoulder—"Arthur, have you forgotten your old friend, and our diurnal watch?"

"Lord Southampton?"

"Start not—I am he; your sister, I presume?" And he politely kissed the hand Amelia extended to her brother's friend.

"Dost recollect, Arthur," continued the Earl, "that I bade thee ask a boon from me, in return for the service thou renderedst me that night—all you requested was the loan of a few crowns—but 'twas all I could do for thee, I wish it had been more; but now that I have returned from my exile, I have discovered a way to benefit thee truly; but come, thy presence is required at the palace."

Lord Southampton hailed a boat, and assisted Amelia to enter; they had not proceeded far before they came in sight of the royal barge; and on its nearer approach they rose to salute the monarch. Owing to some carelessness of the boatmen, just as Amelia was in the act of returning the salutation of the king, the boat came in contact with the stern of the barge, and our fair heroine was precipitated into the water. It was Charles' pleasure to reward all who had befriended his father, or his father's friends; and he had sent for Arthur to reward him in any way he should deem best, and to install his sister as maid of honour to the queen. This was his first sight of those he thus intended to favour. Pardon the "Merry Monarch" if he smiled as he beheld Amelia floundering in the water, and Arthur forcibly held back from plunging in after her, by Lord Southampton; as one of the king's household had already leapt into the water to save her.

THE GIPSY.

PART II.

(Continued from page 144.)

It was in the small town of I——, that at the last assizes, a band of gipsies had been tried and committed to the county jail, charged with the many robberies that had been lately practised upon travellers.

"Are they all confined together?" asked Mr. Minton, the clergyman who visited the prison daily, of the jailor, as he stood at the iron gate, which the latter was in the act of opening.

"Why, yes Sir," he replied, "all but one, and she, poor creature, begged so hard to be alone, and none of the rest seemed to want her company, that I was ordered to put her into one of the back cells that are empty, now the Fenton affair is over."

"Then I will see her first," said the young man, and he followed the jailor down the long stone passage that led to the cell they were in search of. The great keys soon unfastened the door, and they stood within. It was a high but narrow apartment, with scarcely light enough admitted to discover the dark figure of a woman that lay crouched in one corner, and yet sufficient to show the bareness and ruggedness of the stone walls and floor. But the clergyman was too much taken up with the object before him, and too much accustomed to such rude scenes to pay any attention to the desolate appearance of the cell he had entered. He approached the unhappy captive, and was about to address her in accents of kind enquiry, when he started back, appalled by the figure which thus aroused stood before him. She had drawn herself to her full height, which from her extreme thinness seemed almost unnatural,

and throwing back her gipsy hood, her long raven locks fell round in wild profusion, displaying a set of gaunt features, and a pair of dark sparkling eyes, the wild expression of which struck terror into the beholders. She spoke in a calm and determined tone of voice, though now and then it was almost raised to a shriek, and partook of the agitation that seemed to shake her whole frame. She accompanied her speech with wild gestures, and brandished her naked arms fiercely in the air, as if half angry at the words that escaped her lips, and yet she went on in a kind of wild determination to tell the whole tale.

"You're come," she said, "You're come," and didn't I know you'd come and talk to me of comfort, and peace, and the like—and I tell ye it's of no use, I can't abide it. Wasn't it my own fault then, and why did I go then and wander out on that cursed night, and do the black deed that my very soul hated? Hasn't it dared me on then till my heart is hard, and many is the dark thought and wild deed that has blotted and torn it. Ay! it's wretched enough now I warrant ye. Hasn't it followed me, that bitter cry? Has it not haunted me night and day? Has it not mingled with my dreams? Has it not startled me from my sleep? Has it not embittered every moment, drowned every thought, sounded like a death-knell to all peace, joy, happiness? Happiness! away with the name—it is a phantom. My breast never knew it. Did I not feel his soft arms on my bosom? Was not his sweet breath upon my cheek? Did I not see his soft eyes open? Did not his lips smile? And that bitter cry"——

"You rave, my good woman," said the clergyman, who, recovered from his surprise, endeavoured to stop the wild words that seemed to him but the transports of madness.

"I rave not," she said calmly, and pointing to the bright sun of which she caught a glimpse through the small grated window, "as sure as yon glorious sun is shining in the heavens, I left him there—that gentle babe—to die."

A light burst upon the clergyman during this last speech. He had heard that there had been a history connected with him of having been stolen by a gipsy, when a child, and being left in the forest to die. He gently laid his hand upon the arm of the prisoner—"Yes," he said, "but a Providence, when you least thought it, was watching over you and that infant. He was saved, and it is he that now stands before you, that brings you a message of peace, pardon, and joy; oh! receive it before it be too late."

He hastily ceased, for the gipsy had fallen to the ground; the jailor ran forward to assist her, the clergyman bent over her, the form that had so lately stood erect in its pride, lay stretched upon the cold, damp earth—that eye had lost its brilliancy—that tongue its power—and MOWA GRAY was dead.

Lord Ettrick's Chase.

With gallant train and baying hound,
To hunt the wild red deer—
The Lord of Ettrick's bugles sound
Their soul inspiring cheer.

The mountains echo to their cries,
On speeds the panting chase,
O'er rock, o'er heath, he swiftly flies—
E'en swifter in the chase.

The day hath seen the wild red deer
Outstrip the gallant train—
One hound alone still follow'd here,
Lord Ettrick drew not rein;

They reach at length, at close of day,
A stream by mountain side,
There sank the steed, sore-wounded lay,
Lord Ettrick by his side.

The wild red deer, with deep-drawn breath,
Fell panting to the ground—
When close beside, in pangs of death,
Lay stretched the stalwart hound.

Lord Ettrick woke from balmy dream
Of huntsmen in full cry—
He wildly gazed beside the stream;
Some vision caught his eye.

Oh hunter bold awhile be still,
Thy wound may bleed again;
My father speeds from yonder mill,
With him, a sturdy train.

Thus whisp'ring spoke a gentle maid,
To calm the hunter's mind;
Whose wand'ring thoughts in vision stray'd
'Midst scenes he'd left behind.

She watch'd his couch by night, by day—
Untiring ever there;
Returning health soon shed a ray—
To bless her for her care.

The chief got well, he claim'd her heart
To cheer his future life;
The miller's child by nature's wound
Became Lord Ettrick's wife.

The Heartsease.

I love that gentle flow'r whose sunny ray,
 Tho' dress'd in humble garb yet plays its part,
 Where modest worth upholds the rural sway,
 And sweet contentment lulls the peasant's heart.
 'Tis round the lowly cot, where passions sleep—
 Where rustic labor calmly leads to rest,
 'Midst soft repose, and tranquil scenes that keep
 An even tenor in the human breast.
 Oh, yes, 'tis here the placid Heartsease grows,
 Unnurtur'd by ambition's worldly strain;
 Its leaf expands, its flow'r serenely blows
 Amidst the compeers of its humble train.
 Then curs'd be he who dares with ruthless hand,
 Uproot and trample on thy native worth;
 Implanting thorns with grief's erasing brand,
 That darkens all that once was fair on earth.

HONEYSUCKLE.

*Glee to the Critic of the Number for
 September,*

Mr. Critic —, I write in a fright,
 You have fallen so foul of my verse,
 With more mercy-sure might you indite,
 Though my feeble attempt had been worse.
 You make such a stir at my "*blur*,"
 Though Shakspeare uses the word,
 In your place, if I were, I'd refer
 To my books before drawing the sword.
 At my "*visions*" you say "lack-a-day!"
 Yet 'tis you that have changed them to *vicious*:
 Yes! this is your way with foul play,
 To make faults, and then call them pernicious.
 If my errors encumber with lumber
 Your book; such reproof only hardens—
Most elegant Squirting Cucumber
In Bouquet of Marybone Gardens!

The Spirit of the Night.

Twilight's gray mantle wrapt the evening hour,
 Æolus held the winds within his power,
 The rippling waves were pleasing to the ear,
 The night bird's song was echo'd far and near:
 I wander'd forth to gaze upon the scene,
 To think of all that was, and what had been,
 Lost in imagination's dreamy ways,
 Forgetting earth onward to Heaven I gaze;
 But stay—what vision yonder meets my eye
 Above the tow'ring oaks it mounts on high,
 Suspended in the air a seraph soars,
 And as the moon her soft light gently pours,
 I view the form of that fair nymph of air—
 A wreath of poppies deck her streaming hair;
 In one hand see she holds a silver lyre:
 They sleep who listen as she moves each wire;
 The nightingale, it aids her with its song,
 As through the air she quickly floats along—
 Her garments black are pierced by many a star,
 The planets meet around her silver car;
 Wise Aziola joins her onward course,
 And bats they serve this spangled queen for horse.
 The veil of darkness she o'er earth doth cast—
 She flies through air—a thought and she is past.
 Twilight is gone, night—night it hurries on;
 The weary rest—the toils of day are done,
 But who was she who through the air took flight?
 She was—she was—the *Spirit of the Night*.

MYRTLE.

Charade.

My first, tho' but a colour bright,
 Is as my friends can tell,
 The emblem of that quality,
 In which I most excel.

And when at eve the sun has set,
 From yonder convent tower,
 My second summons all to prayer,
 At the appointed hour.

My whole's a flow'ret fair and sweet,
 "That decks the dingle wild,"
 Which roving through the fields we meet
 "On day serene and mild."

HELIOTROPE.

The Sleeper.

*An idea suggested by seeing a Flower Girl asleep
upon a door-step.*

And art thou sleeping, lonely one,
Thy flowers upon thy knee,
And heedest not the busy hum
Of passers-by that go and come
Without one thought of thee.

And thou art sleeping calmly there,
On the cold, grey stone thy brow;
If thy young heart knows ought of care,
Or sorrow presses hardly there,
They cannot touch thee now.

Too soon those gentle eyes that close
In that sweet sleep of peace;
That brow so calm in its repose,
That heart forgetful of its woes,
Too soon their dream shall cease.

Perchance some harsh and angry tone
May wake thee with a thrill;
Roused to the world's sad cares alone,
Wilt thou not wish, thou lonely one,
That thou wast slumbering still.

'Tis thus with the sweet sleep of youth
That dream of sunny light;
When we awake to manhood's truth—
Its cares, its griefs, its trials ruth,
We long for childhood bright.

And if e'en here 'tis sad to wake
From gentle sleep to pain,
How dread the trumpet that shall shake,
And all the world's deep slumber break;
They ne'er shall sleep again.

Then slumberer, if thou hast not heard
Of Him who doth thee keep,
Thine ear is deaf unto His Word,
Thine eyes have never seen the Lord—
Wake from thy deadly sleep.

Wake ere the Summons make thee start—
Ere the dread Word be given;
Let His Blest Blood redeem thy heart—
Seek in thy Gracious Lord a part—
Eternal Rest in Heaven.

ROSE.

FLORENCE SHIRLY.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

CHAPTER V.

(Concluded from page 142.)

After watching the entrance for some time, the person he sought made his appearance. He was habited in the most extravagant dress of that most extravagant age, and his bearing was that of a gay and courtly cavalier, but his face wore a look of care and cunning, and his expression was dark and moody, seeming to tell that evil passions were not strangers to his heart. Charles beckoned him aside, and when they were out of hearing a short but eager conversation ensued, and he had now the promise of *proofs*, if more were wanting, of Emily's infidelity—for Lord Moreton promised to send him a ring, her gift, and a letter in her own hand—and at the same time the unfortunate boy, carried away by the heat of the moment, had challenged his rival, and it was with a heavy heart he sat down to write to Emily a letter to be delivered only in the event of his falling in the combat.

While he wrote, two gentlemen were standing in the window of the coffee-room and having nothing better to do at this moment, we will listen to their conversation.

"Did you see that fellow who crossed the yard with young Shirly, just now?" began one of them, "prodigiously like the Earl of Moreton, I should say; but *he* has not shown his face in England this dozen years, at least, so says report."

"And report, as usual, lies," answered his companion; "he has been in England, though in disguise I grant you, during the whole war. There are dark stories attached to his name, and I happen to know he has half broken his mother's heart by his bad conduct."

"Where on earth did Shirly pick him up?"

"Well, it is strange to me to see *them* such good friends. Did you ever hear of the feud there was between that headstrong young man and Shirly's father?"

"Yes, but nothing to his disadvantage. Old Shirly did him out of some estates, I heard."

"The wrong end of the story, my good fellow. Moreton was disinherited (and served him right) by a rich old uncle, and all the property, prodigious fine estate it was too, was left to Mr. Shirly in charge for our young friend here, but on his death, or rather *murder*, the papers attesting it had all disappeared, and Mr. Charley's no better off than his father before him."

"And in politics, how is his lordship? A bit of a weather-cock, I've heard say."

"True for once, he was first on one side, then on the other, so he went about in disguise, for they both owed him a grudge."

"You seem well informed."

"I'd need to be, for many's the trick he's played me, the rascal! Yet, bad as he is, I've a sort of liking for the boy. By-the-bye, a fearful story that of old Shirly's murder."

"Horrible!" and both speakers dropped their voices to a whisper as they glanced towards the table, and continued, "was the murderer ever discovered?"

"No, all means were taken to find him, and all failed."

"How long ago did it happen?"

"Only last May. All the family went abroad directly after."

At this moment a page entered with a note for Charles, and the two sauntered out into the town where in the gay and busy scene around them they soon forgot the momentary interest excited by their comrade's affairs.

Charles found he knew the ring, it was the same he had given as the first pledge of his affection to Emily. It was an involuntary impulse to draw from his finger the one she had given him in return, and push both from him. And the letter was her's also, her own fairy handwriting. What a crowd of recollections rushed through his brain as he looked on it addressed to another. Could there be truth on earth now *she* had failed! Oh! who can tell how bitter a thing it is to be disappointed in one we love; to find a life-long dream of happiness vanish in a moment; one we have trusted till we knew not what it was to doubt prove false!

It was past seven o'clock in the evening, and the twilight, now fast drawing its dusky veil over the fair landscape, scarce permitted the figure of a man walking briskly to and fro before the park gates of Hepford Castle to be seen. He was seen however by Lord Moreton, as he slowly found his way homewards, the bridle hanging on his horse's neck, and his thoughts far away, and the sight caused him to clap spurs to his steed and hurry on. His object was to pass through the open gates without being stopped, but when the man, stepping into the road, caught the rein as he passed, he exclaimed, with well-feigned surprise, "You here, Anderson! By my faith, you looked so like a ghost in the dark with that long face of yours, I didn't know you! What's the matter, man? Can't you speak? I must hurry on though. for I've much to do to-night, and in the morning a little business which won't wait—a little *affaire d'honneur*; you understand."

"I know, my lord; and since you're in such a hurry I'll walk beside you through the park."

"You know, do you? And, pray, how do you know?"

The other made no immediate answer, but he dropped the rein, and the two proceeded side by side. At length he said, sternly, "And you dare to meet *his* son. Is it not enough that you——"

Lord Moreton interrupted him with a fearful oath, "I see how it is,—you are come for more money to keep that hellish secret. Take it, and may it be a curse to you! And now begone! By heaven, you tempt me to add one more to the list of crimes with which you have helped to load my soul. Think you, the hand that stayed not for the prayers and tears of an old man—the memory haunts me, it is fearful! And *you* urged me to it! *you* have brought me to this! Yes, *you, you*, have made me what I am!"

His voice rose almost to a scream, and his fury was terrible, but his companion neither moved nor spoke.

"Begone!" he shouted; "begone I say!—or die!" and he snatched a pistol from his belt, and levelled it, still the other did not move, but he eyed him sternly.

"*You dare not*, Lord of Moreton; you know you dare not."

The Earl's whole frame trembled with passion, his eyes shot fire, he cocked the pistol, and but a single movement of his finger was wanting to stretch his enemy dead at his feet. But that strange man seemed to possess so complete and mysterious an influence over him, that his hand refused to obey the impulse of his will; and yet he stood without a word, only fixing his piercing eyes upon him, and as he lowered the pistol with a bewildered stare, as though his senses were forsaking him, he burst into a diabolical laugh of triumph and contempt. "Take it!" exclaimed the Earl, wildly, "lest you tempt me too far while revenge is within my reach!" He flung the pistol towards him, it struck him on the temple, he fell lifeless to the ground.

* * * * *

It was early morning when Charles found himself at the appointed place of meeting with his rival, he was first on the spot, but had not waited long when a man, entirely enveloped in a great cloak, and his hat slouched over his face, appeared before him. It was the exact dress and figure of his father's messenger, who had so unaccountably come to his assistance in his escape from Encombe Hall, recorded in the preceding pages of our story; and even when the cloak was thrown off, and the hat removed, displaying the well-known features of his rival, he could not divest himself of the idea, improbable as it was, that the dark messenger and the Earl of Moreton were one and the same person. And his suspicions were indeed correct, for in the short conversation which ensued, the Earl allowed, that being in disguise for some purpose of his own, he had had formerly the opportunity of serving his rival. And now, sword in hand, they stood opposite each other, when an unlooked-for interruption took place. The man whom Lord Moreton believed he had killed the night before suddenly made his appearance, and separating the combatants, himself confronted the Earl, apparently much excited.

"Yes, young man," he said to Charles, "it is your father's murder you would revenge, and it were but just that his murderer should perish by your hand, but I owe him too deep a debt to allow that to be; none but my hand must pay it. Lord Moreton," he continued, "I charge you here in the presence of his son with the murder of Francis Shirly. Yes, for fifteen months I have kept your secret, and would have kept it longer, but a blow," and he lifted his cap as he spoke, and pushing aside the clustering hair, shewed a deep scar on his forehead: "a blow, my lord, sometimes will sink deeper than the surface it enters the heart, and there rankles, and leads to revenge; you struck me last night, this morning I am revenged. Where is your boasted courage now? Before the only man on earth who knows his foul secret the noble Earl of Moreton turns coward! But I have done with you now; farewell, my friend," his lip curled with ineffable disdain as he repeated, "*my friend!*"—here is a parting token from Hugh Anderson," as he spoke he coolly levelled his pistol, and Lord Moreton, who had stood as if paralyzed with horror without one attempt to escape the fatal aim of his betrayer, fell to the ground as the report echoed through the wood. "Here," continued the assassin with perfect composure, handing the astonished young man a packet, "here are some papers I have been at great pains to secure, take them, regain your property, and doubt not, foolish boy, that he who

could commit murder would not hesitate to deceive, Murder," he repeated slowly, gazing on the dead body of the Earl, "I suppose they would call that murder, I call it justice; but I must fly for it," and turning into the thicket he was soon out of sight.

* * * * *

It was the 29th of May, 1666, and all England was gaiety and mirth; but a far different scene claims our attention. Through the open windows of a small but elegantly furnished room in Lady Moreton's house, at Interlachen, the same sun which lighted up the festive scene in merry England was streaming its dusty beams on a mournful group, kneeling round the dying-bed of a young and lovely girl. How beautiful she was, though the light of her eyes was unnatural, and the colour in her cheeks but as the radiance of the setting sun; and o'er her too surely hung the angel of death restrained only from inflicting his dart—oh, tell me not it was impossible—by the mighty strength of her love, for Emily *would* not die till she had seen Charles, and all her prayer was to see once more him she had loved so well. Oh, how he had wronged her; or, rather, how cruelly had he been deceived. In what way it is hardly needful to tell our intelligent readers; the conjuring tricks of love are too well known to render it necessary to explain how Lord Moreton had intercepted a letter addressed to his rival, and by a little skilful forgery adapted it to his own villainous purpose, or how he had by accident obtained possession of her ring; suffice it to say, she had never been false to him even in a thought, and that this had been explained to him by the indefatigable Florence, who, touched to the heart by her friend's distress, had succeeded in finding him out, and bade him come and repair his error ere it was yet too late.

"See how the sun shines," whispered Eveline to her sister; "Is it not like the cold smile of the world as gay when we are in joy as in grief?"

The invalid's eyes were closed but she heard the words, and a heavenly smile illumined her palid features as she murmured, "Or, rather, darling, is it not like the pure light of faith which should shine ever brightly in the darkest night of our souls."

And now faintly, and still more faintly she drew her breath, her eyes closed slowly, the brilliant colour faded from her cheeks, and left them white as marble, her long dark hair fell stiff and lank over her shoulders, contrasting with the snowy drapery of the bed; the dew of death was already on her brow, the watchers thought that all was over—they listened, but her gentle breathing was no longer heard. Suddenly she started up, her eyes unclosed, the life-blood rushed back once more, her cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled, she sat upright and listened eagerly. "It is his step! One moment more of life! Oh, God, I pray but for one little moment more!" With clasped hands and streaming eyes she sent up her passionate appeal to Heaven. Her quick ear had detected the sound of footsteps, unheard by the others, but they now became audible to all. They ascended the stairs—paused for a moment at the door, it opened—and he entered. "My God, I thank thee," murmured the dying girl, as her head laid on that loved breast, her hand clasped in his, she sank softly as a child into her last sleep.

When first he came and looked on the wreck his distrust had made he had fallen on his knees beside her, and whispered the simple words: "Forgive me;" he knelt there still, but he spoke not again, the grief that bowed his heart was too mighty for words. Now all was over; she was at peace; but he—let us draw a veil over his feelings; sorrow, such as his, is too sacred for description.

And thou, proud Earl of Moreton! Will this utter desolation of the heart of a fellow-being—this utter ruin of his happiness, be the *least* of the crimes laid to thy charge?

* * * * *

A Mr. Henry Maitland had been imprisoned during the late war, and the last news I could obtain of Florence Shirly was, that a certain "true and loyal gentleman" had redeemed his pledge to her by a free pardon of the same, but it appears that he did not sufficiently appreciate the blessing of liberty, for no sooner was he free from the bolts and bars of a dungeon than he hastened to fetter himself with the still stronger bonds of matrimony.

EGLANTINE.

THE END.

WYCHERLEY PARK.

The sun was just setting as a party of gipsies approached the small village of Wycherley. They had been travelling all day, and therefore pitched their camp at rather an earlier hour than usual. They consisted of the chief of the tribe, by name Ralph Stanley, his wife, their son Jeffrey, and a little girl of six years old. After partaking of their evening meal, they all retired to rest, with the exception of Ralph and his son, who remained talking over their intended proceedings, and it was late before their long and animated discourse allowed them to betake themselves to rest. They had determined to stay where they were the whole of the ensuing day, to take advantage of any windfall that might occur.

It happened that the next day was one of peculiar rejoicing at Wycherley Park, it being the anniversary of the day on which the only daughter of the Lord of the Manor, Sir Henry Eveleyn, had been born five years before. There was also to be a general merry-making amongst the villagers, and a dinner at which Isabella Eveleyn was to preside. As the heat of the day subsided, it was proposed that the company should go out and ramble through the pleasure grounds and woods, and this proposal being readily agreed to, in a short time they were all dispersed in different directions. Isabella, being a very thoughtful child, for whom solitude had more charms than it usually has for children of her age, wandered on alone, till her attention was attracted by a woman who was singing very sweetly. As soon, however, as she observed the child, she ceased singing, and speaking to her in a coaxing manner,

said, "good morning t'ye, my little lady." Isabella acknowledged the greeting, and asked her to show her the way to the Grange, as she knew it very imperfectly. This the gipsy promised to do, and taking her by the hand, which Isabella, with the unsuspecting frankness of her age, had offered her guide, she led her away by a path which, overgrown with brushwood, and darkly shaded by the overhanging oaks, seemed as though it was rarely frequented by anything but the badger or the prowling fox.

After continuing this route, which appeared familiar to the gipsy, for some time, they suddenly emerged from the wood, and came upon the spot, where were pitched the two or three tents which formed the gipsies' camp. Ralph was smoking, Jeffrey was feeding the fire, and the child playing on the grass; but no sooner had Ralph perceived his wife and her young companion, than he started up hastily, and commenced speaking to her in the jargon of their tribe, apparently questioning her as to the child who accompanied her, and receiving her replies with great attention. The result of their conversation was to change all their previous plans, and Ralph immediately began to strike the tents and to make preparations for instantly leaving the place on which they had fixed as their resting place, and in less than half-an-hour they did so.

As it grew late the party at the park became anxious for Isabella's safety. Sir Henry sent about servants in every direction, and all the visitors proffered their services, as she was much beloved by all. The search was continued the whole of the day, and great was the grief of the unhappy parent. Years passed over, and Isabella was now only spoken of as a child, who had been taken away from a world of misery to one of everlasting happiness, by the mysterious workings of Providence.

Twelve years after this, Edward Eveleyn, who was just twenty, and had grown a handsome young man, was invited by a great friend of his father, to spend the shooting season at his seat in Warwickshire. Being a great lover of this very sensible amusement, he accepted the invitation with pleasure, and many were the pleasant days he spent with his hospitable friend. Returning alone one evening with his gun in his hand, he observed a very pretty girl leaning against a tree, so lost in thought that she did not perceive him approaching. The reader will not be surprised, considering our hero's susceptible age, to hear that he gazed at the sylvan beauty for a long time in silent admiration, not wishing to disturb her reverie, or that afterwards, under the pretence of asking the way to the neighbouring village, he found an opportunity of addressing her—"I say, lassie, how far is the village from here?" Starting at his words, she answered in a hesitating manner that she was a stranger and had lost her way in endeavouring to escape from some people who had ill-used, her. "Where are they?" eagerly inquired Edward, for the idea of a woman being ill-treated always excited his anger. "I can't tell—I left them this morning: but ah! I have made poor Jeffrey unhappy—still, I think, he cannot be sorry that I am out of reach of these cruel people. He would not follow that wicked sort of life, if he could have his own way." A sudden thought struck Edward on hearing these words. *He knew that when his sister had so mysteriously disappeared, a party of gipsies had been in the immediate neighbourhood of Wycherley Park, and had rather suddenly*

decamped. Now the few words the girl had uttered led him to the conclusion that her late companions were of the same class, and might they not be the same party, and might not the fair stranger be his own sister? With this idea, he asked her whether they were gipsies from whom she had escaped? "Yes, kind sir, they were. They tried to make me believe I was one of their children, but Jeffrey remembers when they stole me." "Who are you, and whence did they steal you?" inquired Edward with agitation. "I cannot recollect, it is so long ago. Oh! I wish Jeffrey was here, he knows much more about it than I do." "Never mind, my pretty girl, you shall come home with me for to-night, and by to-morrow you will have had time to collect your thoughts, and then you must tell me all you know about yourself."

Edward's curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, and immediately on arriving at the Hall he communicated her story to Lord Carnworth, at the same time hinting at the possibility that it might be his lost sister, and even if it should prove not to be so, they could inquire into the case, and possibly be of some service to her. His lordship left it for Edward and his own daughter, Geraldine, to settle where she should be put. Edward was very absent the whole of the evening, and not even Geraldine's presence, which at other times had such a charm for him, could bring him to himself. He retired early to his room, and as soon as he could next morning he proceeded, accompanied by Geraldine, to the cottage in which the gipsy girl had been placed. They found she had already gone out, with a person who to all appearance was a gipsy, (Edward immediately conjectured it was Jeffrey), but that she had promised to return in time to tell the young gentleman all she knew of herself. Having been shewn the direction in which they were gone, Edward and Geraldine turned their steps that way, and shortly afterwards observed two figures seated on the grass under the shade of a wide-spreading oak. Edward proposed that they should approach them near enough to be able to overhear their conversation, but still not so near as to interrupt it. Geraldine agreed to this, and having found a convenient place, they heard a long discourse respecting the events of their former life. At length the gipsy proposed that they should return to the cottage, adding, that she must be there when the young gentleman called, and that Jeffrey must accompany her, as he must give all the information he could about her.

Edward thought it advisable not to let them know that they had not been alone and arrived by a different path at the cottage before Jeffrey and his companion made their appearance.

After many general questions, Jeffrey was called upon to communicate all he could remember about the girl, which he did in such a manner as not to leave a doubt in Edward's mind that the pretty girl who had interested him so much was his sister.

During this time Lord Carnworth, who had been sent for, stood watching every gesture of the girl, and listening to her detached sentences, imagined he saw a likeness to Sir Henry, and some resemblance to the Isabella who had been the idol of her father's heart. In a short time the whole mystery was solved, and by the united exertions of Geraldine and her brother, Isabella soon felt quite at home at Carnworth Hall. Lord Carnworth then wrote to Sir Henry Evelyn, not informing

him of the recovery of his lost daughter, but merely telling him that an affair of great importance required his immediate presence at the Hall. As the estates of these gentlemen were in the same county, it was not long before Sir Henry arrived, particularly as he set off the instant he received the letter. He much wished his host to tell him the pressing business for which he had been summoned, but his lordship refused to comply. In the course of the evening, as was generally the case, the conversation turned upon Isabella, when suddenly, with a gesture of surprise, Sir Henry drew Geraldine aside, and said in a low voice: "For Heaven's sake, tell me that young lady's name!"

An explanation ensued, which ended in the mutual recognition of father and daughter. They spent the happiest week in their lives at Carnworth Hall, and from thence returned to Wycherley Park.

Jeffrey, whose natural good sense soon made him aware of the impossibility of any of his former hopes being realised, returned to his wandering mode: but the warmth with which he was always greeted by Isabella, when his erratory habits brought him into the vicinity of the Grange, never failed to call up a gleam of pleasure into his tanned features; and it is not unlikely that the consciousness of the terms on which he had so long lived with the heiress, gave him a rude sense of gratification which acted as a sort of flattering unction to his subsequent disappointment.

ELDER.

A STORY OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

There was a face at the Sunday school that fixed itself upon my memory. It was not regularly beautiful (though the features were by no means bad) but it was peculiarly expressive.

Sarah Jacob's path home was the same as mine, and the lane was quite quiet, and some way from the village, so I asked her to sit down and tell me what made her always look so careworn; she told me the following history:—

"It will maybe not interest you, ma'm, to hear of the trouble of us poor folks, we live, and work, and sigh, silently; you hear nothing of it. Why should you? How could you help us all, and we all want help—all. This is my twenty-ninth birthday, but I have not been to school more than every Sunday for the last six months, and I can hardly read yet. The first thing I can remember distinctly was my mother's death. I was the eldest of four. There was a baby only a week old, and my mother unable to rise from her bed. My father was much given to liquor, and spent his earnings almost always as soon as they were paid. I need not say we were badly off, but my grandmother helped us, and when my mother was well we managed to pay rent for our miserable cottage. My grandmother was tending my mother, when he came in one night talking loudly, and very much intoxicated. He struck me very hard, and nearly stunned me; but it was nothing new, I did not cry. I knew no one

could help me, but I and my little brothers hid ourselves behind the bed in my mother's room. She was very ill; as I crouched down I could hear her groaning pitifully, and praying at every breath.

Presently my grandmother went into the kitchen, and reproached my father for making such a noise, when he knew my mother was so ill. He was too drunk to listen, and my grandmother began then to abuse his companion, who, telling my father he would not stay in his house to be bullied by a woman, got up and went away. At this my father, loading my grandmother with abuse, swore he would punish her, and seizing the poker in his drunken rage, beat her severely.

She ran screaming to my mother's room, and sat down beside her, crying as he valued my mother's life, not to strike her again. My father took no notice, and went on beating her unmercifully. Some of the ill-aimed blows reached my mother. I crept upon the bed with an oppressive feeling of terror, which I recollect to this moment. My mother raised herself to an upright position, she seized my waist and grasped it convulsively—her eyes staring wildly. At that moment my father struck my grandmother with such violence upon her head that she fell senseless on the ground, and the drunken man reeled staggering from the room, and left the house. My mother sank back heavily. All this was the work of a moment, and as fresh upon my memory, as if it were yesterday, though I was then only seven years old. My mother's grasp became painful to me after the immediate excitement was over. I begged her to let me go. I tried to loosen her fingers—they were as firm as iron. I screamed—it made no impression; at last I found she was dead. Her dead hand held me firmly, and I must have screamed for some hours before my little brothers could have courage enough to run to the nearest cottage and ask one of the neighbours to come. My grandmother recovered slowly from the ill-usage she had received, and when my father returned sober, he was very much overcome by the sight of what he had done. He had not much time to grieve, however, for the police had been told of the affair. So he took me and my two brothers, of five and six years old, to tramp about the country with him selling tapes and thread, in reality begging, while the baby was left with my grandmother by her particular request. From my seventh year, until I was thirteen, we travelled about the country. By begging, selling small wares, and stealing, my father contrived to get enough money together to buy a cart and donkey, with which we joined a company of gipsies. We were then very happy. The women were very kind to us, they gave us enough to eat, and I had not then any trouble with my brothers. My brother John learned to break open hen-roosts, and became very expert and useful to the gipsies. One day my father helped to rob a house. They stole a good deal of money and plate, and we immediately decamped from the neighbourhood. We were traced, however, and my father and several others were taken up and sentenced to be transported. He had given me several pounds to keep for him, with which I and my brothers, being now left to our own resources, *began our journey to where my grandmother lived. On our way we fell in with some of our gang, who persuaded John to go with them, but Joseph and I found our way to my grandmother's house. She was not badly off, and glad of a little help. Joseph*

could earn a little money by doing errands with the donkey and cart, and I had a little money that my father gave me. My sister was then six years old, and had thriven well with my grandmother, who was very kind to all of us.

When I was nineteen, I took a place at a farmer's near, as maid of all work. I had a hard life of it, and was treated as if I was not of the same make as my mistress. I was up early and down late. But I had borne much more than this, and I knew I must learn here before I took a better place. So I worked on, from day to day, and year to year, for five long years, saving whatever I could.

Then—well I may as well tell ye, for its over now and gone, and I remember it as if it was written in a book, and the book closed and laid away for ever. Then came Charles, my master's son, and was comely and well spoken, but God knows no one had less idea than I that he liked me; but I found it out one day, and told him that it was not for him to marry such a one as me, his father's servant; but he told me there was no one that he liked so well, and begged me to marry him.

So I said I would, and we fixed the time for the wedding to be the next spring.

My sister was now old enough to go out to place, and a lady in the neighbourhood had promised to take her, and as it was a good place, my grandmother made her take it, and sent for me to come and stay the winter with her, as she was very rheumatic,

So I left my place and came to live with her. Charles often came to see me, and he used to tell me how sad he was without me, and how he never could love any other than me; and I believed him, for I was very fond of him.

My sister did not know I was going to be married, for she was away, and I was no scholar, and could not write to her; and she one day wrote to say her mistress was very unkind to her, and the next she came with her box, for her mistress had sent her away.

Charles had come to see me that day, and when she came in looking so bonny, and told her story so sadly, he said he thought he'd never seen so pretty a girl. It pleased me to hear him say so, for I thought so too.

Charles came oftener now, and he talked much to me and much to her, but he did not talk to me as he used to do. But I loved him too much to doubt of him for a moment, and the day went by and I was very happy.

One day on coming down the stairs I heard Susan and Charles talking below, and I thought I would even listen to what they said, just for a bit of fun. Charles said—"Susan, I was once in love with an old and ugly woman, and now I cannot see what I ever liked in her; however, I promised to marry her. Now I see a young girl and all that makes me love her. What shall I do?"

Susan never thought for a moment it was me, *she* did not think me old and ugly maybe I was not then—and she said laughing—"Why, tell her you have changed your mind, or show her so by your manner, and she'll not wish to marry *ye* then—trust her."

"And will you marry me then, Susan?"

I only waited to hear Susan's surprised acquiescence, and then I went to my room. I did not cry—I did not faint; but from that moment to this I felt no more affection for Charles than as if, as I said before, his whole courtship had been a story written in a book, and laid aside for ever. My manner showed him how he stood. I said no more to him on the subject.

Charles and Susan have that high farm upon the hill, they are well to do in the world, and I often go to see Susan. Sometimes I think she is unhappy, but she does not wish me to know it, and I never ask.

I took a situation as dairy-maid, with good wages, for three years after, and with my former savings have a little money of my own.

My grandmother sent for me last year to live with her, as Joseph was about to leave her to marry and work on my old master's farm as chief labourer. He was always a good lad and kind to me, and will make a good husband. I shall not go ever to service again, for my grandmother is too old to be left, and I hope at some future time to be able to keep a school for young girls, before they go out to service. I can teach sewing, and I hope sometimes to be able to teach reading and writing. The village wants a day school very much, and anything that will keep girls out of mischief and teach a moral principle early, is of untold use, as I know by experience."

There poor Sarah ended her story, still intent after such a disappointed life on being useful to others. I quite agree with her that a day school is very much wanted in our village, and will aid her to the utmost in establishing such a one as she who has had the best opportunity of knowing, judges to be the most useful. Entirely ignorant of moral restraints, girls are sent at a very early age, and entirely defenceless to be the drudge of a hard mistress, who consider them generally in no other light than that of a machine for executing a certain daily routine of work. Can we wonder then that when their abilities raise them above *that*, they become dishonest, or disrespectful? Do not mistake the *class* of hard mistresses of whom I give this description. It is to farmers' wives that I particularly allude. Women who, aspiring to the title of "a lady," unconsciously degrade themselves below the very servants whom they abuse. Far be it from me to accuse a real "lady," for I know that with their rank comes a better education, and with their education more humanity.

No village ought to be without its school for instilling daily, and from the earliest ages, a moral principle, which, unless inculcated then, is never inculcated at all.

Moss.

Geographical Arithmorems.

- 1—Æra 1101—a Continent.
- 2—Deer rob 500 fish—a County.
- 3—Ay, Bob, 1000—a City.
- 4—100 Come—a County.
- 5—1000 ranked—a County.
- 6—501 don't hang—a County.

- 7—Eh, 1001 harps—a County.
- 8—Hers be 501—Islands.
- 9—Oh, 500 refer—a County.
- 10—5 tiaras—a County.
- 11—501 bees near her—a County.
- 12—Has 101 nets—a County.

EROSCHOLITIA.

REVENGE.

PART III.

[Continued from Page 115.]

He related his acquaintance with my adopted father, and said they had been great friends until within a few years of his marriage, when he saw Bernard in the enjoyment of a large fortune and he was too poor to accomplish his union with Edith Winton, then he envied and hated him; at length Neville married. This event took place about a twelvemonth before Bernard's departure for Vienna.

As Bernard's friend, Neville had frequently visited at the manor, but whilst appearing the confidant of the young man, was, in a reality, a spy upon all his actions, which he reported to his father.

Shortly after Bernard's departure Neville became a father. How strange that the sight of that innocent being should have suggested the guilty plan he carried out only too well. Neville had attended old Langworth during a short illness, which had seized him during his son's absence, and then he had discovered the secret of the chest, which my adopted father had mentioned in his manuscript: a paper found in it had greatly excited his curiosity, but he kept the knowledge he had thus obtained secret until he could turn it to his own advantage.

William Gerard, young Bernard's cousin, was also a friend of Neville's, but on his return to the country he concealed from him the engagement between Bernard and Alice, as he knew that Gerard was deeply in love with the latter, and he wished to increase the passion, as he envied Bernard the increase of fortune he would obtain on his union with Alice. Gerard went often to see her, and as Bernard's cousin she received him kindly. At length he declared his love, and then confiding in his honour, she told him of her secret engagement with Bernard. He left her, and resolved to see her no more since he could not conquer his love; but he could not tear himself from the spot where she dwelt, and night after night he would pace before her window, keeping lonely watch over her he loved.

About this time the wife of Neville being seized with a dangerous illness, change of air was recommended for her recovery, and she went to spend a few weeks with her friends in a distant country. Her husband persuaded her to leave her child with Alice, who with joy undertook the care of it; with many tears the mother consented, for her husband's will was law. After leaving his wife with her friends Neville returned, pleading urgent business. And what was it?—To tyrannize over an old man, and rob a child of his inheritance! Neville, by confessing his knowledge of the mysterious chest, frightened the old man into signing a new will making him his heir and disinheriting Bernard. Neville then wrote a letter to the youth in his father's name, forbidding his union with Alice, as their engagement had come to his knowledge. In reality the father looked on their union with pleasure, as the large fortune Alice was possessed of would make up to the youth for his loss. Neville made the old man believe that Bernard was deceiving him and cheating him in his affairs at Vienna, but he could not persuade him to recall him, as his presence

was painful to him, and it was no longer *his* property that the youth was injuring; therefore, the old man was much astonished when Bernard appeared before him. But the traitor had not yet accomplished his vile purpose. He told William Gerard that Alice would see him at a certain hour; (the hour in which Neville knew that Bernard would arrive.)

I knew what followed, with a violent effort *I* restrained myself until *I* should have heard all, for the truth was breaking upon me, and *I* felt my brain must turn. He continued and told how, the next morning, *his* child and Bernard had disappeared, and Alice was found murdered, and the act of Gerard on finding her he loved thus taken from him. Oh! that Bernard had looked one moment more on the paper which contained the account of his father's murder, then had he seen *whose* child he had taken to his heart, and *I* had not been, what now *I* am, a *murderer*!

Neville went on, he described the agony of his wife in thus being deprived of her child: and how after wearing on a heart-sick, hopeless life for six long years, without finding balm for her sorrows in the smiles of another babe, or that repose in the grave, for which in her first grief she prayed—she was at length released from her sorrows, but left in the cold world all that would have made life again sweet to her; Leila whose entrance into life was the signal for her mother's departure to a happier world.

The night after Bernard's return, Neville introduced into the manor a man of the name of Johnson, whom he had bribed to murder old Langworth, that he might the sooner enter into the enjoyment of his inheritance. That night was Langworth's last. The discoveries of the following morning pointed at Bernard as the author of the dreadful deed, and all tended to make his guilt evident; but *he* was *innocent*.

Neville related his meeting with a young man in the arbour with Leila, and the strange feelings which overpowered him on beholding him; he said Leila called him "Bernard Winton," why were *those* names together? He asked if *I* had seen him. *I* answered not; *I* would hear all before *I* spoke. He also continued silent. "The chest," *I* murmured, "what of that?" The silence broken, he went on. "It contained some human bones enveloped in a cloth of crimson velvet, with a packet of letters, and a paper stating that they were the mortal remains of *Helen Winton*, wife of Bernard Langworth." It was the name of Winton which had struck Neville on seeing this, as it had been the maiden name of *his* wife, Edith Winton, of whom Helen was the elder sister. She had married early, and on the birth of her child travelled with her husband; she never returned to England; he murdered her for her attachment to *Edward Granville*, to whom she had been engaged before her marriage with Langworth. He had discovered some letters from him, which she still had kept, and his jealousy was too great to be borne in vain. She had not corresponded with him, or seen him, since her marriage. He believed her not, and, with his own hands murdered, her, he too deeply loved. On his return to England, *he* said *she* had died, and been buried abroad—and he was believed. The chest was *by his* desire, (expressed on my first making known my discovery of its contents) buried with him. "And Granville," *I* asked, "what became of him?" "*I* know

not; Langworth knew *he* never had her *heart*, but that she was the most faithful of wives is beyond a doubt. Her child, Bernard, had his mother's smile and voice, his every word fell as a curse on his father's heart; he hated the boy for the recollections the sight of him awakened: yet at the same time he felt a strange affection for him as I *know*, although he never showed it. But *my* boy," continued Neville, his voice, growing fainter, "my boy, how he should have been loved and cherished. I feel my life ebbing fast away; though it is hard to die alone, and among strangers, without a child to receive my dying breath. Yet, I deserve my fate; and Heaven have mercy on my murderer. Tell me, is there absolution for such as I?"

Oh! agony—oh! remorse—oh! grief too heavy to be endured—he *died!* but not e'er I had confessed myself his murderer; and, oh! God—could it be true?—*his son!* Life was ebbing fast—he tried to utter a few words, but could not speak, were they of pardon? I could not tell; his gestures were violent as if one dying in agony—and *this* was my revenge!

Father! could I exist longer after this? To every roof that sheltered me I should bring a curse.

My cries were heard as I accused myself of the murder, and called on my *father* too late for pardon. I will not stay to relate how they passed a verdict of insanity upon me, and sent me to bedlam, where, in my keeper, I recognised Johnson, the murderer of old Langworth and my guide to the manor; neither will I pause to relate the particulars of my escape from that den of horrors.

I write this on the grave of my adopted father; no one approaches this lonely spot; all around me is peaceful; I am the only unquiet spirit here. I will live no longer—why have I lived so long? Why was I born? what is my place in *this* world? I go to another. Is it a better, (a worse it cannot be,) in which I shall next open my eyes? Father, farewell, pray for the repose of the guilty soul of thy unhappy son.

GEORGE NEVILLE.

When the morning's light streamed through the stained glass windows of the church upon the hill, it revealed the kneeling figure of a priest before the altar, and when at evening the red beams of the setting sun shone once more through those same windows, they looked still upon that immoveable and *lifeless* form. For *Edward Granville* has learnt the fate of his early love, and they are now re-united in Heaven.

LAVENDER.

The Bog's Lament for the Flowers.

Why grieves my son?" the mother cried,
For the blooming cherub by her side
Had cast away his favourite toy,
And care had seized the merry boy.

"Mother, I've been to that garden fair,
'Mid the flow'rs to play in the sunny air,
But alas! I feel so sad and lone,
For the flow'rs, oh, mother, the flow'rs are gone!
Vainly I sought, in each well-known place,
Those forms rich in beauty, perfume and grace!
Then to the breeze their sweet names I aigh'd,
Sad echo in accents of grief repli'd.

The bee flew in anger from nect'rine to peach,
And sipped of each fruit his frail wing could reach,
But loudly his murmurs complained to the wind,
That such nectar as theirs he could nowhere find!
A butterfly bright, was wont to repose
At eve on the breast of a damask rose;
That beautiful creature I saw to-day,
Lifeless and dim on the cold wet clay!

I fear I'm a cruel and heartless boy!
Often have I, in a moment of joy,
Plucked from the garden the bud most sweet,
Soon to lie wither'd and dead at my feet!
Oh, I weep to think what I'd give to-day
For the blossoms thus idly thrown away!"

The pitying mother fondly pressed
The youthful mourner to her breast:
"Weep not," she cried, "for soon sweet spring
All fair things in her train will bring;
Then you may bind each drooping form,
And shield the frail ones from the storm,
But never, oh, my child, forget
The cause of this first, deep regret!
Remorse to tear the heart has pow'r
For cruelty, e'en to a flow'r!
But when departed friends we mourn,
Never, oh never, to return!
Could you a peaceful moment know,
If you had caused their tears to flow?
Oh, let this influence your mind,

To be to every creature kind !
 For oft a look, a scornful word,
 Can pierce the soul, like two edg'd sword.
 Distrust, the constant heart offend—
 Neglect, the faithful bosom rend :
 What woe a lost one to deplore,
 Whose worth was never felt before !
 To wring the hands, and vainly pray—
 Would he were here, but for a day !

LABURNUM.

Versf.

Figlia, la madre disse,
 Guardati dall' Amore;
 È crudo, è traditore,—
 Che vuoi saper di più ?
 Non fargli mai sperare
 D'entrare nel tuo petto;
 Chè chi gli diè ricetta
 Sempre tradito fu.

Colla sua benda al ciglio
 È un bel fanciullo, è vero :
 Ma sempre è menzognero ;
 Ma sempre tradirà.
 Semplice tu se fidi
 Nel riso suo fallace ;
 Tu perderai la pace,
 Nè mai ritornerà.

Ma vedo: già sei stanca
 Del mio parlar prudente ;
 Già volgi nella mente
 Il quando, il come, e il chi.
 Odimi: i detti miei
 Già sai se son sinceri ;
 È se son falsi o veri
 Saprai per prova un dì.

Harmony.

While musing one morning in May,
 On faces so sweetly divine,
 I was roused by a Heavenly lay,
 In accents so pure and sublime:
 The little birds start from their bow'rs—
 On high the lark lists to the song,
 And then irresistably low'rs
 To the rest of the feathery throng.
 The hollow day echoed around,
 The notes of that beautiful strain,
 And startled fawns gracefully bound,
 To fly to their deep glens again:
 Then even the sweetest of flowers—
 The lilies and soft damask rose,
 All droopingly slumb'ring for hours,
 Are roused from their floral repose.
 No ripple the silver lake moves—
 The rivulets cease in their course,
 While breathless the wondering groves
 Enchantingly echo the verse:
 Oh steal not sweet music away—
 'Tis harmony's self that I hear,
 Let me dream that bright blushing May
 Breathes on me the whole of the year.

HAWTHORN.

The Spring Child.

A mother sat beside her boy,
 And watched his troubled sleep;
 Alas! he was her only joy,
 She had known sorrows deep.
 Oh! mother see what music rare
 Is sounding round my bed?
 Tell me what are those forms
 Which flutter past my head?
 I hear no sounds, my darling child,
 I see no figures bright;
 Thy sickness makes thy fancy wild—
 Brings visions to thy sight.
 Oh! listen now, they bid me come,
 And softly me they tell—
 My course o'er earth to-day has run,
 Oh, mother, fare thee well!

HELIOGROPE.

THE
BOUQUET,
FROM
MARYLEBONE GARDENS.

No. VI.—NOVEMBER.

PRIZE PAPERS.

ENGLISH VERSE.

Shipwreck.—The hero, or heroine, landed on a desolate island or coast, and to meet with some adventure.

A THISTLE.

The Phantom Ship.

Prize Paper, No. V.

THE signal's given, the anchor's weigh'd,
The last adieus to all were made,
With loud hurrahs and jovial shout,
The vessel was from port 'aunch'd out,
Bound for the sunny land of Spain.
But fated ne'er to see again
Its myrtle groves and daughters fair,
For whom the crew would peril dare
But for a glance of their bright eyes;
Incentive strong to high emprise!
They're off! the land recedes from view,
Above them is the heav'n of blue,
Reminding, by its fainter hue,
Of their own skies of azure true.
The sea all round, the sky above,
Gonzalvo dreams of nought save love,
He sits upon the open deck,
His arm around his lov'd one's neck.
Who watches them with jealous eye,
They're ev'ry action to decry?
Tis Rodrigue Narvez, the first mate,
Victim from youth of adverse fate,
But now grown callous, harsh, yet not to all,

Amelia holds, alas, his heart in thrall.
Alas, for Gonzalvo's peace, he loves,
And ev'ry act his passion proves.
In Rodrigue has Gonzalvo a rival found,
And in his heart these words have made a wound.
Amelia's love he does not doubt,
But restless turns his thoughts about,
To find a way to keep him off;
And ever when he's near doth scoff,
And tell him of the happy lot
Of him who has no mistress got,
To keep him chain'd in durance vile,
At mercy of her frown or smile.
Rodrigo hears, but little heeds,
His heart with hidden anguish bleeds.
Again his hopes are cross'd by Fate,
For now he finds, alas! too late,
That she he sought to woo and win,
Is now anothers, and within
His heart there burns a fierce desire
For dark revenge, to drown the fire
Of love Amelia lighted there.
He tries to hate the happy pair,
But for one only can this passion feel,
The wound his rival gave can never heal;
He 'gainst Gonzalvo ev'ry passion steals,
But, for Amelia, only *love* he feels.
The vessel makes no way, the tide 's unfair,
No gentle breeze e'er cools the heated air.
It is the third day from their setting out,
The captain sickens, and without a doubt
Will die, unless a change of weather come
With fresh'ning gales to speed them towards their home.
It is the fifth day, and he breathes no more.
Above the ship on languid wings there soar
Dark birds of prey, as to the briny deep
They lower him who sleepeth his last sleep.
The breeze now freshens, on the seventh day
The sails are filled; the streamers floating gay,
Which lately pendant from the mast-head hung.
"All hands aloft!" is now right loudly sung.
"Furl ev'ry sail, a storm will soon be here;"
"See to the larboard, threat'ning clouds appear."
Soon thunder's roar is heard, and over-head,

The clouds in folds of inky blackness spread;
Gonzalvo hastens to Amelia's side.
In danger he will not desert his bride.
Rodrigo nears, and whispers in his ear—
"Amid this peril my confession hear:
I hate you, you have cross'd me in my love:
And now my hatred ev'ry act shall prove.
Amelia still—aye, frown not—shall be mine,
And happiness shall yet around me shine.
When sinks the vessel (for a leak I've made),
Amelia sav'd shall be, and by my aid;
For like a shark I swim, and by my arm
I'll save her from the waves, and ev'ry harm.
Then you shall perish, mark me, *then* you'll die,
But live to see me gain the victory!"
He spoke and left him. Gonzalvo was prepared
To save himself and her, for nought he cared
That Rodrigue threaten'd, vain his idle boast,
Gonzalvo will save her, or himself be lost.
The wind now rises to a hurricane,
Land hove in sight, the shore they may not gain.
Fast pours the rain, the sea runs mountains high.
Must they then perish, and with land so nigh?
A wave sweeps o'er the deck, and in its course
Sweeps many to the grave, and with its hoarse
And loud discordant murmur drowns the cry
Of their last anguish and death agony.
Now see approach a wave of greater force,
Bearing along in fearful rapid course
The splinter'd timbers of the wreck,
And hurls them fiercely on the deck.
Gonzalvo seiz'd the scatter'd planks around,
And with thick ropes the timbers strongly bound.
To the frail raft thus form'd he must confide,
What most he loves in life, his promised bride;
With ropes he binds her to the raft.
"What, dare the deep in such a craft!"
The seamen cry, "Oh! rash and daring man,
Try not the venture; save her ne'er you can!"
He heeds them not; Amelia safely bound,
Gonzalvo casts one anxious glance around—
Then by her side he lays, and waits a wave
To wash them from the deck, and thus to save
Them from the peril which they now are in.

Tremb'ling, the crew stand round, wet to the skin,
Yet will remain on board. Narvez is there.
No captain's left them in their dark despair.
Rodrigue has order'd them to keep with him,
And when the vessel sinks to shore to swim.
A crash is heard. "She sinks! She sinks!" they cry,
The raft, borne by a crested wave, on high,
Is lifted, Gonzalvo holds himself for lost,
But is at length on shore, with fury toss'd.
With a most thankful heart on shore he stands,
Then kneels, and lifting up his clasped hands,
Pours forth his heart in thankful praise to Heav'n,
Who thus to him hath life and safety given;
Then turn'd he to Amelia at his side,
Render'd quite senseless by the beating tide—
She lay as dead. But when Gonzalvo took
Some water in his hands, from a clear brook,
And o'er her springled, soon she op'd her eyes,
And gaz'd above, and round, in strange surprise—
She sees Gonzalvo, vanished is her fear,
Clasp'd to the heart of him she holds so dear.
Amelia, idol of my heart, and can
You still be faithful to me?" he began,
And pressing her to his fond, loving heart,
He swore that never from *her* would *he* part.
"Oh! Gonzalvo, little know'st thou woman's love;
'Tis the pure spirit fresh from God above.
If I loved you in weal, much more in woe,
Oh, love but strengthens by misfortune's blow;
My life preserv'd by thee, 'tis surely thine.
And I am blest in feeling thou art mine."
In silence they embrac'd, then towards the main
They turned their eyes, hoping to see again
Some inmates of the ship swim to the shore—
But, with the wreck, they'd sunk to rise no more.
Then turn'd they wond'ring to survey the Isle.
Past was the storm, all nature round did smile;
Green trees they saw, high towering to the skies,
And birds with plumage gay, of varied dyes,
Who never human form had learnt to dread,
So heard, unheeding, all their passing tread.
Monkeys swung high from branch, and threw
Upon the passer fruits, which on them grew.
A running brook of clearest water ran

Through a green valley, meet abode for man;
Ev'ry convenience, ev'ry beauty near.
"Oh! Gonzalve, can we not in peace live here?
There can we build a hut of rushy sheaves,
And roof it well with branches and dry leaves."
Thus talked they on, new beauties ever finding,
Them of their distant home reminding.
' But what's a *desert* isle when *thou* art here?
Each spot is Paradise, when *thou* art near.
Would that we had been married, then indeed
A life of sweetest peace we here could lead.
In books I oft have read of shipwreck'd men,
Cast, like us, on a desert isle, but then,
The story ended not, as ours will do,
Without adventure of some sort. But true,
I think that now with some one we shall meet,
For to mine ear there comes the sound of feet.
Ah! see approach a priest, or hermit grave,
He us from our perplexity will save,
Will make thee mope. Gonzalve, salute him thou,
I have not words—truly I know not how."
Nearer he draws. Gonzalvo nears him now—
Kisses the hem of his black sweeping gown,
And, lowly stooping, marketh not the frown
Which is bent on him from the hermit's eyes,
But which quick fades away as he replies—
"My children, long a hermit here I dwell;
Approach, to you invites my humble cell.
No costly delicacies there you'll find,
But simple herbs, and fruit of ev'ry kind."
"Oh! father, welcome in our hour of need,
The boon we ask, to us you 'll surely cede—
Unite us in the bonds of holy love—
For this high Heav'n will bless you from above.
Betrothed long, our union all arranged,
Our fate was, by a direful *Shipwreck*, chang'd;
The vessel wreck'd, the crew all drown'd, and dead,
No priest remain'd to bless our bridal bed.
Father, this grace accord. When once we gain
Our own dear home across the briny main,
We will reward thee for this kindness shown
To us in our distress." "Enough, my son,
Come, follow me, my cell is near at hand,
There you I'll join in wedlock's holy band."

Now in a grotto, hewn from out the rock,
Or form'd by nature in an earthquake shock,
They stand together, and the holy man
Took from a niche his book, and thus began:
"My son, wilt thou this woman take to wife,
To love, to cherish, and protect for life?"
"I will!" resounded through the rocky cave.
"And thou, wilt thou this man for husband have,
To honour, love, and always to obey?"
"I will!" she answered. On her arm he lay
His hand, and to the ground his hood
From o'er him fell, and plain he stood
Before them Rodrigue, treach'rous foe—
He'd come to work them further woe.
With a faint cry she fell on Gonzalvo's breast,
To his fond heart her fainting form he prest.
"Oh! fiend, in human form, is't you I see?"
"None other." "Rodrigue Narvez?" "I am he;
Sav'd from the waves, I'm here to injure thee.
My work is ended, traitor, feel my hate,
And, unresisting, bear the blow of fate!"
So spake he, while in mute surprise
Gonzalvo gaz'd with wond'ring eyes.
So sudden was the change that o'er him came,
He felt the same man, and yet not the same.
The wreck, the island, diff'rent to him seem;
Amelia, life, his love itself's a dream.
But rouses from his death-like trance,
When he observes base Rodrigue glance
With savage eye to where Amelia lay,
Then wakes, and, like a tiger set at bay,
He grinds his teeth, fire flashes from his eye,
He draws his sword, and waves the blade on high.
"Traitor, approach, thy purpose well I know,
But *never* shall Amelia wed my foe!"
'Oh! boasting enemy!' "Rodrigo cried,
'Think ye I seek Amelia for my bride?
No, but she shall be mine in all save name,
When I consign thee to eternal flame."
So spake he, and e'er Gonzalvo was prepared,
Rodrigue had from its sheath its weapon bared,
And plunged it in his rival's side.
With one kiss to his lovely bride,
Gonzalvo gave again the blow,

And thought to bring his rival low.
 But yet again it was returned;
 With fury now their eye-balls burned,
 In deep'rate bloody fight they close.
 Will then Gonzalvo his life lose,
 And leave in Rodrigue's hands his bride,
 Whom to save from him he died?
 No, swift the thought has cross'd his brain,
 With her heart's blood his blade to stain.
 "She's mine in death!" he loudly cries—
 Then plunges with her 'neath the wave.
 Rodrigo stood in mute surprise;
 He knows 'twere vain to try to save
 His victims from their wat'ry grave.
 Then sinks he fainting on the shore,
 Curses his foe, and breathes no more.

* * * *

A vessel oft, at eve, they say,
 Passing along that mournful way,
 Will descry, floating on the sea,
 Two human forms; with gestures free
 They float upon the blood-stained wave,
 And in its foams their arms they lave.
 For from the breast of each a stream
 Of blood fast pours; and oft they scream,
 And point a finger, red with gore,
 In mocking action towards the shore,
 Whence wanders, casting looks of hate
 And terror, Rodrigue, the first mate
 Of yonder floating batter'd wreck,
 Where, on the fire illumin'd deck,
 The passer sees an airy crew
 Of phantom spirits; and the hue
 Of fiery red which illumines the hull
 Is from a torch set in a human scull.
 Then fast fill they the sails, and haste
 Away from this dreadful haunted waste
 Of land and waters. As they go
 They hear a shriek of pain and woe,
 And see a gulf open in the deep main,
 The wreck and the phantoms are swallow'd again!
 In the deep abyss where at first they slept.
 A sound is heard as of spirits who wept.
*Or, is it the sad wind which murmurs by,
 And means o'er the grave where they murder'd lie?*

*The Two Frigates.**Prize Paper, No. VI.*

FAR in the north, in Scotia's noble land,
An ancient castle stands, in ruins now;
Its rock-girt coast, the scene of many wrecks
And poor souls swept therefrom, to rise no more.
To speak of all were much beyond my task,
Yet, as is ask'd of one, I'll tell the tale:—
The moon had reach'd her midnight watch in heav'n,
And veil'd her pensive face, afraid to view
The gath'ring tempest, while upon my couch,
Listening the hollow cadence of the storm,
I count the lazy hours, and meditate
Upon the sailor's dark and dismal lot.
Oh! 'twas a fearful night for those whose friends
Rock'd on the stormy wave—winds howl'd, seas roar'd.
In such an hour, then, musing fancy strays
To some drear mansion, tottering near the beach,
Where the wind howling through the gaping chinks,
Startles the babe upon his mother's breast.
The mother wakes, and closer clasps her husband,
Then lips a prayer of silent thankfulness
That he is not a sailor. Hark! loud shouts
Come echoing through the storm; and now I hear
The distant gun boom 'long the rugged shore.
List! was the sound deceitful? fancy, form'd
To agonize the ear? Oh, gracious God!
Again the gun is heard—again—again—
A ship's ashore, each hoarse loud voice proclaims,
The lights and rockets show now how she bears.
But, hark! another gun, more distant off,
A signal shews that she is not alone.
On, rushing to the beach, see that dense crowd,
Intent to save the crew, the life-boat fast
Along the strand they drag; her gallant crew
Prepar'd to brave the deep when day appears,
For nought as yet they see, but flash on flash,
And gun on gun, they hear, with distant shout
Of many voices. Oh! what's that rushing sound—
That dismal crash—amongst the rocks so near,
Which makes the splinters fly in dread dismay?
"The guns are shotted," is the gen'ral cry;
"A rocket fire, to show them help is nigh."
'Tis done and now an universal shout

Comes echoing midst the fierce howling storm—
The beacon lights—now all around is seen.
Another shout, still louder than the first,
Proclaims the crew the wish'd-for boat descried,
The cannons cease, and both on sea and land
The gallant men await th' approaching day.
At last the east proclaims the long'd for dawn.
But when the rising sun lights up the sea,
The scene that to the eye presents itself
Is fearful. The once noble ship now lay,
Her keel torn from her—now a total wreck.
And the sea mocked her with its fury.
Her once tall masts now crackled with the weight
Of those to whom she used to be the pride.
Poor thing! her pride was gone; she held on long,
And warr'd against the anger of the sea,
But at last gave way and split asunder.
Twelve hours elaps'd before the gallant crew
Could bring the life-boat near unto the ship,
But now they reach her; one by one they drop
From off her sides, in all a hundred men,
Who land in safety, loudly cheered by all
From shore and frigate. See again she comes—
Again succeeds. But now the scene is chang'd—
Three times she gains the ship. Oh, fatal chance!
The brave commander leaves th' important post
Of steersman, to help the noble captain,
Who senseless into the boat had fallen.
At this fell moment a furious wave
Came roaring from the deep, upset the boat
Amongst the rocks, with all her gallant crew,
Save one, the hero of this direful tale,
Who seized a rope, and tried to gain the ship;
As thus he swung, suspended from the shrouds,
A drown'ng man caught him and dragged him down,
Till forced by fearful death to loose his hold.
Huzza! he gains the deck, and there he stands,
Giving his orders like an ancient hero.
“The life-boat's sunk,” resounded from the shore;
But soon a fishing-boat supplies its place,
And beats the chaffing surf, like some tall swan.
The frigates gain it, the boat, it takes its load,
The men are landed, and the boat returns.
Again they reach the ship, but one remains

On board the frigate—he our hero is—
 When one huge wave came roaring on the deck,
 And wash'd him, horror struck, overboard.
 With brawny arm he for the shore strikes out,
 But now the treach'rous waves see suck him back,
 Now wash him, hoping, to the wished-for shore;
 The landmen, holding by each other's hands,
 Do all they can to save him. Hark, a shout—
 Huzza, he's saved! they've got his hand—but, oh!
 A cruel wave has washed him back again.
 But now, amidst the roaring of the sea,
 A female voice is shrieking heard to cry,
 "Oh, save him! save him! if you are still men,"
 And rushing to the beach with fearful yells,
 She headlong plunged amongst the foaming waves.
 At this heart-rending scene four noble youths
 Broke from the crowd, and dash'd into the deep,
 Brought both on shore, amidst the cheers of all.

* * * *

Of this ship's fated crew twelve men were drown'd
 Out of five hundred, prisoners and crew.
 For when she struck, many there were in chains,
 Sons of France, who captives had been taken.
 The signal guns came from another ship,
 Which, scudding in the gale, stuck hard and fast
 At the same moment, four miles to the coast.
 King's ships both were; knew not each others fate;
 Till morning dawned, when their mistake they saw.
 Readers, this is no fiction, all is true—
 Two noble frigates from a cruise return'd,
 On this dread night mistook some lights ashore
 For those of the Bell Rock and Isle of May.
 The one, the Pallas, is before described—
 The Nymph, more fortunate, lost not a man.
 Her masts, on striking, soon went by the board,
 Towards the shore, 'long which the seamen landed

*The Rover.**Prize Paper, No. VII.*

" 'Twas in the good ship Rover,
I sailed the world around,
And for three years and over
I ne'er touch'd British ground."—

DIMDIN.

A PIRATE galley through the water flies,
The night is calm, the wind but gently sighs,
Rev'ling the men carouse the long night through,
None dream that danger's near—that merry crew
As morning dawns, to rest each bends his way,
Nor thinks it dawns upon his latest day.
But lightnings glare, loud thunders burst around,
The mast is struck, the lightning's round it wound;
Heated with wine, the watch have dropt asleep,
They can no longer night's strict vigils keep.
Neptune and Vulcan fight—the bark's on fire,
The buccaneers are under Heaven's ire.
These men of valour in an earthly strife,
Struggling with death, are grappling hard for life,
Some stamping—swearing—curse their luckless star;
Some kneeling—praying—think on friends afar;
Some are still offering songs at Bacchus' shrine;
Some to save life, wild schemes in vain devine—
A thund'ring crash—the dying shriek in vain—
The billows roar—the vessels split in twain.
Those warlike chiefs have sunk beneath the waves,
Of all the bark but one youth havoc saves.
Unto the wreck the pirate Selim clings.
He sees an island, from the ship he springs,
With brawny arm, the frothy waves he fights,
The haven's won, but it the youth affrights,
'Tis huge, but desolation round him lies,
No trees, no shrubs, no flowrets, meet his eyes;

He views above his head a mountain soar,
Smoke it emits, th' intestine flames they roar;
But Morpheus o'er Selim casts his wand,
And holds him fast in slumber's golden band.
Stay now, he wakes, "Where, where am I?" he cries;
The island moves, and through the sea he flies;
Above his head there soars the feather'd king,
Its long shrill screams throughout the air they ring;
He fears and shudders 'tis a cold drear night,
The lightning's *striped*, stars reign in spangled might;
'Midst other islands now he floats along—
Tobacco, cocoa, rice, he looks upon—
Brazil, *La Plata*, both now had he past,
Touched at *Cape Horn*, now out to sea is cast—
He quickly o'er the vast Atlantic sails;
All food, save shell fish, our poor hero fails.
But now the land of convicts he does greet,
Its homely produce now his eye does meet,
Rattans and bamboos in the islands east
He sees. 'Mong wondrous things these are the least.
See now! He floats among the arctic frost,
And now in *Chinese* porcelain is lost—
A *howdah* now the rover's fancy strikes—
In *India* an iv'ry throne he likes—
He sees great *Runjeet Singh* and nobles four—
Who hold aloft the brilliant *Kook-i-Noor*.
But scared by Thugs, the island journeys on,
It hears a bell. Ah! no, it is a gong.
Coffee at *Mocha*, now brave Selim sees,
But weariless his island onward flees.
Among the *Kaffirs* soon he will be lost—
No, roving Selim on *Good Hope* is cast.
What sees he there? Not much that's rich, I ween—
Hottentots, *Bushmen*, there alone are seen.
The *Gold Coast* now does Selim leave behind;
He journeys on, *Madeira's* wines to find.
Now quickly rocky *Calpe* he sails past,
To *Tunis'* battlements he comes at last.
Rich horse caparisons, an Arab tent,
He views, as now towards *Malta* he is bent.
A stalagmitic *Arragonite*
Does Selim see on *Thebe's* ancient site.
He now to *Greece* and *Turkey* onward sails,

In their bright climes 'tis gorgeous pomp he hails;
But now *Italia's* sunny ports are won,
He sighs for rest, his labour 's not yet done.
He passes *Italy*, as though 't were nought:
He sees far off bright *Cagliari's* port.
In dreamy *France* he hopes that he may land—
Ah! no, his isle 's nigh touched a *Spanish* strand.
Pillars of Hercules! behold once more,
Our Selim views thy mighty columns soar;
Four priests a dazzling cloth to view display,
It's the *custodia* lures frail men astray.
In *Biscay's Bay*, far, far renowned in song,
A bird across the sea it skims along.
Another eagle does our Selim fear—
No, 'tis a yacht he sees as it comes near.
A thought—he gazes—but the ship is past,
Satan it is, or 'twould not go so fast.
But now *La Manche* the gallant Selim greets,
Britannia, goddess of the waves, he meets.
See *England's lion* by her side does lie,
Her car of gold does through the waters fly.
Mighty *Britannia* ruleth o'er the waves,
Triumphant now the pirate chief she saves.
The isle she pierces with her trident long—
It sinks—'tis *England's* car he springs upon.
Voices resound, "God save our gracious Queen."
He gazes round—What can, what does this mean?
He sees *Victoria* seated on her throne,
Of silv'ry voices now he hears the tone—
But anxiously he wonders where he is—
The closing of the *Crystal Palace* 't is.
"How came he there," I hear each reader ask.
I think myself we may now raise the mask.
Our wand'ring pirate to *John Bull* is changed,
Fatigued, as through the great *World's Fair* he ranged,
He sank him down to slumber for awhile;
He dreamt that he was floating on an isle.
"Do islands float, I wonder—it is strange!"
Stay, gentle reader, I'll your wonder change.
A floating isle the great *sea serpent* is,
And 'twas on this our Selim sailed, I wis.

Walter Lindsay.

Prize Paper, No. VIII.

PART I.

ON! on! good ship, nor heed the wave,
Nor heed the ocean's roar,
For other crews, with hearts less brave,
Have conquered them before.
What, if the lightning glares around,
And flashes through the gloom?
It shows the spot whence came that sound,
That help-imploing boom.
But oh, alas! no help is near,
An answering sound to send,
They're far from all they hold most dear,
Far from both foe and friend.
"Breakers!" the careful watch now cries;
And far above that shot
Fierce oaths and piercing shrieks arise,
Thrill through that lonely spot.
Before the echo of that word
Had ceased around to fall,
A grating, grovelling sound is heard,
Death's warning unto all.
"She's struck! she's struck," from every lip,
Despairing burst the shout
Of hopelessness and agony,
Of terror and of doubt.
That shock has sent twice twenty souls
Before the Throne of Grace,
To meet there as before in life,
Each other face to face.

PART II.

The morning sheds its pale grey light
O'er that calm, quiet scene,
Where on the but just finished night.
The tempest rage has been.
The falling waves are dashing o'er,
As if to sweep away
The boy that on the barren shore
Lifeless extended lay.
Lifeless—ah no, he moves his arm,
He rises and he stands—
He gazes round him in alarm,
And then he clasps his hands.

His youthful, and yet noble form,
Unused to care and woe,
The truth of what he round him views,
Seems scarcely yet to know.
He bends his way towards the hill,
That to him seems to smile—
There's hope within his bosom still,
That it's no desert vale.
Along its steep, though verdant brow,
Without a single step,
With anxious hasty steps he strides
Until he's reached the top.
For miles around on every side,
Far as the eye could reach,
The white foam on the billows ride
Until they touch the beach.
Upon the island shrubs and trees,
Of various species grow;
And far beneath the hill he sees
A streamlet, murmuring low.
He turns, goes down the hill again,
Deep anguish in his heart—
Must he for ever there remain,
From fellow men apart?
So young, and from his native home
So many miles away,
Is he, forsaken and alone,
Doomed ever there to stay?
For Time's revered all-working hand
Could hardly yet have spread
The joys and griefs of eighteen years
On Walter Lindsay's head.
Until the eve he roams about
His prison to survey;
Herbs and fruit were his food throughout
That dismal, lonely day.
When night its gloom sheds o'er the earth
He lies, down at his head
A stone the pillow's place supplies,
The velvet turf his bed.

PART III.

It was the solemn hour of night,
When all around was still,
The stars above were shining bright,
The soul with joy to fill,

Young Lindsay lay there stretched in sleep,
But not the sleep of rest—
It seemed as if forebodings deep
Were rising in his breast,
A thund'ring noise from far, now on
His troubled slumbers broke—
Those gloomy dreams were quickly flown,
He started and awoke.
The curling smoke was rising from
That hill no longer green;
And from the midst bright flashing flames
Of fire could be seen.
He stood to gaze—surprise and awe
Were mingling in his soul,
As down the side he wond'ring saw
The burning lava roll.
“Away! there is no safety here,
Oh, whither must I fly;
Was I but spared a watery death,
By torments worse to die?”
A few steps further on he stops,
And climbs the tallest tree,
Resolved to wait there until all
Danger should over be.
But hours fly, and tho' he knows
That now he must not fear,
He clings there, for he still must dread
That danger might be near.
And as he sat there gazing forth,
Far o'er the deep blue sea,
The sun was shining brightly o'er
A vessel in the sea;
He waves the noble Union Jack,
A remnant of the wreck—
Oh! joy, the sign it wafted back
From off that tiny speck.
And soon they lower down a boat,
And send it to the shore,
To bear him from that desert isle,
Thence to return no more.

On the Birth of a Daughter.

THE sun shone brightly on that fair morning,
 And cheered the hearts of many by his rays,
 Causing their thoughts to rise up heavenward!
 But there was one to whom earth seemed almost
 A fairy land, so full of visions new,
 And unexpected. For her had dawned
 The day that had been looked and hoped for long—
 A day on which she well might feel preferred—
 Distinguished, to call her own—a daughter!
 Oh, how her heart did beat with joy and pride,
 To know that to her care was now consigned
 That which, by her attentive watchfulness,
 She yet might see become a gem on the earth,
 An angel spirit ministering to grief,
 Clad in the robes of virtue, truth, and love.
 'Twas true this child was formed in Nature's mould,
 And subject to her numerous frailties—
 Yet this knowledge cast no shade upon her,
 For the mother knew how many links would
 Bind her and her child in fond affection;
 She, therefore, trusted to the power and strength
 Of that encircling chain, and felt that much—
 Aye, much indeed—must try it, ere it snapped.
 New life, new energies, new hopes, came fresh
 To aid her in the anxious task imposed
 Of rearing the sweet flow'r with jealous care.
 How proudly did she gaze that day upon
 The star that henceforth should irradiate
 The pathway of her life, and cheer her on
 To pass the darkened valley 'of the tomb!
 She thought not of the many ills that might
 Arise to interpose and disappoint
 Her in her work of love; or that from hence
 Herself might be removed—perhaps too soon!
 Or that the Mighty One, from whom this gift
 Had been received, might deem it better
 That this blossom should wither upon earth,
 To flourish only on the tree of life,
 Adorning e'en the Paradise of Heav'n.
 Ah, no; the present only filled her mind,
 Leaving no vacancy for fear or doubt.
*Oh! may she long enjoy far more than this,
 Her hopes becoming sweet reality!*

P.E.A.

THE HAUNTED TOWER.

A great many years ago there stood near the sea, in the county of —, an old place called Kilmarnock Castle. It belonged to the Earl de Lancey; he had an only son, and, as his wife had died at its birth, the child was put out to nurse, and being of a sickly constitution, he did not return to his father's house until he had attained his fourth year. Before he was seventeen he became Earl de Lancey, by the death of his father.

His appointed guardian was his father's brother, a dark and gloomy man, who had never been seen to smile. The young Earl disliked and feared him, and looked forward with great earnestness to his twenty-first birth-day, when he would be free from the galling dominion of his stern uncle.

The important day came; there was a great banquet held in honour of it. The Earl was in high spirits, but suddenly, after drinking some wine that was on the table, his whole countenance changed, and he dropped from his chair. The guests sprang to his assistance, but it was too late, the young Earl de Lancey was no more. Terror and dismay sat on every brow—on none more than the uncle—but a dark suspicion was felt by many that he—now Earl de Lancey—was not quite innocent of the ominous death of his unfortunate nephew.

The body was examined, and, as was generally expected, found to be poisoned. Strict search was made for the murderer; he was nowhere to be found; and though every one believed the uncle to be the culprit, he could not be accused upon suspicion.

The affair finally was dropped, and the Earl took possession, but not peacefully, for every night, as the castle clock tolled twelve, a masked figure, bearing some resemblance to his murdered nephew, glided through the wall to his apartment, and reproached him with his guilt. This, with his own bad conscience, made Kilmarnock Castle unendurable to the Earl de Lancey; he left it in haste one day, and ordered that it should be sold; but rumours had spread of the mysterious figure, and the "Haunted Tower," as it was now universally called, remained five years untenanted, but at the end of that period it was taken by a gentleman of the name of Villiers. He had an only daughter, and at this time Edith Villiers was a handsome, lively girl of sixteen. About a year after they had been there, she accidentally changed her room to the one in which the Earl de Lancey used to sleep. There was a large party of visitors in the castle, and it was late when Edith went to bed, and either the excitement of the day, or the change of rooms, kept her longer awake than usual. She was just dropping asleep, when she was aroused by the appearance of a light under the door, the next minute the lock was turned, and a man entered the room, started, paused a moment, then advanced cautiously to the bed.

The whole had passed so quickly, that Edith had but just time for one thrill of horror, when she heard his footsteps by her bed. With the presence of mind of despair she closed her eyes as though she slept. The man threw the glare of the

lantern full upon her face, but not a feature moving, he concluded that she was asleep, and walked across the room. Edith cautiously opened her eyes just in time to see her mysterious visitor disappear through the opposite wall! She gazed in mute astonishment, almost thinking it was a dream, for nothing but a ghost could have got through a wall without any opening. Her first feeling of terror was succeeded by strong curiosity; she was almost tempted to jump out of bed and examine the place, but no—she was not quite equal to this, it would do just as well in the morning; there would be more light then. So reasoned Edith, and as she reasoned, she again fell asleep.

She told her story the next morning, and after some discussion about it, one of the gentlemen offered to sleep there that night, but begged that it might be kept secret, in case it should deter the figure from again appearing. This was agreed to; but upon Edith's entering the room a short time after, to fetch something she wanted, her eye caught a slip of paper pinned to the pincushion, and what was her amazement on reading these words:—

"If the young lady who slept in this room last night will sleep here again to-night, I pledge my honour that she shall be unhurt. If, on the contrary, any gentleman sleeps here, bloodshed and murder will be the consequence. Show this to no one, but rest here to-night."

It can be no burglar, thought Edith, or he would not want to come again. It must be either a coiner or a smuggler—that is what it must be. Several smuggling vessels had landed on the coast, and had been chased by the revenue officers. This seemed the most likely idea, and having settled that, she began to consider how she should act.

She was certain not to be hurt—any one else would be murdered. Her resolution was soon taken. She went to the gentleman who was to change rooms with her, and told him that, upon consideration, she would sleep again in the same room; it would be cowardly to fear what was perhaps only her fancy; it was not likely to return; in short, she was determined. The gentleman remonstrated in vain, and rather surprised, gave up the point.

But as night approached, Edith rather repented of her decision, and her faith in the honour of the writer proportionably decreased. The time came, and the clock struck twelve; the smuggler was punctual; he first glanced at the bed, to satisfy himself that it was a woman, and then passed through the wall in the same manner as before. He was a strong built man, with a profusion of raven hair clustering over his head. He was dressed in a white frock, reaching a little below his waist, and his head was covered by a red cap. Edith had only time to observe this before he disappeared. He never came again.

* * * * *

Two years have passed away, and the scene changes to a house on the outskirts of the *New Forest*. Edith Villiers, now nineteen, is there. She is on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, to whom the house belongs.

It was a beautiful calm autumn evening that Edith set out for a solitary walk into the forest. She had rambled sometime, and the sun was just setting in a bath of golden light behind the dark forest trees, when she began to think of returning; but after walking a long time, she found herself getting deeper and deeper in the wood. She retraced her steps, but still the trees grew thicker and thicker, and darker and darker, till she was completely lost. A few pale stars were twinkling in the clear vault above, but the moon was concealed by a veil of murky clouds which hung before it.

Edith's situation was not pleasant; she had wandered about till she was tired, and the romantic beauty of the forest did not compensate for the inconvenience of passing a night in it, besides, it was infested with banditti. But she was too tired to walk or stand, so drawing her shawl closer round her, she sat down on the trunk of an aged oak, hoping that Mr. Raymond would send servants in every direction to look for her, and that she might be found by some of them. But she had not rested long, when she perceived the shadows of three men gliding among the trees; they glanced round; one of them made a shrill whistle, and the moon at that instant bursting through its covering, shed a broad silver light over the spot just in time for Edith to see the ground open, and the men sinking gradually through the aperture. Edith thought this was something like the "Open sesame" of "Alli Baba and the Forty Thieves," but she had no time to moralise, for the miscreants suddenly perceiving her, rose again, seized her, bound her eyes, and in another minute she found herself travelling down in what appeared a brooding nag basket through the very recess in the earth that so amazed her. Her first impulse was a loud scream, but this was nipped in the bud by a handkerchief thrust into her mouth; another moment the motion ceased, her eyes were unbound, and she found herself seated in a spacious cavern underground.

Assembled round a huge fire were about thirty ferocious looking men smoking and drinking. The three who had taken Edith prisoner conversed some time with the chief of the party, and from what she could overhear, she understood that her fate was to be decided on the return of the leader. She sat half an hour in suspense, when the whistle was again heard, responded to from below, the trap-door opened, and letting himself down by a rope, the leader of the banditti appeared. He was a tall, strong man with even an expression of nobleness on his high forehead, shadowed by his night-black hair; but no sooner did Edith perceive him, than she uttered a half-suppressed shriek, as she recognised in the "*Captain of the Banditti*" the "*Smuggler of the Haunted Tower*." The recognition was mutual. The smuggler started, almost gasped for breath, as he exclaimed in hurried accents to his lieutenant, "How came she here?"

The fellow, surprised by the question, explained. The leader took him aside. After a long conversation they returned, and sweeping from his lofty brow the dark masses of his raven hair, the bandit chief thus addressed our heroine:—

"Lady! you kept my secret once by your courage, when it was most necessary to me. I will not disguise from you that I and my men were smugglers. We kept our stores in Kilmarnock Castle, from which there is a subterranean passage to the

sea. When the Earl de Lancey lived there, and slept in that room, I appeared every night in the clothes of his nephew, hoping to terrify him from the tower, that we might live unmolested. He must have been guilty of the murder, or he would not have fled; but that was nothing to me. Your room was the only passage to the spot where we kept our stores; when you inhabited it, we were obliged to remove them. We could not do it in one night; therefore, upon hearing that a gentleman was to sleep there, I wrote that paper, for if a man had been there, he would have attempted to seize me, and in self defence I should have killed him. Your intrepidity saved him. We removed all your goods that night. Now, Madam, if you will give your honour not to betray what you have seen to-night, at grey of morning you shall be free."

"I will promise on my honour," said Edith, struck with the generosity of the Captain, and enchanted with the hope of escape.

The leader then conducted her into a smaller cavern, where he left her, reiterating his promise that she should depart the next day.

Early in the morning the bandit reappeared, and said, in a low voice, "Follow me."

She did so, and he led her through a passage, dark as a wolf's mouth, up some rude steps, touched a spring, and she again found herself under the same tree where she was seated the night before.

"My men," said her guide, as they advanced rapidly, "objected strongly to your departure; they feared that you would betray our concealment. Even my authority could not have saved you, but I trusted to your honour, rose early this morning before they were awake, and released you from the cave. Now you are free."

He struck into a winding path, and soon brought her to the edge of the forest.

"I dare not go farther," said he. "Lady, farewell!"

"A thousand thanks for your generosity," said Edith. "Your secret is safe."

"I believe it," said the bandit; and raising his plumed cap from his head, he disappeared in the thicket, and Edith soon after reached home in safety.

HYACINTH.

(To be continued.)

SOLUTIONS TO CHARADES.

Charade,—page 38.—Nosegay.

Page 125.—Déplaire.

Page 158.—Blue-bell.

EACHENHOLZ.

THE SPANISH DONNA;

OR,

COURT CABALS.

(Continued from page 75.)

CHAPTER VI.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.—*Shakespeare.*

Don Roderigo, as we have before said, left Christoval de Vallasca to seek Catalina; on his entering her apartment, she arose gracefully to meet him.

"Don Roderigo," she began, "I must again beseech of you to regard with lenity my boldness in seeking an interview with you, but let me ask you, did you ever know Julian of Secken?"

"Know Julian of Secken! my best, my early friend," exclaimed Roderigo.

"That friend was my brother; killed by an unknown hand, he was nipped off in the first bloom of manhood, leaving me unprotected and alone; and on his death-bed he faintly whispered Roderigo's name. I, then, Don Roderigo, as his sister, warn you of an impending danger. You have been led away by a superb beauty, but believe not the assurances, list not to the promises of Inez de Villena; she loves you not; malicious, wily, and deceitful, she hates our sovereign queen."

Roderigo gazed in astonishment upon his fair companion.

"Nay, Don Roderigo," she continued, "do not distrust; believe me I am not jealous of your love for Inez, nor do I wish to depreciate the merits of Villena's niece, but, mark me, what I say is true: Inez will use you to assist her deeply-laid schemes, but when you know too much, she will find a pretext to imprison you, or, perchance, death may be your fate."

"Donna Catalina," cried the excited lover, "prove to me that Donna Inez is all you say, for never can I believe that deceit so base could find a place within the heart of one so beautiful, so fair."

"I have lived," said Catalina, "from childhood at the Court of Castille, and I have marked the character of every courtier. I know Inez de Villena well, but I have warned you of your peril, continue to kneel at Inez' feet, and meet the doom that awaits you."

So saying, Catalina retired to an inner chamber, and left the astonished Rodrigo to ponder over her words.

"But no," he murmured to himself as he left the palace, "this Alpine beauty is jealous, and thinks by declaring Inez to be base that I shall lavish all my love on her; but I will play the man, and act a part too deep for this cold calculating icicle to understand."

Inez de Villena had so taken possession of the heart of this ardent lover that he heeded not the cool admonishing voice of reason, but rushed frantically on to meet his fate; he forgot the proud step, the haughty mien, the searching fiery eye of her he deemed so pure, he looked upon a lovely face, but he could not read the depths within; the portals of Inez' soul were closed even to her very self.

But we must return to Catalina: the hour of eight had scarcely struck, when Catalina and Don Christoval met in the palace gardens. The fiery ebullitions of feeling manifested by the Don, were answered with cool dignity on the part of Catalina. They wandered on for some time, when, unperceived by the enraptured Christoval, his fair companion gradually approached that portion of the palace allotted to Pepe de Castro. They entered, the Don started.

"Lovely Catalina," exclaimed he, "it is pleasing to follow in your footsteps, but stay, let me ask where do you guide me?"

"It is but a mission from the Queen—a mandate for Pepe, her fool," replied she, Don Christoval shrunk back from following her.

"What!" cried the astonished fair one, "can a Spaniard who has travelled in my loved fatherland be so wanting in the gentle art of gallantry as to decline escorting a Donna on an embassy to a fool?"

Christoval saw that his honour, as a courtier, was at stake; but brave soldier though he was, he liked not to thrust himself into the lion's den, by entering any part of the usurper's palace, accompanied by a lady of her court; and though he was not aware, that ought of the approaching revolt was known, yet his conscience forbade him to speak freely to Isabella's friends, and he seemed to think that every guard was prepared to take him prisoner; he however proceeded, Pepe was in readiness to receive them, Catalina presented him with a sealed packet, supposed to have been sent by the Queen, as an excuse for visiting him; and, complaining of fatigue, threw herself into a chair. Pepe then sought his guitar, on which he played for the amusement of his visitors; after which, he desired refreshment to be brought; whilst they were partaking of it, Catalina, unpractised in deceit, looked hesitatingly around her. Pepe attracted Christoval's attention, and she with a trembling hand placed, unperceived, the contents of a small box into the goblet of wine Christoval was drinking. The powder which the box contained, had the effect of lulling off into a state of insensibility whoever drank the liquid with which it might be mixed.

A few moments sufficed to show its power on Christoval; he sank into a deep sleep, and was conveyed by order of Pepe into another apartment, of which the door was doubly secured.

CHAPTER VII.

—she, whom once the semblance of a sear
 Appalled, an owl's larum chill'd with dread,
 Now views the column—scattering bay'net jar,
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

—BYRON.

It was midnight. Pepe de Castro was slowly approaching the Palacio de Toledo, but none could know him in his disguise, the limping, gaping idiot was transformed into a youthful, graceful Don. One low door alone gave access to the conspirators; it was guarded by two men masked, muffled in cloaks, with their hats slouched over their faces, he gave the password, and entered unquestioned. In a vast saloon, in the very interior of the building, were assembled the flower of the Spanish nobility, dispersed in groups about the room; some were conversing together in low whispers, others more fiery and impetuous, spoke loudly, and with excited gestures, while here and there fear might be seen painted on the pallid countenances of some who would be royalists, but trembled before the overwhelming strength of Toledo's faction.

The Archbishop seated himself at the head of the table, and laid before his fellow plotters the plan of the intrigue; he had scarcely concluded when Pepe raised his eyes and beheld the same form enter the room that he had seen the night previously leave Villena's palace; twice he could not be deceived—no. Inez de Villena threw back her hood; an expression of delight burst from the lips of the plotters; she advanced slowly.

"I bring you help," she cried, "a body of the bravest men in Spain have sworn to place Juana on her ancestral throne."

"Stay! can they be trusted, Donna Inez?" exclaimed the wary Toledo.

"They shall answer in their leader," said Inez; and taking a silver horn from the folds of her dress, she blew a gentle blast. The brigand and the lover entered the apartment.

"Captain Jayme, the bandit chief!" cried unanimously the whole assembly. He fell on his knees and swore to place Juana on the throne of Castille, or die.

Pepe was totally unprepared to learn that the intrigue he expected to have cut off in its infancy, had already reached maturity. The following night was fixed for an attack to be made on Isabella's palace by Jayme's men, and troops of insurgents collected from all the towns and villages in Castille, were to arrive and aid these wily conspirators.

"This must be stopped at once," thought Pepe. "Let the rebels meet, and take us by surprise, and we shall be overthrown."

He discovered the rendezvous of Juana's followers; it was some leagues from the city, and the road lay through a thick woody country, he therefore resolved to make known his observations to Isabella, and to advise her to convey secretly some of her staunchest friends to the neighbourhood of the locality arranged for the meeting, and to place them in ambush till all had assembled, and then rushing upon them, prevent them from joining their expectant brother plotters.

Morning was far advanced ere these zealous advocates in a wrong cause parted. Pepe returned to the palace, and the favourite on the plea of state affairs gained access to the Queen ere break of day. With firmness she entered into all his schemes, and before the bell had rung for morning mass, troops headed by some of her most valiant warriors had left the city to protect their Queen and their country's rights. It was well for Isabella's cause, that their march was sudden or Roderigo as a subaltern in her army, and therefore unaware of the details of the plot would have bade Inez farewell and make her acquainted with the secret, but the Juanist faction were totally ignorant that an enemy had been present at their midnight meeting, and become acquainted with their weighty secrets. Inez felt assured of success, and again wound her steps to the bandit's cavern to view his men, and by her presence to encourage their leader.

"Jayme," were her parting words 'ere she returned to the city, "Jayme, I repeat it once more, the heart, hand, and possessions of Inez de Villena are yours so soon as I can say, without rebuke, "Long live Juana, Queen of Castille,"—fight well—and remember she you seek to win loves not a cowardly traitor, Jayme victorious, but dead would be better loved by me, than Jayme vanquished and alive. Be bold, courageous, and fight gallantly," she added, turning to his men, "and if your leader fall in this glorious cause, in Inez de Villena behold his successor."

The shouts of applause, raised by the brigands, added considerably to the excitement of this extraordinary scene. Could they resist her influence? Could they help fighting, urged on as they were by this strongly minded, this beautiful Donna? She knew her amount of power, and resolved in the thickest of the fight to appear amidst her chosen band, and excite them on to victory or death. Amidst the cheering of the men she waved a farewell, and in an instant disappeared in the forest. Jayme, during her presence, remained firmly rooted to the spot, he now started. "Angel or friend, which art thou?" he cried. "Human thou canst not be; Dost thou urge me on to heaven or hell? My gallant followers," he said, turning to the robbers, "listen to that voice; obey its mandates; follow whar'ere it leads. Glory awaits you."

Tempestuous applause was the banditti's only answer.

MYRTLE.

(To be continued.)

TELEGRAPHUS ELECTRICUS.

Quos mare, quos ferrum Gallos divisit ab Anglis,
Nunc ferrum jungit, nunc mare jungit idem.

BRACHYCHILIA

THE IRON SAFE.

[Continued from Page 135.]

CHAPTER III.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath."—SHAKESPEARE.

The Lady Eleanor passed an almost sleepless night. Towards morning she was aroused by the sound of drums and other warlike instruments. She sprang from her bed and rushed towards a balcony, where she saw at a distance a cloud of dust but as yet she could discern nothing more than some banners waving in the air; and from these she soon learned, that the approaching hosts was the Duke of York's army. Directly she found this to be the case, she ordered the drawbridge to be drawn up, and assisted by Oswald, the steward, begun to make vigorous preparations of defence, fancying that if the King's army did not come up, the castle would be attacked.

While Oswald was giving directions to the men-at-arms, Lady Eleanor again went to the balcony, from whence she saw the King's army coming up from the opposite direction. In about half an hour she perceived a movement on the King's side, and immediately she heard the report of cannon, and she soon beheld the greater part of the field of St. Alban's covered with smoke, bearing evidence that the horrors of civil war had begun.

The right wing of the King's army, commanded by the Duke of Somerset, was soon desperately engaged with the Earl of Warwick and his troops—while the Duke of York charged the left wing, commanded by Lord Clifford—and the Earl of Oxford attacked the Duke of Norfolk. They were not long engaged, for soon Lady Eleanor beheld to her dismay the Lancasterians retreating, in spite of the voices of the Queen and her generals, who in vain urged them to charge once more—the whole army was soon seen flying in all directions. Poor Oswald was longing to send succour to the retreating army, yet afraid of his young mistress' safety by doing so. However with the consent of Lady Eleanor, the whole remaining force was sent to the Queen's assistance, but it was far too small either to repress the foe, or strengthen the army, and Eleanor had to behold with agony the only remaining men belonging to her father cut to pieces by the victorious army, who were now engaged in the pursuit.

While the Lady Eleanor was considering what she should now do, she heard a horn sounded gently at the gate, and immediately after she was told that a young gentleman in armour, covered with blood, demanded admittance. She ordered them to admit him instantly. Can it be Morland? she thought. She had not time to think much however, for the door opened, and Morland, bloody and wounded, entered the room.

"All is lost," exclaimed he, "the Queen is defeated, the Duke of Somerset is slain by Richard, the son of York, and many of the noblemen are left dead on the field. I have come here to help you to fly from this castle, for fly you must, unless you have enough men to defend it."

Lady Eleanor told him what she had done, and that there were only three men left in the castle.

"I am sorry you did so," he said; "the battle was irretrievably lost, and the poor fellows lost their lives for nothing, when they might have been of much use to us now; but you did it for the best. But we must now think of escape, for so soon as the King's troops return from the pursuit, they will attack this castle, which must surrender, as it is now impossible to defend it; therefore, my dearest Nelly, take what is absolutely necessary and let us fly. I have horses saddled and ready below."

But Eleanor suddenly exclaimed, "Morland, where is my father? Where is the Earl of Oxford?"

"Safe," said Morland; "he is safe enough by this time. The gallant Earl attempted to rally the troops, till he saw that the battle was utterly lost, and then fled with the others. But why do you still hesitate to follow me?"

"What is to become of all the women in this castle, Morland?" said Eleanor.

"Leave them," said Morland. "For though York is a traitor and a rascal, yet he would not hurt unprotected women. But now we must hasten, for I hear the enemy's trumpets sounding a retreat from pursuing."

There was not time to say more, as the enemy's troops were now seen in full march against the castle, so they told the women that, should the Duke of York attack the castle, they were to open the gates to him, and beg for mercy. They then mounted their horses and galloped away southward, attended by the three men.

They rode sharply on for about two hours, when Nelly said, "our horses will not be able to keep on at this pace much longer; had we not better pull up, Morland?"

"True," said Morland, "but we have now arrived at our destination," and he turned his horse's head into a splendid avenue of elm trees.

"Where are we?" asked Lady Eleanor.

"At one of the residences of the Lord Montague," said he quietly. But when he saw the expression of horror on Lady Eleanor's face, on hearing that they were going to the seat of one of the most notorious Yorkists of the day, he added, "Lord Montague is absent now, and his wife favours the Lancastrians secretly—so we are quite safe."

They had now gained the house, and rang for admittance. The gate was opened by a grey-headed menial.

"Can we find shelter in this house?" said Morland. "We have been attacked by thieves, and our horses cannot proceed much farther."

"No, no," said the man, "you need not think to stuff me with your story of thieves. I be too old for that. But admittance you shall have, if it be my lady's pleasure."

He retired, and shortly after returned, and desired them to follow him. They did so, and, after passing through many large halls and magnificent apartments their guide threw open two folding-doors, and they found themselves in the presence of Lady Montague. She rose to receive them, and having welcomed them to her mansion, and Morland having answered those questions she put to him, they were conducted to baths, and then to apartments.

The next day Morland expressed his intention of leaving Lady Eleanor de Vere under the protection of Lady Montague, and of going himself to join the army which he heard the Queen had again levied.

CACUW.

(To be Continued.)

MY GRANDFATHER'S FIRESIDE STORIES.

No. II,
AN AWKWARD FIX.

"To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call,
The gallic Navy, stems the sea,
The voice of battle's on the breeze
Arouse ye one and all."

Most of you are perhaps too young to recollect the period I am about to refer to, between the years 1785 and 1800, but it was during those stormy times, when the whole continent was in a state of warfare, and our own shores in perpetual fear of an invasion by the French—Every man who could carry arms, was in those days a soldier. Volunteer corps were raised on every part of the country, and batteries of, eight, twelve, and sixteen guns, were erected at different points, to protect our shores. About that time, I had the command of one of these batteries, with about five-and-twenty artillery-men, volunteers, and all belonging to the town.

No doubt you have read and heard of the rebellion which took place in 1745 and which was ended by the battle of Culloden: but long after this, and indeed at the time I am now speaking about, there existed secret grudges, betwixt the Saxon and the Gael; the former felt his superiority of numbers, and the latter the pangs of wounded pride, in the fallen fortunes of his prince; hence a Highland, and an English regiment, seldom came in contact without a scuffle. On one occasion part of a Highland regiment, and a body of English dragoons, coming into billet quarters in the town, accidentally met in the street, and the Highlanders, exasperated at the taunts of the English, rushed on them with fixed bayonets, and a desperate affray took place, in which three Englishmen were severely, and two Highlanders slightly wounded; and the consequences might have been still more serious, had not the Highlanders been withdrawn to a neighbouring village. Officers and men took part in the affray, and to such a height was the ill feeling kept up, that it was fully expected that the highlanders would march into the town from the village to attack the dragoons, who, to guard against surprise, sent out men to patrol the road during the night towards the village, so as to be able to gallop in and give notice of their approach.

One night, I had not been long retired to rest, when I was aroused by a loud knocking at the door, and a voice calling out that the trumpets of the dragoons were sounding to arms; my first impression was, that the French had attempted to land, but the night was so dismally dark I could see nothing. I however hastened to the battery, and mustered the artillerymen at their guns, to be in readiness for an attack of any kind. All along the coast everything was quiet, no beacons lighted, nor signals of any kind, to indicate the approach of the enemy, yet towards the main street was to be heard the trumpets of the dragoons, and the shouting of the word of command; I therefore resolved to go in that direction, to ascertain what was the matter, but, by way of precaution, I took with me ten of my men, armed with their muskets. When we arrived, we heard, for we could see nothing, that the dragoons were drawn

up in front of their headquarters, but for what purpose I could not ascertain. Whilst I was considering what steps I should take, a servant girl happened to pass with a lantern, the light of which glanced upon the arms and brass plates of my men, evidently showing us to the dragoons, for we immediately distinctly heard the word given to wheel, followed by "charge," leaving me just time to fix bayonets and draw up my men, with their backs against the houses, in double line, myself in the centre, the front rank kneeling, and both with their muskets in a position to repulse cavalry. I preferred double file, so as to show as little front as possible. They tried, in every way they could, to cut us in pieces; but from the position I had taken, and the darkness of the night, they could not touch us, though I certainly felt we were in "an awkward fix." I called out to the commanding officer, as loud as I could, telling him who we were; but he, from the noise and confusion, either could not, or would not hear me.

Fortunately, the mail coach, which passed through the town, came in with lights, and stopped close to us, to change horses, the dragoons then saw their mistake and withdrew, but not soon enough to save one of my men from being severely wounded. The officer made many apologies to me; but what would that have signified had any of my men been killed.

The cause of this extraordinary affair was afterwards explained. It would appear that two of the patrol had been out about three miles towards the village when they heard some one behind a hedge conversing earnestly in Gaelic. They immediately fancied it was the Highlanders coming, and rushed off to give the alarm, and the scene just described took place; whereas the real cause of this was only two Highland tailors innocently walking towards their homes in a village close by.

RAGGED ROBIN.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ARTIFICIAL ROSE.

(Related by Herself.)

It is now some years since the marvellous Adventures of a Drop of Water, of a Stone, excited our childish wonder; but we trust that the adventures, feelings, thoughts, and observations (we are sorry we cannot add, the *sayings* and *doings*) of an artificial rose may promote hilarity, and serve to wile away a few moments in the somewhat more mature years of the generality of our young readers. We will therefore, allow the rose to speak for herself in the following narrative:—

"I first saw the light in a *Magasin de Nouveautés*, in Regent-street, under the auspices of the fair *ouvrière*, whose early years having been devoted to learning the art of imitating nature, her best energies were now called forth in the delicate arrangement of my slightly obstinate petals, and the wiry grace of the ingenious stem from which I was to derive that necessary support which the simpler contrivance of Dame Nature had granted to my horticultural sisters. As in the performance of this pleasing office she turned me round, I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror, and, for vanity is not confined to rational beings, I greatly admired the elegant contour of my shape, the graceful listlessness with which I, like a blushing beauty

drooped among the emerald-coloured leaves which formed so charming a contrast to the tender pink hue of my complexion. They say there is no unalloyed pleasure under the bright blue sky, and I soon felt the truth of this axiom, when, placed in the window (doubtless, that I might attract customers) by the side of a bunch of lilacs and a bouquet of snow-white lilies, I was doomed to hear the senseless remarks of the gaping passers by, who sometimes—alas, for their want of taste—actually preferred the *fade* beauties of my companions to the lovely tint of the Queen of Flowers. In a word, I was racked with jealousy. Fortunately, this state of things was not to last long, for one day, from my commanding position in the window, I perceived a showily and youthfully dressed lady alight, with considerable agility, from a splendid chariot, and trip lightly, with a fashionable run, into our shop. My heart beat! Oh, that she might have noticed me. Now is the time, thought I, to be freed from my impertinent competitors. I felt in a flutter of anxiety; therefore my joy was proportionably great when one of our “young ladies,” with the warmest eulogies, placed me before the arbiter of my fate, my future possessor, as I fondly hoped. I had now a full view of her face. Conceive my dismay, when my glance revealed a mass of red and white paint, false curls, darkened eye-brows, and the usual abominations of which a *ci-devant* beauty makes use, “*pour réparer des ans l’irréparable outrage*.” Was it possible that I was to undergo the humiliation of being placed in the heavy, and often singularly obtainable tresses of a wig? Or, was I to pass my existence in unobserved retirement among interminable masses of tulle and blonde? The thought was too dreadful to be endured. I felt quite sick at heart. My unhappy state must have had an effect upon my complexion, because when the lady looked again at me, she declared that I was far too pale to suit her, and little better than a blush rose. At these words I heard a suppressed titter from the window, which, though inaudible to mortal ears, I was perfectly aware proceeded from my triumphant rivals; and if the truth be told, although I was heartily glad not to have been chosen by the object of my dread, I yet felt, with all the inconsistency of *floral* nature, somewhat offended at the slight put upon me, and the sarcastic jeering of my adversaries stung me to the quick. However, I magnanimously consoled myself by remembering that they were beneath my notice!! Yet, with all my philosophy, I could not help wincing a little at the idea of encountering their taunting glances, when I returned, rejected, to my former station in the window. I was to be spared this additional mortification, for when at length the lady departed, after choosing a bunch of scarlet poppies, which, she said, would show off her complexion (or, rather, could stand a comparison with her *rouge*), her place was taken by two other ladies, who entered the shop as she went away, and I was left on the counter.

They came to order a wreath for the youngest of the two. As my recent sufferings had rendered me more sensible to the fate of others, I anxiously examined the future owner of the wreath. She was really young, and so pretty withal, that, to my shame be it spoken, a scrutiny begun in a kindly feeling to the hapless wreath, ended in the bitterest envy. I figured to my-self the effect I should make in those raven locks; so imagine my sensations when turning to her mother, she said, “Don’t you think, mamma, by-the-bye, that I want something simple for to-night? Come, like

have become very second-rate." She had hardly finished speaking when she perceived me, and anticipating the shopwoman, she took me up, and pronounced me, to my infinite joy, the very thing she wanted. Her mother assented. Accordingly they took me home with them. I only regretted that the silver paper in which I was enveloped prevented my seeing the (no doubt) crest-fallen) countenances of my unmannerly rivals. Now, then, I was finally launched on the wide world. All lovely feelings, however, were chased away by the high-bred and refined, but merry society of the bouquets, wreaths, &c. &c., of my mistress. Many were the tales they told me of the strange things they had witnessed, and informed me of the curious scenes to which I should in all probability, sooner or later, in the course of a London season, become a party. But to return to the memorable evening of my inauguration. I can never describe the proud happiness of then seeing myself treated according to my merits, without a thrill of pleasure pervading my now worn-out frame.

ACANTHUS.

(To be Continued.)

Sanskrit Song.

KAKAM dadarsha dhavalam, pushpavantam Udūmbaram
 Mārgamdadarsha vetayā matsyārām-tu payonidheh
 Tad vachanam praytyeta hī purushānām asamsayam,
 Strīnām sadākapatinām niyamān api sankata.

WOODBINE.

TRANSLATION.

I've seen the *Udūmbara in flower,
 White plumage on the crow,
 And fishes' footsteps in the deep
 Have tracked through ebb and flow.

If man it is who thus asserts,
 His word you may believe—
 But all that woman says, distrust—
 She speaks but to deceive.

* A plant which seldom, if ever, flowers.

NAPOLEON AT LEAP FROG.

(To the Editor.)

MADAM,—The author of Prize Paper, No. II., called "Napoleon at Leap Frog," is rather faulty in his or her chronology. The date given, is "4th November, 17—." Buonaparte was only First Consul in 1799, and not proclaimed Emperor till the 18th May, 1804, nor was he called Napoleon till that date.

The avowed project of the *Bouquet* being to prove of instructive benefit to youth; the sight of so glaringly wrong a date prompts me to point it out to the youthful writer.

Yours obediently,

9th October, 1851.

JUSTICIA.

(To the Editor.)

MADAM,—As one who takes great interest in your sweetly scented Bouquet, may I be allowed to propose that *reviews* of new works should be admitted into its pages, for whilst it will assist in making them known to the numerous supporters of the "Bouquet," it will, at the same time, teach youth to read with critical feelings, and by so doing, will aid considerably in forming their own style. Not having presented any works of my own to the world, pray do not suppose that it is selfishness which actuates me. Trusting you will take this into your favorable consideration and submit it to the flowers.

Ever yours,

Oct. 11, 1851.

PASSION FLOWER.

[There can be no objection to this, provided the works are written by Supporters or their friends.]

THISTLE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters intended for insertion must be authenticated with the name and address of the supporter. Nothing anonymous will be inserted.

ERRATA.

Page 156—Eighth line. For *chase*—read *race*.

Eleventh line. For *here*—read *near*.

Nineteenth line. For *when*—read *where*.

Last line but one. For *wound*—read *art*.

Page 157—Fifteenth line. For *erading*—read *eroding*.

THE
BOUQUET,

FROM
MARLYBONE GARDENS.

~~~~~  
No. VII.—DECEMBER.  
~~~~~

PRIZE PAPERS.

A Tale.—The majority of voters have decided, that Prize Paper, No. III, "The Court Favourite," is the most deserving of the prize offered; and that Prize Paper, No. IV, "Friendship Rewarded," ranks second.

A THISTLE.

Lobe and Memory.

Can the Summer sun's beam ever fade from the day?
Can the clear Winter moon e'er relinquish her ray?
Can the ocean in storms cease to scatter its spray?

Then may I cease to cherish,

With memory's relish,

The name of "that dear one" now far, far away!

Though her kind pleasant features no longer are seen,

As I wander alone where we both oft have been,

In love's happy converse admiring the scene!

Yet *her name* still is here!

It enamours the ear,

As sweet music from Heaven, soft, sad, and serene!

"Maria!"—that name has a magical spell!

No heart but my own can its influence tell!

Its sound can all sorrow and anguish dispell!

And yet grief arises,

And often surprises

The mind, when it thinks on her last word, "Farewell!"

—THYME.

SKETCHES BY THE WAYSIDE.

A PEEP FROM THE WINDOW.

I was seated at the upper window of a small but cheerful inn, in the vicinity of Naples, gazing on one of those glorious Italian sunsets which nature seems only to have formed to call forth the better feelings of the soul. My thoughts had wandered far back to other days. I thought over how many different scenes and ages that sun had set—how many had gazed on it before us!—how many would do so after we were gone!

The sound of a merry voice, beneath my window, roused me from my waking dream. I leant out to see from whence it proceeded, and saw on the balcony below two girls seated, beside the window that opened out on it. One had the black glossy hair, the white skin and pink cheeks, the coral lips, which constitute a dark beauty. The other was quite the reverse; she was not handsome: one might almost say plain, at first sight. Her pale face and regular features would have been entirely devoid of expression, if it had not been for a pair of blue eyes, which had something singularly attractive about them. The former had evidently been the speaker, and it was she who, in a merry voice, continued:—

"Now, Madeleine, confess the truth. Were you not thinking of Reginald Morton?"

I leant still further out of the window to hear the answer, for Reginald Morton was no other than my godson. It was a sweet, low voice that returned—

"I was thinking of last night altogether; not of one thing in particular Caroline."

"I might have guessed you would deny it. As if we didn't all know you were in love with each other. But don't be ashamed of it, for, as the Marchesa said last night, 'He's a very fascinating, agreeable young man.'"

Madeleine had blushed before, but her colour was pale in comparison to that which rushed to her cheeks as, on raising her eyes, she saw Reginald Morton before her. Caroline burst into a merry laugh, while Madeleine endeavoured to make the usual salutations as if nothing was the matter; but at each word her embarrassment increased, till at last, in despair, she turned away and walked to the other end of the balcony. Reginald was too well bred to notice this, and immediately addressed himself to Caroline, but she cut him short, with—

"I must go and tell my aunt that you are come," leaving her cousin alone with my godson.

Madeleine was leaning over the railing, and did not remark his approach till he laid his hand on her arm, and pronounced her name. She started, and turned to him. His back was turned towards me, and, although I could not hear what he said, I occasionally caught the sound of his voice, and saw her lip quiver. They both bent over the balcony, and the low sweet murmur of her answer fell, like music, on my ear. After a little time they entered the house; and as, in walking to the window, her face met my view, I saw her beautiful blue eyes turned towards her lover

with an expression which seemed to betray every feeling of her soul, I wonder how I could have thought her plain. At that moment she was beautiful.

As my readers may very well suppose, I did not let the affair stop here. Through young Morton I easily made their acquaintance; and on our return to England a warm friendship was established between our two families; the consequence of which was, that Madeleine's marriage was deferred for a short time, to enable the friends to share each others joy together; and Caroline became my niece on the same day that her cousin became Mrs. Reginald Morton.

HELIOTROPE.

CONFESSIONS OF A SHY MAN.

I am a shy man. What do not these words imply? Blushes, struggles, awkwardness, and rude answers to civil questions. Are not these a few of many outward and visible signs of shyness? and are not forgetfulness, mental confusions, and numberless ill-defined longings to sink into the earth and become annihilated the inward tokens of that most unaccountable of maladies?

Will any one inform me why, when addressed by any one, except my bosom friend, I turn the brightest vermillion? Or can they tell me, for what reason I am unable to answer a simple question, when it is addressed to me unexpectedly? *Why* do I repeat it to myself, thus:—

“Have you just arrived, Mr. D——?”

“Have I just arrived, eh? Arrived! Have I just arrived, did you say, Mr. C——? Yes, sir, I said so. (*Aside*—I know I am bright scarlet.) I—I—really, Mr. C—— I don't recollect.”

“How so, sir? I mean, have you never been here before? and have you only just come?” inquires my friend, much surprised.

“Oh, no, no, I have only just come, and I never was here in my life before.” (*Aside*—Why do I turn so red?)

“Have you seen the gardens, sir?”

“Seen the gardens! What! Seen the gardens? Yes, I dare say so, sir.”

“What? only *just* arrived; never been here before! and seen the gardens! *you dare say!* Really, Mr. D——!”

“What have I said! What shall I do! Excuse me, sir, I have just recollected an engagement.” And I retreat in consternation, merely because I was introduced by my friend to a man who asked me if I had seen the gardens!

Have I been very rude, I ask myself? Will he call me out? He may, I philosophically remark. He may call me out; but I will write to say that I had *rather* not go. What do I care if the world calls me pusillanimous? What is the world to me? I am tired of it. I will be a hermit at Cape Matapan. No, I never *could* travel so far by myself. I have a friend starting for the north of Scotland. I might go with him. I will.

I must first take leave of my aunt, kind creature. She sympathises with my infirmity, and advises me to see more of the world. So considerate. But she cannot divine what I feel.

"I am going into Scotland shortly, aunt, and am come to wish you good bye before starting, as I may—perhaps"—(full stop)—

"Well, what perhaps may you do next; stay there for ever?"

"Exactly so, aunt. You have unintentionally discovered my intention. I am going to remain there for ever."

I thought this declaration was very impressive, and waited a few moments in silence, expecting to see a face of woe, bathed in tears! My aunt was grinning from ear to ear. She signed to me to sit down, while she delivered the following oration:—

"I have long expected this, and can tell what has passed in your brain as well or better, than yourself. From an early and intimate knowledge of your character I have long known the martyrdom you suffer. *You* call it shyness; *I* call it vanity."

"Vanity! *Me* vain? Why I am positively proud of my humility."

"Your vanity," said my aunt, "and vexation of spirit."

"True, quite true; great vexation of spirit," I thought.

"You may not believe me. No vain person believes himself to be so, or, I trust he would alter. I will give you, if you wish, three golden rules to prevent shyness. Follow them implicitly, and you will need no hermitage. The first is: *Never think of yourself*; the second, *Fix your attention* on what is said to you; the third, *Recollect that your troubles will be effaced from the earth in a hundred years or less.*"

I thanked her, and left, determined to have one struggle more. I found on my return an invitation to a gay party, which I unhesitatingly accepted. I entered the room, and shook hands with my hostess. All the overpowering feelings of shyness came upon me. I was on the point of making an attempt to retreat.

All at once I started at an immense crash. A table with many ornaments had fallen. Providential accident! I ran to raise it; and when I had restored it to its normal condition, I began an easy conversation with my neighbours on the subject of the accident, at the conclusion of which I found that I had been following two of my aunt's rules. I was not thinking of myself, and was absorbed by my entertainer's neighbour's account. Towards the close of the evening, however, I made a mistake which overwhelmed me again in the terrors of shyness, and seemed as if it would have driven me, Aristides-like, into exile, self condemned.

Like that great man, my condemnation was written in an oyster shell, which, in awkwardly handling a plate full, fell upon the delicate attire of my hostess. But I consoled myself by the reflection, that certainly before a hundred years that old dress would be a dress no more, and that my hostess, her guests, and certainly myself would be dead and forgotten.

The idea struck me. I felt poetically inspired, and taking a hasty leave, went home to write an epitaph on my departed shyness.

Moss.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH.

A SCRAP.

I am now an old man, and many are the scenes of sorrow and of joy to which I have been witness, and many are the strange life histories I could relate, far exceeding in extravagance the wildest romances. They have imprinted, too, deep, stern lessons on my heart, such as are only learnt in the hard school of experience.

But none are so indelibly written on my memory as the short tale I am about to relate, partly, perhaps, because the actors in it it were near and dear to me, and partly because it first led my thoughts to serious things. Edward Neville had been from boyhood my greatest friend, and his commanding intellect and strong will ruled completely my less powerful mind, while my affection and esteem for him led me to embrace his ideas and opinions. Honourable, generous, good-tempered, endowed with every high and noble quality, there yet lay a canker-worm within which destroyed the beautiful flower—this was Infidelity. His father was an Atheist, and the son had imbibed the same frightful doctrines, and I, too, had learnt to scoff with him at everything holy or divine. At the time I mention we had just entered on the busy scenes of life, and Edward was to go abroad in a month's time, so he came to pay me a farewell visit at my father's house in the country. There lived near us a family of the name of Rivers, with whom we had always lived on the most intimate footing, and it was with no little pride I introduced to them my friend, in whom I expected the world would, like me, see perfection; their praises of him were as ardent and sincere as I could have wished, and scarcely a day passed without our meeting. I soon discovered there was an object of attraction above all others which brought my friend so often within the walls of Thorncliffe House; and the magnet was Agatha Rivers, apparently the least striking of the whole family. There were many daughters of that house, all remarkable for their brilliant beauty and striking talents, excepting Agatha, who was a complete contrast; with no pretensions to beauty beside her more showy sisters, hers was yet a face one loved to gaze on from its gentle, sweet expression, and eyes so full of tenderness and sympathy. Her sisters all loved and petted her, perhaps because she was the youngest, and, probably, these mixed with their affection a knowledge she could not stand in competition with their greater attractions. It was one evening shortly before the time fixed for Edward's departure, we were dining at Mr. River's, and at dinner, my friend broached some of his atheistical opinions; they all looked rather shocked, but were soon lost in admiration of his eloquence and force of language—all, excepting Agatha. Never shall I forget her expression, the horror, the pain, almost anguish, depicted on her countenance, while her face lost the faintest tinge of colour. Edward, too deeply engrossed in his subject did not notice the change; after dinner I told him of it with some anxiety, but he merely laughed at what he termed my fancy. The day before his departure he went to bid the Rivers good bye; and at a late hour that evening he told me in hurried and broken accents that Agatha had refused him, not from want of affection, but on account of his atheistical opinions. A year or two passed on—I continually heard

from Edward Neville, and his letters wore a shade of melancholy I never saw before. Circumstances also called me for some time from my home, and I heard no more of the Rivers family. At last I again visited my father's house, and on enquiring after the neighbourhood I heard Agatha had been in a declining state of health for a long while, and it was feared her life could last but a very short time. I went next day to see them; they all looked sad and serious, and on inquiring after the invalid, they said Agatha had expressed a wish to see me. On entering her room I was shocked at the change sickness had made in her appearance—she was so thin, and her eyes shone with painful brilliancy, and seemed twice their natural size, while her cheeks glowed with a brighter colour than they ever were in her days of health and happiness; but her smile was sweeter than ever as she welcomed me; and such an expression of patient melancholy ripened in her countenance, I could scarce repress my tears from falling. Her sister left us, and we were alone. A pause ensued, for I knew the subject which must be nearest her heart as well as mine, and yet I did not venture to begin. At last she spoke, and asked me if I had heard from Mr. Neville lately? I replied I had—that he was well; but to judge from the melancholy tone of his letters, far from happy. Another silence ensued, at last she again spoke, “I had hoped to have seen him once again before my days were ended, or at least heard of a change in his opinions. I feel sure his eyes will at last be opened to see the Truth, but it is a happiness I shall not see. But tell him, Arthur, that from the time he left us till my latest breath, I have never ceased to pray for him. I shall not live to witness the fruit of my prayers, but you, my dear Arthur, will, and I hope, nay, I feel sure, we shall all meet in a happier world.” The next day I went again to call, and was shown into her room; she was just recovering from a fainting fit, and was too ill to speak; another and another succeeded, and at last from one deep swoon she never awoke—her gentle spirit had passed away. I was leaving the house, now full of mourning and sorrow, when I heard carriage wheels, and soon after a man's voice, which I recognised as Edward's; immediately after he brushed past me, rushed up stairs, and there, still lying on the sofa, there met his eyes the inanimate form of his beloved; but the scene rises up in all its vividness—I cannot bear to dwell on it. It suffices to say that my friend, convinced of his errors, had embraced Christianity, and was returning to see if Agatha's heart was still his own, when, hearing in the neighbouring town of her alarming illness, he had quickened his speed, but in vain, and only arrived to see his fears verified. He survived Agatha a year, and met his death in endeavouring to save a drowning man. Mysterious and inscrutable ways of Providence! Why one so good and holy was not permitted to see the answer to her prayers, we cannot tell; and when musing on these things the words of the Poet are recalled to my mind—

“Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.”

THE ORPHAN'S COMPLAINT.

(AFTER LAMENNAIS.)

God guide thee, desolate child!—God guide thee, helpless orphan!

I HAVE wandered through different lands, and many strange faces have returned my gaze; they passed—I was unknown. The orphan is everywhere alone.

I have seen the village children, merrily singing, trip down the vale to meet their father. I have seen him return their caresses, and I whispered to myself, "Ah, happy are those who, loving and beloved, can sit round a cheerful hearth with a father's arm to succour them, and a mother's smile to cheer them." The orphan is everywhere alone.

I see the leaves fallen from the towering oak, blown and scattered by the wind. I, too, am tossed about, but what matter? The orphan is everywhere alone.

I hear the children's joyful laugh, as during the long summer evening they play on the green sward, and making garlands of the wild flowers, twine them in their mother's hair. Alas! I have no mother! The orphan is everywhere alone.

The young swallows, chirping in their nest, await the return of the parent bird; but the orphan is everywhere alone.

Oh! cease thy wailing, fragile child—believe thou hast a Father; the orphan is not alone. Life is but a winding path of thorns. Behold far off thy wished-for home! See angels hold a crown of roses to place on thy fair brow. Orphan! arise—take up thy lute, and sing a song of praise. Thy Father will not abandon thee; his love has secrets thou canst not reveal. Believe, hope, continue thy pilgrimage in peace.

God guides the helpless orphan.

As the Petrel follows the sailing bark on the stormy main, so is the orphan on life's sea. The orphan is everywhere alone.

You fair-haired girl, whose arm encircles another's waist, calls her by the endearing name of Sister. I have no sister. The orphan is everywhere alone.

Some passing ask, "Child, why weepest thou?" I reply because I am alone on earth; the most compassionate exclaim, "Poor child," and continue their way. The orphan is everywhere alone.

I sigh in vain for a being to love. Sympathy! compassion! pity! have ye faded as roses in the summer's scorching sun! I am solitary in this vast world full of souls. The orphan is everywhere alone.

They tell me orphans are the Virgin's own peculiar care. Sainted Mary, re-assure me! No one cares for me. The orphan is everywhere alone.

The beasts that could roam in the forests, and the birds that would be happy in the air, are petted by the wealthy and the great; but the orphan is everywhere alone.

IMPROMPTULINES

On the Death of La Duchesse d' Angoulême.

MARIE THÉRÈSE of France has breathed her last,
 A life of piety and grief is past.
 This angel daughter of a martyr king,
 In heaven now with countless saints does sing;
 She died a Christian and in love with all;
 She bless'd her foes, e'en those who caused her fall.
 In France, oh! what dire changes has she seen,
 Toss'd at caprice of fortune has she been;
 But through them all she lived a saintly life,
 Nor raised a murmur at those scenes of strife
 Which robbed her of a home in her own land,
 A mother's love, a father's guiding hand.
 La Duchesse d' Angoulême has gone to meet
 Her martyr family at the mighty seat
 Of him, who to himself the weary takes.
 She now from out the world her exit makes,
 Borne up on high upon seraphic wings,
 The hallelujah loud in heaven she sings.
 There all her earthly griefs are turned to joy—
 Of heav'n's pleasures she tastes without alloy;
 She who in life to Christ's dear Cross did cling,
 In death she lives with the celestial King.
 Sons of bright France! 'tis justice bids you wake:
 Up! up! arouse ye, one and all, and make
 Henri Cinq mount the Bourbon's lofty throne;
 Suspend your arms, let peace's joyful tone
 Proclaim throughout the world that Henri's king:
 Men will rejoice, the martyr'd ones will sing.

MYRTLE.

L' Incognita.

Nobil rosa ancor non crebbe
 Senza spine in sullo stelo:
 Se vi fosse allor sarebbe
 Atta immagine di te.
 E la luna in mezzo al cielo
 Bella è ver, ma passeggera:
 Passa ancor la Primavera:
 Ah! l'immagin tua dov' è?

CANTO.

Antipathies.

I.

IN antipathies we all resemble each other,
For some dislike one thing and some dislike t'other.
Though in antipathies all don't agree,
I'll tell you some things that I don't like to see:
An overgrown dray-house as thin as a rat,
A beggar without any rim to his hat,
A wife and her husband who never agree,
Are things, I confess, that I don't like to see.

II.

I can't bear a hat that's without any nap,
And a little black baby without any cap,
Or a child with its hands all covered with dirt,
Keep rubbing its fingers all over your shirt.
Antipathy strong I confess that I feel
At the sight of boil'd mutton and underdone veal,
Or oranges suck'd by a child at a play,
Or a man button'd up on a very hot day.

III.

I hate to see animals pulling their meat,
Or a girl that is pretty with very large feet.
I hate to rise early before it is light,
Or to see a black woman all drest up in white.
I don't like to see a man shabby inclined,
With his hair hanging over his collar behind,
An old woman's bonnet with flowers beneath,
Or a man laughing hearty without any teeth.

IV.

I hate to see girls who are reckon'd genteel,
With stockings all wrinkled and shoes down at heel.
I hate to see collars without any starch,
Or to go for a month down to Brighton in *March*;
Or an ill-temper'd husband who's scolding his wife,
Or a man eating peas with the end of his knife,
Or attempting to sing without knowing a note,
Or an overgrown boy in a very tight coat.

V.

I hate an old fool who is witty inclined,
 And a man with a hat that's all turn'd up behind;
 I hate to eat sausages very near raw,
 Or to have a child tickle one's nose with a straw;
 A prosy old fellow with frolic and whim,
 Telling you an old story you *twice told to him*.
 Or ugly old women without any caps,
 Or a man upon horseback without any straps.

VI.

I hate to see people abusing each other,
 And a man running one way and looking the other,
 Or to see (when it's cold as you well can desire)
 A very large man with his back to the fire;
 An old man of seventy flying a kite,
 In a pair of drab trousers wash'd very near white.
 I hate to see any one ride with a stick,
 Or a man with his nails bitten down to the quick.

IVY.

The Early Blest.

I saw an infant—health, and joy, and light
 Bloomed on its cheek, and sparkled in its eye;
 And its fond mother stood delighted by
 To see its morn of being dawn so bright,
 Again I saw it, when the withering blight
 Of pale disease had fallen, moaning lie
 On that sad mother's breast—stern Death was nigh,
 And life's young wings were fluttering for their flight.
 Last I beheld it stretched upon the bier,
 Like a fair flower untimely snatched away,
 Calm and unconscious of its mother's tear,
 Which on its placid cheek unheeded lay;
 But on its lip the unearthly smile express'd,
 "Oh! happy child! untried and early blest."

THALE-CRESS.

In the Manner of Herrick.

Cool and fresh from mossy dell
Scented with the sweet hare-bell,
Softly breathes the morning air
Drooping with the fragrance rare:—
Cool and fresh from mossy dell,
Morning air! I love you well;
But I know, though sweet and fair,
Sweeter breath beyond compare.

Beauteous sinks the sun to rest
Blushing on the ocean's breast
Tinging with love's ruddy beam
Cloud and mountain, grove and stream:—
Blushing sun! I love thee best,
When thy glories gild the west,
But I know a cheek whose hue
Far more beauteous is than thou.

Calmly floating in the sky,
Bathed in liquid brilliancy,
What can purer radiance give
Than the dewy star of eve?—
Star of eve! you brightly lie
With your sisters in the sky;
But I know where beams by far
Brighter eye than any star.

Deep beneath the ocean's flow,
Columns of red coral grow;
Twisted coral, jewel rare,
Fit to deck a mermaid's hair:—
Gem of ocean! though you glow
Ruddy from your depths below,
Lips there are that would not fail
Soon to turn your lustre pale.

Dear to Switzer's home-sick eyes,
Snowy white the Alps arise,
And the brightest scene he knows,
Ice-bound rock and winter shows:—
Snowy Alps! the breast I prize
With thy own in whiteness vies,
And alas! its heart of stone
Is as chilling as thine own.

Why above all nature blest,
 Cruel beauties ! break my rest ?
 Balmy breath that love inspires,
 Cheek that glows with cupid's fires,
 Lips so waiting to be prest,
 Eye so pure and snowy breast—
 Add a heart to ease my pain,
 Or resume your gifts again,

SLOE.

Constancy.

FAIR child, while gazing on thy seraph face,
 Methinks thy future destiny I trace;
 'Tis written on that high and thoughtful brow,
 And shining in those dark eyes even now.
 No sportive mirth, no type of early youth,
 Discern we there, save innocence and truth !
 Thy favourite bird lies tranquil on thy breast,
 Calm, as within her own soft, happy nest.
 Well hast thou chosen for playmate meet the dove,
 Emblem of purity, constancy, and love !
 Thy love will be a faith no power can change,
 Nor fortune's frowns or smiles one hour estrange,
 To shed o'er happiness a glorious light,
 But shining in adversity most bright,
 Welcome and beautiful it will then appear
 Like winter flowers, when all around is drear.
 And when life's pilgrimage is nearly o'er,
 When soon the feeble pulse shall beat no more,
 Not to be vanquished, stronger still in death,
 'Twill mingle blessings with the parting breath !
 And, when the heart it warmed lies cold and dead,
 Oh think not that its influence has fled !
 For when it is recalled from earth to heaven,
 A holier, purer power to it is given
 To soothe the anguish of the breaking heart,
 And bid despair and murmuring depart.
 And when, at night, in silence flows the tear,
 It whispers, " Comfort thee, for I am near ;
 An angel now, I've power to guard thee still,
 Then bow thee, loved one, to our Father's will.
 Wish me not back from scenes of constant bliss,
 To share again in sorrow such as this !
 A little while, and in the realms above,
 We'll sing, united, praise and heavenly love !"

LABURNUM.

THE HAUNTED TOWER.

[Continued from Page 197.]

After parting with Edith, the smuggler strode with rapid steps through the angled bushes in the direction of the cavern. It may be as well here to state that after his flight from the "Haunted Tower," he and his followers had taken a trip to Holland, partly to escape pursuit, should any be made, and partly to obtain more contraband goods. On his return he discovered the subterraneous cavern. Overjoyed with the discovery, the smugglers took possession of it, and there effectually concealed themselves and their stores. But the undaunted leader not finding their trade sufficiently profitable, became also a highwayman, and every night led a chosen portion of the band, mounted on blood horses, to the high road, where they demanded "Their money or their life" of the inmates of any carriage that passed.

Such was the life of the robber whom Edith had twice encountered, and whom we left returning to his subterraneous habitation. He was already in the thickest part of the wood, dark with oak and holly, when, on an opening in the glade a monk of the monastery of — stood suddenly before him. Undecided whether to seize him or escape, the robber stood for a moment irresolute, but in that moment the priest had advanced and said in a low tone, "If thou wouldst ever again see thy mother, follow me; she is dying." There was a start; the robber leant against a tree, and repeated again, "My mother." There was not much in these two words, but what a depth of agonised feeling did it disclose.

Twelve years ago Rory O'Shannon had run away from his home, and his mother, a poor Irish woman, who lived in Connaught, she it was who had nursed the unfortunate Earl de Lancey, and Rory O'Shannon was his foster brother. He had always been a wild lad, and at seventeen he had privately joined a gang of smugglers, with whom he had become intimate; he had remained with them ever since, and the last six years as their captain. These few words of the monk brought vividly before him the home of his boyhood—his six brothers—above all, his mother—his mother, whom he had deserted in her poverty, could he but see once again; and, turning impetuously to the monk, he desired him to lead on, if it was to the gates of the grave!

Father Ambrose crossed himself, and walked on, but soon found it impossible to keep in advance, for the rapid strides of the impatient Irishman continually outstripped him; and finding himself surrounded by a perfect maze of paths, formed by the deer, the monk paused to reconnoitre, very much puzzled to know which way to go.

"Where is she," asked the bandit, "in the forest, or beyond it?"

"In a small cottage about a mile out of it, by the village of O——."

"I know it well," returned the other. "I will guide you myself," and, seizing the priest, who was old and feeble, by the arm, he struck into one of the paths, and by a succession of windings arrived at the border of the forest. But as if a feeling of distrust had come over him, the robber suddenly paused, and drew from his pocket

a loaded pistol, as he said in a low stern voice, "Old man, I think you dare not deceive me; is this story merely an invention to allure me to my destruction? If so (and he cocked his pistol), you know your fate. Lead on."

"I swear it is the truth," said Father Ambrose, "but dress yourself in this (handing him a bundle, in which was a labourer's smock frock and oil-skin hat), or you may be suspected."

The robber doffed his cap and waving plume, donned the peasant's attire, and in ten minutes more they were at the door of a rude hut, where, on a truckle bed, lay the dying woman. She did not appear to observe their entrance, until the bandit threw himself before her, beseeching her to forgive her son.

Then she started up in her bed, and with a shudder of horror exclaimed, "Call me not mother; I deserve it not; I have abandoned my son. Holy Father, hear my confession.

"Nearly thirty years ago the Earl de Lancey, then an infant, was brought to me to nurse; he remained with me four years; then he was sent for. A thought crossed my mind—others had done so before. I sent my *own* boy Rory to be brought up as the earl; he would then be rich, instead of starving in a cabin, and I kept you, Earl de Lancey, and brought you up as my son. A heavy punishment I have endured—my poor boy was murdered, and I was deserted by my foster child. Oh, my Rory, your blood is on my hands—your mother's hands; *I have murdered you*. Yes, when you Harold de Lancey deserted me, and four of my boys were dead, I begged my way to England to see my son again. I brought with me some poison for rats, which I sold to get my bread. One day, Mr. Belmont, as the present earl then was, came to me, and bought some of me—I little knew what for. That very day my poor Roderick was poisoned." She covered her face with her hands, and remained some time silent, during which a number of villagers had assembled round the hut; then, starting up, she exclaimed, "Revenge, revenge, I will have it—I will betray the assassin. Bear witness all around—Mr. Belmont murdered my boy, and I sold the poison. I swear before you all, *this man is Harold Earl de Lancey*. Can you forgive me, my lord?" continued she, turning to the young man.

"From the bottom of my heart."

"Then, revenge, my poor Rory," said the dying woman, and, sinking back in the bed with her son's name on her lips, Kathleen O'Shannon breathed her last.

For more than an hour Harold the earl sat in the chamber of death, his thoughts wandering back to his childhood from his father, whom he had never seen, to his lying concealed, a lawless smuggler, in the Tower that should have been his own—to his uncle, Mr. Belmont, who, when at dead of night he had entered his room, thought the image of his living nephew the spirit of a murdered one. Long, long, he sat; and as he gazed upon the icy features of his dead nurse, it was with deep feeling of thankfulness that she was not a deserted mother.

The priest was praying over the dead woman, so his meditations were undisturbed. Suddenly he started up, and throwing one last glance upon the corpse, he *darted from the cottage*, and was soon plunged in the woody depths of the New Forest.

Then the shrill whistle of the leader of the band echoed through the vault, the trap-door flew open, and with a shout of joy the smugglers welcomed their captain, who, from his long absence, they feared had been taken prisoner; but waving his hand to impose silence, he told his tale in these words:—

“My friends and companions, I am now going to leave you; you have all heard my history as far as I know it myself, but I have this day learnt from her whom I supposed my mother, that *I*, not my unfortunate foster brother, am the Earl de Lancey. *He*, not *I*, was the true Roderick O'Shannon. She changed me for her own son; he was poisoned by my uncle, Mr. Belmont. I have sworn to avenge him; I will keep my oath. Twelve years of my life I have lived with you—six as your leader; and now I leave you for ever, but never shall you be molested by ‘Harold the Earl,’ who will remember the time when he was ‘Rory the smuggler.’ I shall never forget you, my brave fellows, though I may not see you again.”

He paused, a deep silence followed; a faint cheer was raised, but died away on their lips—all felt the parting from their brave and noble leader. He held out his hand, they crowded to press it; he then begged them to appoint his lieutenant as their future captain, which they promised. Next moment he was gone.

De Lancey after wrote to his uncle, relating the circumstances, and telling him that he was aware of his guilt.

His servant carried this letter to his room; and on coming in an hour after, found the murderer of his supposed nephew stretched lifeless on the floor, with an unloaded pistol lying near him—he had fallen by his own hand.

I will here account for Father Ambrose so quickly finding the robber in the forest. The poor Irish nurse, Kathleen O'Shannon, finding herself dying, sent for the priest to confess her sins; and with that unaccountable second sight which sometimes appears in such cases, she had directed Father Ambrose to the very spot where her foster son would be. As we have said, the monk found him, and he heard the fatal secret from her lips. He had her remains honourably buried in the churchyard of the village of C—, and

“They made her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.”—MOORE.

* * * * *

Scarce a year has passed away, and a grand *fête* is taking place at Kilmarnock Castle in honour of the marriage of Harold Earl de Lancy with Edith Villiers. By some extraordinary chance he has fallen in with her again in rather a more respectable character than before. A short time after he was an accepted lover. It was the anniversary of that day three years before that he had passed through her room a hunted and lawless smuggler during his sojourn in the “Haunted Tower.”

HYACINTH.

THE SPANISH DONNA;

OR,

COURT CABALS.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from page 201.)

"Her lover sinks; she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his vacant post.—CHILDE HAROLD.

On Don Christoval's return to consciousness on the morning following the memorable meeting at Toledo's palace, his vexation knew no bounds; he fully believed himself betrayed, and cursed the hour that he had been led by the fascinating Catalina; nor could Pepe succeed in convincing him that it was kindness alone, he being in a state of inebriation, that prevented him from allowing him to depart. Christoval, however, saw argument was madness, and resolved to await a more fitting season for his revenge. "Could I expect ought else," he cried, "from a Donna tutored in the deep artfulness of Isabella's court?" But other events relating more nearly to Christoval's safety now took up his attention. The very night fixed by the Juanist faction for the execution of their dark plot was likewise chosen by a rabble band, headed by the actor Lopez, to attack Don Christoval's mansion. The loud yells and awful shrieks of the populace were more frightful than the war-cry of the savage Indians. Christoval's house was surrounded, and three murderous-looking wretches had undertaken to drag him forth, and deliver him over to the infuriated crowd. Though filled with domestics, his house was unprotected; none loved their master—none would have cared had he been torn to atoms by wild beasts. He calmly listened to the people's shouts—

"They dare not touch a child of Spain," said he.

"Christoval de Vallassa will know that anon," said one of the ruffians, who then entered the apartments, as he seized the Don. Christoval, who was no coward, resolved to make a vigorous resistance; but three strong villains, bought each night to do deeds of blood, and, therefore, well practised in their art, overcame the unfortunate Christoval, and led him forth to their blood-thirsty companions. The city now resounded with the most awful calls; the night was dark, and well adapted to deeds of horror. The bandits had just entered the city, and the cry of *Abajo la Reina* was mixed with the yells of the populace; the torches carried by the mob threw out a glaring light, and exposed to view the ruffian-like countenances and savage expressions of the murderers of Christoval, while in the distance might be seen slowly advancing the troop of robbers, their plumes agitated by the wind; and at the same time the bright armour of Isabella's soldiers glistened here and there, as the light of

the torches fell on the forms of those who guarded her palace. To complete the scene, the wind howled fearfully, peals of thunder shook the foundation of the city—forked lightning aided the torch light to show the three warlike bands. A storm arose to shake the earth with fury—a storm arose to shake the Spanish throne. The Juanists and the Royalists both thought it a great omen, both fancied in it to see the others downfall. The unfortunate Christoval was condemned to undergo the worst of deaths—delivered over to the clamorous mob; they tore him limb from limb—they shivered his skull to atoms; and mothers with their infants sleeping in their arms dashed through the crowd to aim a blow at the unlucky man, and returned bespattered with his blood. Don Christoval de Vallassa was launched into eternity, unconfessed without a prayer—no tears were shed for him—no priest was found to offer masses for his soul. These bloodthirsty wretches were not yet satisfied; they had tasted blood, and would drink more of it. The bandits had attacked the palace of their Queen; they rushed to aid her—to protect her cause. The shrieks increased in fury. “*Abajo la reina*” was drowned by “*Viva Isabella*.” The conspirators are confounded. Where are their country friends? The bandits alone were at their post. Toledo and Villena wait in vain. Death’s awful hand is on the foe. The insurgents, met that day by Isabella’s soldiers, were cut to pieces—not a man was left to tell the tale. Hark! afar off the conquering army comes; it unites its war-cry to the others, and flies to protect its country and its Queen. Slaughter, too awful to describe, is committed in the streets. The lightning glares on pools of blood; and on the ghastly countenances of the dying. The Virgin and the Saints are each implored in turn. All think the judgment-day has come. One only is steadfast, and shrinks not. Inez de Villena, fearless, urges on the men; she holds aloft a naked sword, steeped deep in gore, on which the lightning plays. Murders are perpetrated far and wide—brothers kill brothers—friends kill friends—they know not each other in the darkness. “*Victoria—Victoria*,” the Royalists now shout; a fearful howl bursts from the lips of the banditti. Jayme, their chief, the noblest of his race, beloved by all, has fallen a victim to Juana’s cause. For an instant the contest is suspended. Inez bends, tearless, over the dying man. For one second conflicting feelings agitate her frame.

“Mother of mercy! receive his spirit,” she faintly whispers, and all again is calm. “*Venganza, venganza*,” she shrieks now aloud. “Bandits, behold brave Jayme’s bride; receive in her your chief’s successor. Vengeance, patriotism, justice, urge you on to glory or to death.”

CHAPTER IX.

“Morn slowly rolls the clouds away!

Few trophies of the fight are there;

The shouts that shook the midnight bay

Are silent.” * * * * * —THE BRIDE OF ANYDOS.

As morning dawned the fury of the contest abated, and ere the sun displayed its richest beams, nought was seen of the midnight combat, save here and there the mangled corpse of one of its victims. The rain, which had fallen in torrents, had carried away all sanguinary remains; the storm, too, was past—all was again calm.

Ferdinand and Isabella were the declared monarchs of Spain. The Marquis de Villena saw his cause was lost, and fled to a distant land. The Archbishop of Toledo shut himself up in his own palace, and there awaited the time when their vain effort to place Juana on Enrico's throne should be forgotten, and he might again mingle with the world unmarked.

Some days later two prostrate forms were seen before the altar of the Virgin in the convent of La Santa Maria; a large black veil was thrown over them, while the *De Profundis* was slowly chaunted by the assembled priests. One of the kneeler was the Donna Juana; the other she, who, faithful to the cause she fought for, was fearless in all dangers; she who saw her lover sink without a groan, without a tear—it was Inez de Villena, the proud, the beautiful, the noble, who, now that all patriotism and love had urged her to gain, was lost; now life had no more charms for her, she followed the royal Princess still; she entered the same convent, and became the bride of Heaven. Inez de Villena's name was known no more, but the sister Ursula was still cold, proud, and beautiful.

But to return to some who, in the windings of our history, have been lately neglected. Don Rodrigo fought bravely in Isabella's cause; he saw at last that he had been used as a toy to deceive the world, by an intriguing beauty; he remembered Christoval's words—he forgot the bandit's bride, and for the first time perceived charms in the *Naiad of the Rhine*. Rodrigo, who was of an easy, placid disposition was not likely to be long pleased with the fiery nobleness of soul, the impetuosity of character, and the masculine firmness of the heroine of our tale. The soft graceful calmness of the Donna Catalina made a far more lasting impression on the mind of one who was a soldier but by name, and a courtier by profession. This carpet knight had neither the elevation of soul, nor the intrepid courage which marked the robber chief. He hastened to forget that he had ever loved Villena's niece, and ere long knelt before the Spanish throne, and asked from Isabella her favourite's hand in marriage; it was granted, and amidst universal rejoicing they were united—Isabella herself presiding at the ceremony.

But one more actor on the stage of discord has still to be named, now harmony reigns again. Pepe de Castro, the ex-idiot, becomes the Marquis d'Orcana—Isabella's favourite still. He died at a good old age in affluence and ease; his children for many generations remained as loyal as their ancestor, and as faithful to the royal family of Spain.

Some of my readers may ask what became of the actor Lopez? As he sowed, so he reaped; he fell a bloody victim in the riot of which he was himself the instigator

MY GRANDFATHER'S FIRESIDE STORIES.

No. III.

THE HERRING DRAVE.*

Cummer, go ye before, Cummers go ye ;
If ye will not go before, Cummer let me !
The child fed on milk, like a flowret on dew,
In the dread hour of trial its purpose may rue ;
While through the red levin we wrestle the storm,
And give the lost drave to the fish and the worm !

THE WITCHES SONG.

The stories I have told you as yet have all come under my own observation ; but there are many which have been handed down from bygone times, about witches and warlocks, but whether they are true or not, I must leave you to judge for yourselves.

It is, however, true, that in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the name of witch was regarded in Scotland with abhorrence and dread, and many poor old women were publicly tried, and burnt, on the supposition, or rather belief, that they were witches. The ages are, however, now passed when a convent of pretty nuns ran the risk of being changed into a bevy of squirrels.

Perhaps the finest apology on record, and that which is most applicable to modern times, is that of *Furius Cresinus*, who, when accused of magic because he had better crops than his neighbours, brought before them for his defence his heavy ploughs and spades, and sun-burnt daughters, and said, " These were the charms he made use of."

Many of the dreadful scenes which took place in the story I am about to tell you have been attributed, by some, to witches, and so handed down to us ; but others, who are better disposed, consider that in them they see the hand of the Almighty chastising the breakers of the Sabbath.

One Sunday morning, in July, 1712, whilst the church bell of a small fishing town, on the east of Scotland, called the people together, the ungodly fishermen were seen launching their boats, to set their nets for herrings. It was said there were a thousand boats assembled from all parts of Scotland, and many from

* The manner in which this fishery is carried on is similar to the old Dutch fishery, which renders it extremely beneficial to the country. The boats belong partly to fishermen and partly to landsmen, who build and equip them in the way of adventurers. An adventure of this kind is called a *Drave*.

Holland; and that as they pushed off the beach, the clergyman was heard to rebuke them; at which they only sneered and laughed. The day was fine, with a gentle breeze from the westward; but after it was dark, when the boatmen had again gone off to draw their nets, unexpectedly a gale came on from the north-east, with a heavy sea, shivering the sails and masts of the boats, and driving them, as they attempted to reach the harbour, one against the other, sinking each other in dreadful confusion. Chief amid the demons of the storm, it was said, was to be seen the Witch of Keith, seen by her lightnings as she strode the quivering masts.

It was a sad sight to see those of nearest kin doomed to periah—fathers brothers, each pushing the other down, to catch a piece of wreck. Some gained the rocks, but only to be dashed headlong on them.

'Twas said the thunder startled the deer, which, bounding from the neighbouring park, roused a gang of witches in their flight, and that one old hag, out of revenge, assumed the form of a greyhound, and chased them over hill and glen.

It was also said, that one of the witches, younger than the rest, to whom a half-crazed fisherman had done some injury, was seen to light upon the boat, seize the helm, and steer her against the rocks, where she was dashed to pieces.

When daylight dawned, the scene along the shore was dreadful—children sought their fathers, wives their husbands, and fathers their sons. But the angel of destruction had been abroad that night, and thousands were buried in a watery grave.

Still some had out-lived the storm. A boat was seen drawing nigh the harbour, with only two men on board—the rest were dead. They had nearly got under shelter of the pier, when, with voracious fury, a wave shivered the skiff against the rocks, in presence of all: they were seen to sink, to rise no more.

A Dutch galliot was seen on the rocks below the town, a wreck, the waves washing over her with deafening roar. On the deck appeared a gallant youth, who, lashing a rope around his waist, plunged into the surf, and struck out for the shore; long he buffeted the waves, sinking and rising; at last he reached the shore, amidst the glad shouts of all who saw him. Unlashing the rope from round his waist, and hauling, with the assistance of the people on shore, a thicker and stronger one from the ship, one end of which was well secured on board, they fastened it, when taught, to the rocks, and thus it formed a declining angle from the vessel. On board they slung a cot to it, which was piloted to the shore by a hardy seaman, who swung from the rope behind it. On its arrival, amidst the deafening shouts of all from out the silvery foam, leaped forth a lady into the arms of the gallant youth. None ever knew from whence these sea-boat wanderers came; they went away in mystery, and their secret went with them. Yet tradition tells a tale which I shall relate to you on some future occasion.

Pale desolation sat upon the beach on that fatal morn, weeping o'er the gloomy picture. Boats lay keel up amongst the rocks, and ghastly corpses drifted to the shore; and many, both men and women, were to be seen knee-deep in the water.

gazing in silent horror lest the next wave should waft a friend on shore. There stood an old man mourning o'er his only son, his sole support. A buxom dame had six gallant sons in this sad enterprise—one by one into her cottage their death-cold forms were brought; her senses fled, and evermore she wandered forth a broken-hearted woman, singing as she went.

From the Orkneys to the Northumbrian shore echoed on that sad occasion the voice of woe; and it is recorded by the worthy minister at the time, in his exposition of the 32d Psalm, that—

"A fearful judgment of God fell forth about the year of God 1712, of which I was an eye-witness. When going to church I saw a *thousand* boats setting their nets on the Sabbath; I wept, and feared that God would not suffer such contempt. It being a most calm day as ever was seen at that season—at midnight when they went forth to draw their nets, the wind rose so fearfully that it *drowned* eight score and ten boats, so that there was reckoned in the coast side *fourteen score* of widows."

RAGGED ROBIN.

ADVENTURES OF AN ARTIFICIAL ROSE.

(Continued from page 207.)

We went, of course, very late to Lady C.'s early *conversazione*; and I have every reason to believe that my mistress amused herself very well, for being placed so near her brain, I saw all the workings of her mind. I remarked with surprise the delight with which she hailed the approach of old Lord B., the pedantic traveller. The mystery was soon solved. He left her more than ever impressed with the transcendent brightness of his unparalleled genius, and the importance of his arduous researches in Egypt and the north of Africa, after which he published his famous book in sixteen volumes; "Ancient Traditions and Modern Materials; or, the relative purifying qualities of Classical Saboon and Cockney brown Windsor soap."

Numbers of talented young authors of die-away songs, sentimental novels, thickly interlarded with impossibly-terrific *coups de théâtre*, royal runaway riflemen marches, profoundly metaphysical treatises "On the ideality of something, and the reality of nothing," &c. &c., kept fluttering round her all night, and I was charmed at the ready and merciless wit with which she occasionally *annihilated* and drove away some of the more obnoxious of these "*papillons aux ailes de plomb*." This amusement was interrupted by the entrance of Hadje Kiock Abbas, a celebrated Persian grandee, before whose well-known fame (it stood him in, at least, three dinners weekly, besides balls and *soirées* innumerable) the vulgar minded crowds prostrated themselves, eager to catch one of the oracular *pishes*, under which, like the Chinese prime minister in the French story of the nightingale, he covered his shallow learning, unintelligible French, and worse English.

I lived in a whirl of pleasure, frequenting the opera, and even going to one or two balls, besides dinner parties. But I shall pass over these bright scenes, which have been so often and so ably described, and revert at once to the turning point of my life, the period from which all my misfortunes and humiliations dated. I mean the day in which my mis-guided owner cut short my happiness, and deprived me, for ever, of the sunshine of her presence, by consigning me to her maid, with a strict injunction "never to see me again." I was in despair. Instead of my former eligible apartments in the neatly kept flower-drawer, I was thrown into a box, full of odds and ends, bits of ribbon, soiled gloves, dirty blonde, and the usual perquisites of an Abigail. There I lay neglected for what appeared to me nearly a whole lifetime, ruminating on the ingratitude of the great—being one moment excited to frenzy by the agonizing remembrance of the delightful evenings I had spent, the next endeavouring to console myself by the thought that I was not alone in my fate—that thus it was, and ever will be in this world; our best days devoted to serving a capricious mistress, be the pleasure, &c. &c., left in the lurch at last.

But enough of my sorrows. I will describe the last faint gleams of happiness that lit up momentarily the darkness of my existence. Broken down as I now am, they are dear to me. I shall have to record new disappointments, fresh troubles—indeed I wonder that the unusually chequered life I have led has not long ere this forced me to become *outwardly* the emblem of peace in the blended colors of the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

One day I was withdrawn from my retirement, my leaves trimmed, my petals dusted, &c. &c., in fact, unusual care bestowed upon my personal appearance. I began to hope, but, alas! I was too soon aroused from my newly-conceived dream of future bliss, by coming in contact with the detestable folds of a black lace cap. This was an indignity for which I was not prepared. Then I was to grace the plebeian head of a soubrette; I, who had been accustomed to the society of rank and beauty! It was a dreadful thought—a true one however, like many other edious realities.

I was placed in a drawer, near a flaming colored silk dress, a pair of mittens, some false jewellery; all preparations for a gay meeting, in which a "galaxy of beauty and *fashion*" might be expected to shine. Accordingly, Mrs. Starch and Mr. Claret (our lady's maid and butler) set out together to "honour with their company" the ball given by Monsieur Gauache, *chef de cuisine* to Lord S., on the occasion of his retirement from "the profession." He received us with all the politeness of his nation, and entered into conversation with Mrs. Starch. After paying a thousand compliments to her on the *eclat* of her complexion, the good taste of her dress, and all the pretty things a Frenchman knows better than any other to string together in a given space of time. (Mrs. Starch was old and ugly, *n'importe* he said, changing the subject, "When I did tell S. I must pain myself to quit him, *le pauvre homme* he did cry, and he did say, "*Ah, cher ami*, what shall I find one Monsieur of your *bon goût* again; and," continued he, turning his eyes pathetically up, "*dat did cause me one grand emotion*. Monsieur was called away from his grand emotions by

the arrival of Mr. Trotaway, the most exclusive "gentleman of the body" to the exclusive Colonel F. *Mister* Trotaway, did I say? I beg his pardon; when not in attendance upon "that vulgar fellow, F. Henry Augustus Charles Bourbon Trotaway, Esquire. He came simpering up to Mrs. Starch: they were old acquaintances.

"How da do? I am sa glad to see you looking sa well; vary genteel *quouiffoure* that of yours. Are you engaged for this kaydreel?"

Mrs. Starch blushed and giggled, and it ended in her accepting his arm.

I shall never get to the end if I describe the heterogeneous company, the interminable hopping and skipping for dancing, the struggles between primness and vulgarity in the *ladies*, and the burlesque gallantry of the *beaux*—(that's the word, I believe.)

Of course this assembly of *little* people mimicked those of the great; and there were among the fair sex, young and old ladies, of a light or serious, scientific, flirting, philosophical, blue-stocking *genre*; while sporting men, literati politicians, &c. &c. were to be counted among the rougher sex. By the bye, I never hear the *fair* sex named, but instantly a provoking vision of some wizen, parchment-faced, hideous old witch presents itself to my mind, and curdling the milk of human, or rather *floral*, kindness, almost dispels the charm produced by the bare mention of the enchanting creatures. But I am again wandering from my subject. If I had been a mortal it would not have been surprising. I must hasten the conclusion of these Memoirs—sad foreboding tells me I have not long to live. I knew I could not survive the loss of all that was most dear to me—admiration and amusement.

* * * * *

I have again passed into other hands; my late owner parted with me the day after the ball to a "respectable dealer in old clothes and frippery." I had lingered out my existence for some time in his shop, sometimes witnessing scenes of misery and vice, that would shock or disgust the most callous, hard-hearted denizens of the world, but *now* I am once more to return to the society for which alone I was intended. Yes, to-night shall I view, no doubt, many of my old associates assembled round the table of my former owner. Imagine, then, my feelings, when I perceived my acquaintance, Mr. Claret, enter the shop, and inquire whether they had any roses in good preservation for sale, as he wanted one to place in a bouquet, which, not being a new one, he did not wish for a better rose than they could offer him. I was set before him with some others, but I obtained his approbation. Instead of my once honourable position, I was put on high in the *épergne*, that decorated the centre of the dining table; but, bad as the change was, it was infinitely preferable to the servant's ball or the clothes-shop.

Reader, have you ever watched the countenances of a party at dinner eating *ice*? I have, and can assure you it is most ludicrous. The various expressions of the unfortunate people, some heroically avoiding grimaces, while an attentive observer can easily discover the tingling sensations they are undergoing; others, less proud, or more subject to the *tooth-ache*, twisting their features into every possible, or at any other time impossible, contortion, form a laughable picture; and I have often wished for the pencil of a Hogarth to portray the scene.

I shall not say much about this dinner-party, because I was left behind when they retired to the drawing-room, and the clatter of plates and knives, the talking and laughter were dinning, so that I could not possibly distinguish the conversation of any particular persons. I hope, however, soon to be able to give a more detailed account on some other occasion.

* * * * *

[Note of the Editor of these Memoirs:—Alas! these intentions of the poor rose were never fulfilled, for, on the evening of the party, a footman, who, I suppose, had done ample justice to the good cheer below stairs, in removing the *épergne* from the table, approached it too near to a candelabrum, that the bouquet caught fire, and before it was extinguished, our poor companion had been reduced to ashes. Alas!]

ACANTHUS.

LIED.

(*Translated from the English of Shakespear.*)

O! schöne Damen seufz't nicht mehr
Die Männer betrügen immer.
Den Fuss auf's Land, jenen in's Meer,
Zu Etwas standhaft, nimmer!
O! seufz't nicht so,
Sei lustig und froh,
Und schickt die Mäurer fort.
Anstatt so traurig spricht Ihr dann
So freudig jedes Wort.

II.

Sing nicht betäubende Lieder
Warum schwermüthig doch?
Die Männer betrügen wieder,
Seid Ihr so traurig noch.
O! senfzet nicht so,
Sey'd lustig und froh
Und schickt die Männer fort,
Anstatt so traurig sprecht Ihr dann
So freudig jedes Wort.

HELIOTROPE.

LINES ON TAKING LEAVE OF A LADY NAMED FAITHFUL.

At my Queen and country's call I did depart
From Hastings with a very woful heart.
N'importe, on my return I'll be most grateful,
If my dear Ann does but remain—A. Faithful.

NASTURTIUM.

A Tablet in Tepton Church, Essex,

BEARS THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION:—

Me tua mors viduam fecit. Tu jam viduatus
 Connubium Christi (non viduandus) habes—
 At junctam hoc tumulo, Me sponsam rursus habebis
 Sic tua semper cro. Quos tua nuper eram.

1612.

TRANSLATION.

Thy death hath widowed me,—a widower thou
 Hast Christ's indissoluble wedlock now
 Joined in this tomb again thy spouse with thee,
 So lately thine, shall thine for ever be.

HAWTHORN.

Beim Anblick des Mondes.

I.

Welch eine Lust
 Empfindet meine Brust
 Wenn deine Macht
 Sich zeigt in Mondes Pracht.

II.

Wenn er erscheint,
 Hat Tag sich aus geweint
 Sein Glanz verleiht.
 Dem Wanderer Sicherheit.

III.

Das liebend Herz
 Gedenkt mit sanftens schmerz
 Des Herzens fern,
 Und nennt ihn seinen Stern.

IV.

Die Sarge wacht
 Auch wohl in stiller Nacht
 Sein Strahl oft hemmt
 Die Thränen die er kennt.

V.

Der Seemann blickt
 Auf's Meer vom Glanz entzückt
 Der Zweifler schweigt
 Wenn ihm das Licht sich zeigt.

VI.

Der gläub'ge Christ
 Erkennt, dass du es bist
 Das seinen Traum
 Gott schuf im Weltenraum.

FRIEDRICH.

To Nature.

Poetic Nature,
To sing thy charms exceeds the power of man;
Thy varying hues,
The breathless beauty of thy endless scenes,
No painter's pencil can portray.
Poesy herself e'en fails,
Thou'rt more poetic than a thousand poets.
Inspiring scene!
Where Nature all triumphant reigns,
The tempest bursts.
Is Nature not sublime?
Lightnings flash, fierce thunder echoes in Her train;
But in her gloom
It's awful grandeur fills the soul of man—
Or does Sol shed
His brilliant sunbeams o'er the parent earth?
Nature! thou'rt lovely, then—
In radiance
All thy beauties glisten forth—
The birds are warbling in their native glades;
The flowers are bright,
And rear their gentle heads
To meet the sun.
Who! can range
Amidst these fairy scenes,
And say there is no God?
When at the ev'ning hour
The torch of night
Her silv'ry calm emits—
Trees, flowers, and shrubs are then in pensive beauty clad
Rife with inspiration.
Nature! thou art unto the poet's soul—
The streams that ripple o'er their shallow beds
Breathe harmony.
The wrapt soul swells with passionate delight
Under the influence of so calm a scene—
The haunts of art,
When will they gain
A rapturous tear?
When will the gazer stand,
In speechless awe,
Appalled
Before the mighty hand of the Creator?

No, it is Nature makes the heart to glow,
 And fills it with a fervent homage
 For Him,
 Who did but speak,
 And chaos
 Became a world.
 Nature! I love thee—
 Thou'rt the poet's home,
 Wild are thy beauties,
 And ev'ry thought that thou inspir'st is free,
 Resign thee?
 Not for all the art that man can give
 While worlds remain,
 Varied and ever pleasing wilt thou be,
 The poet's goddess, and the painter's idol,
 Yet Nature still.

JASMINE.

Lines on the Duke of Marlborough.

(From Addison's "Campaign.")

Ut primum Zephyri;vernum tepidi cœthera mulcent,
 Incipiunt levibus volitare Britannica in auris
 Signa. Sagax ductor jam durum mente virili
 Cœpit iter, Tenas quas ipse subegerat omnes
 Trajiciens, donec Germanica lympha Mosellæ
 Protenus apparens, bellum exitiale moratur.
 O fluvius dulcis! jussisset currere prudens
 Si natura solo vario, Gallisque remoto
 Perjuris. Sed nunc invictæ munera restat
 Virtutis dominis segetes oriuntur opimæ
 Incertis, dubio et crescunt vineta magistro
 Omnia, victorique fuit vindemia quæque,
 Occisorum olim jam spectra horrenda virorum,
 Illorum manes qui littora in uda solebant;
 Palari semper, quum tela Britannica primum
 Aspexere, suas ulturas ire putabant
 Mox cœdes. Justus dux ut transivit amœnum
 Amnem, operum venturorum prudentia versat
 Consilia, interea componens mente quod instat
 Fortia quinetiam fervebant pectora bellis
 Non decertatis; primo jam lumine lustrat
 Longum iter, et subito velocem pervenit Istrum;
 Inter aquas cujus nemora ardua talia crescunt,
 Tanti consurgunt montes, tot flumina cursant.

ARButus.

EINE SAGE AUS DEM SCHWARZWALDE.

(Fortsetzung von Seite 107.)

„Jetzt, Frau Wertrold, weisst Du wo Dein Mann jeden Abend hingegangen ist,“ fuhr die Hexe fort.

„Deine Geschichte wurde mich erfreuen,“ antwortete Sabina, „wenn die Erinnerung der furchterlichen Scene im Schwarzwald mich nicht mit Schrecken erfüllte, Sage mir, wenn Du barmherzig sein kannst, wo bin ich? wo ist mein Mann?“

„Du bist im Schlosse von Hohenstein.“

„Im Schlosse von Hohenstein? wie!“

„Ja,“ sagte die Hexe indem sie ihre alten Lumpen wegwarf und als ein wunderschönes Mädchen vor Sabina stand. „Ich bins, bin Julie von Hohenstein die Entführerin deines Mannes, die Mörderin meiner Stiefmutter, kannst Du mir verzeihen? Diesen Abend auf den Glocken Schlag zwölf lösche alle Deine Lichter aus Dein Mann wird wiederkommen. So bald Du ihn hörst, stehe auf und wirf Dich in seine Arme, und alles wird wieder gut. Mein Better ist er, in meiner furchterlichen, Noth hat er mir Hülfe geleistet und Du Sabina ich kenne Deine Güte, Du wirst mir nicht von Dir wegschicken.“

„Die denn mein Rudolph liebt, liebe auch ich, Julie von Hohenstein ich will Dich schützen, wende Dich nur zu Gott und bereue Dein schweres Verprechen.“

„Alles werde ich thun um meine Sunde abzuwaschen und wenn Deine Freundschaft und Dein Rath mich trösten wird es mir viel leichter werden.“

„Meine Freundschaft hast Du, mein Rath ist, Du sollst Deine Tage im Kloster beschliessen, geh, armes schwaches Kind, der Herr sei Dir gnädig und verzeihe Dir.“

Indem Sabina diese Worte sagte umarmte sie Julie mit Innigkeit und diese verliess die Stube weinend.

Sabina hatte noch vier Stunden bis Mitternacht zu warten, und lang entsetzlich lang, schien ihr die Zeit. Zuletzt schlug es—mit zitternde Hand löschte sie die Lichter aus—alles war dunkel—athemlos stand sie da—plötzlich hörte sie ein furchterliches Geräusch und das Geklirr von Ketten. Sie verneigte sich vor einem Crucifix und betete zu dem Herre um Schutz und Hülfe—bald hörte sie die Fusstritte ihres Mannes, sie sprang ihm entgegen und warf sich wie Julie es ihr befohlen hatte in seine Arme—aber? Entsetzen! was empfand sie als sie sich in der festen Umarmung—eines Skeletts—fühlte. Ein grässliches riesenmässiges Ungeheuer. Seine Knochen rattelten wenn er sich bewegte und er zog lange Ketten hinter sich her

„Rudolph, Hülfe, Rudolph, ich will meinen Rudolph, Ihr seid nicht mein Rudolph!“ rief Sabina ganz ausser sich.

„Dein Rudolph war ich“ sagte das Ungeheuer mit donnernder Stimme um einer Mörderin einer Betrügerin Hülfe zu leisten, habecich mich dem Teufel übergeben inder Hölle—Hölle—Hölle in drei fach Gluth und Hitz muss ich die Ewigkeit zu bringen,“ Sabina schrie immer fort sie würde nicht glauben dass dieser ihr Rudolph wäre. Ihr furchtbares Geschrei brachte Julie in die Stube mit einem Licht.

„Du hast mir gesagt, dass, ich meinen Rudolph, sehen würde“ sagte Sabina.

„Dies ist Dein Mann um mich zu schützen hat er diese Schreckena Gestalt,

angenommen. Jedes Jahr muss der Wenzel jemand opfern, oder selbst sterben er hat mich gewählt aber Wertrold hat meinen Platz ein genommen."

Sabina kehrte sich plötzlich um riss einen Dolch von der Wand.

"Betrügerin, doppelte Mörderin, Julie von Hohenstein stirb den Tod den Du so wohl verdienst" rief sie aus.

Als Julie todt zu Erde fiel, trat Wenzel in die Stube herein.

"Den Tod von Julie, der Mörderin allein wollte ich" sagte er "jetzt ist dieses schöne aber sundhafte Mädchen todt und mein, unglückliche Sabina Ihr seid engelrein Eurer Mann sollt Ihr wieder haben!—In einer furchterlichen Flamme verschwand das Ungeheuer und Rudolph Wertrold trat in seiner eigenen Gestalt in die Stube ein Sabina warf sich in seine Arme erfreut und glücklich ihren Mann wieder zu habent. Wenzel wickelte Juliens Leichnam in seinen grossen Mantel und trug ihn weg. Wertrold und Sabina kehrten in ihre eignen Hüttez uruck und wohnten glücklich zusammen aber sie sprachen nie von der furchterlichen Scene im Schwarzwalde.

MIRTE.

La Rosa,

Va, va, bel fiore
 Dono del Core
 Va dove posa
 'Il mio sol ben,
 Co' miei sospiri,
 Co' miei deliri,
 Va, bella rosa
 Sovra il suo sen,
 E questa stilla
 D'acquoso umore,
 Dille, calata
 Dal ciel non è
 Ma una pupilla
 Piena d'amore
 Qui l'ha versata
 Pensando a te.

SNOWDROP.

ANSWER TO GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMOREMS

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- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1—America. | 7—Hampshire. |
| 2—Bedfordshire. | 8—Hebrides Islands. |
| 3—Bombay. | 9—Hereford. |
| 4— „ | 10—Austria. |
| 5—Denmark. | 11—Aberdeenshire |
| 6—Haddington. | 12—Caithness. |

HYACINTH.

CRITIQUES AND REVIEWS.

PRIZE PAPERS—No. I.—*The Fate of a Smoker* is not without point; but it is less elaborate and effective than Nos. II. and III.

No. IV.—*Friendship Rewarded*—is a carefully written paper, but bears marks of, as yet, an unformed style.

No. II.—*Napoleon at Leap Frog*, and No. III. *The Court Favorite*, are both told in a lively and easy manner; the latter shews, I think, more graphic descriptive power than the former, which excellent as it is, is a little indistinct and sketchy.

No. V.—*The Phantom Ship*.—Whatever its merits in other respects, is, I think, excluded by the writer's mixture of eight and ten syllable verses—an unheard-of and very unpleasant eccentricity.

No. VI.—*The Two Frigates* is in blank verse; and as the writer has chosen to avoid the difficulties of rhyme, it is but fair to expect very superior poetry. But the lines were not all good, as—

“And the sea mocked her with its fury.”

neither is there sufficient power of imagination displayed to rank the poem first or second.

No. VIII.—*Walter Lindsay*.—Though it falls off towards the end, shows the most fluent and correct versification, and the most successful endeavour to tell the story in an intelligible and graphic way. Whether it exhibits most promise or not, is another question, with which, as I conceive, a voter has nothing to do. His business is to judge of what appears before him.

No. VII.—*The Rover* is less perfect as a poem, but it shows ingenuity and fancy.

The papers are all far above mediocrity.

SQUIRTING CUCUMBER.

PRIZE PAPER, No. III.—In comparing the merits of the four prize papers, all of which deserve great praise; No. III, was, in my opinion, entitled to the prize, because I thought the writer, in the construction of the tale, had shewn greater tact than the others in meeting the two points presented by the Editor. The placing the Hero in a ludicrous or awkward position and conveying a moral.

HONEYFLOWER.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. *A Manual of Sacred Verse*: by ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A., author of “The Omnipresence of the Deity,” “God and Man,” &c., &c. FOURTH EDITION.—

We have now before us a manual of verse, which we will venture to say should be found in the library of every member of the Church of England. A perfect ideal of an Apostolic Church is laid before us, in language of poetry, in language which

must work upon the feelings of every reader, and lure him from contemplating the dross of this world of matter, to look upwards for real beauty.

That Mr. Montgomery's numerous poems, which have been presented to the world, bearing visible marks as they do of the hand of genius, will render his name immortal, his bitterest foes must be convinced of; but it is "The Christian Life" that will be received warmly by Churchmen, because of the purity and profundity of its lyrics, its religious idealism, and its spiritual intensity, because it breathes forth the verities of the Catholic Church: throughout the whole work she is spoken of as the bride of Christ, and the mother of mortals, she to whom we should cling as the satisfier of our wants, the comforter in our afflictions.

In these mercenary and money-loving times, the growing popularity of this work, even beyond the circles of the literati, shows the spirit of poetry sleeps but to be awakened by soul-stirring genius.

The limited pages of our Bouquet, will prevent us from entering fully on the merits of this collection of gems: we must however pause, to quote a few of the passages which struck us as being replete with beauty, feeling and truth.

How strikingly original is that poem entitled "The First Soul in Heaven!" It commences thus—

*"In hush'd eternity alone,
Before all creatures were,
Jehovah held His awful throne,
Unworshipp'd by a prayer.*

*There was no space, nor scene, nor time,
Nor aught by names we call;
But, center'd in Himself sublime,
Was God, the All in All!"*

How simply and elegantly he impresses upon our minds the debt we owe to that heavenly host, who surrounds the throne of the Almighty King!

*"Oh! never till the clouds of time
Be rent by awful death from man,
And he from yonder heaven sublime
Shall look back where dark life began.
Will gather'd saints in glory know
What blessings men to angels owe."*

*"This earth is but a thorny wild,
A tangled maze where griefs abound,
By sorrow vex'd, by sin defiled,
Where foes and fiends our walk surround;
But does not dread Jehovah say,
Angelic guardians lone the way?"*

How pure and delicate is the "Hymn to the Blessed Virgin," from which we quote the following lines—

"The purest image saintly thought can see
Of maiden calm, with motherhood combined,
Becomes too earthborn when compared with thee,
Nursing the Babe whose blood redeem'd mankind."
"Well may the poet's harp, and painter's hue,
With all that Sculpture's marble dreams express,
Become ethereal, when they bring to view
Outlines which hint thy female loveliness."
"Yet, can chaste minds beyond all visual show,
By thought create what reverence demands,
Ave Maria! when our hearts o'erflow
To see the God Babe in thy vestal hands."
"Feeling and Faith, with poesy and prayer,
Mingle their charms to make one beauteous spell;
And what no melodies, nor hues declare
Our hushed emotions unto godhead tell."

With what pathos are described the dying moments of the victim of consumption!

"She dies,—as beauty ever dies
When sad consumption finds a tomb;
With brilliance in her deep set eyes,
And on her face a health less bloom;
No harsh transition, but a soft decay,
Like dream born tones of night, that melt by dawn away."

Again, how eloquently are we implored to aid those who attacked by the fatal disease, die unattended and alone!

"The Saviour in the poor man lives
Reflected through his pain and grief;
And he who to the wretched gives,
To Christ himself imparts relief:
And therefore, Shrine of Hope! we hail thy walls,
Where true compassion works what God on earth recalls."

We must now conclude our remarks, trusting that this little Album of true poetry will spread throughout the whole kingdom, we recommend it particularly to the Flowers of the Bouquet, as we know they would not be insensible to the merits of a work so full of poetic beauty, deep truth, and lofty sentiments.—ORANGE FLOWER.

PRIZE PAPERS No. I, II, III, and IV.—All the Prize Papers, four in number, merit awards of commendation.—They all shew talent for composition; and the incidents are arranged with judicious attention to effect. CUCUMBER.

PRIZE PAPERS—ENGLISH VERSE.—*A Shipwreck*.—This prize has been awarded to No. VIII, "Walter Lindsay," as being the most deserving of it.

15th November, 1851.

A THISTLE.



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